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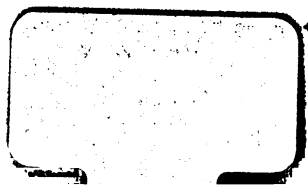
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**LEGENDS AND RECORDS.**

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**LEGENDS AND RECORDS.**

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# Legends and Records,

CHIEFLY HISTORICAL.

BY

CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF THE "RECORDS OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE," "THANKFULNESS," "LADY  
MARY," "MARGARET," "ANGELS' SONG," ETC., ETC.

---

"Coarse was the web, its colours strange and dim,  
Its quaint devices somewhat rudely traced;  
But all along, throughout the texture shining,  
Closely inwrought, a thread of fine gold ran.  
Thus o'er the storied page, let Piety  
Shed its pure lustre, like that gleam of Gold."

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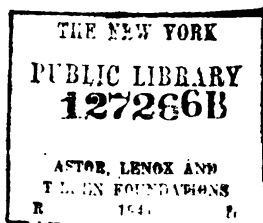
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## LEGENDS AND RECORDS.

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### GUYON OF MARSEILLES.

\* He stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed.—NUM. xvi. 48.

THE study of Marc Guyon seemed the very abode of cheerfulness; it was a large airy chamber at the top of his house, which, being at the end of the street, the breeze was admitted on three sides of the chamber, through windows opening upon what was the roof to the building beneath, a little gallery enclosed by an open balustrade, and shaded by awnings of linen, forming a kind of verandah, after the Eastern fashion. The apartment was simply furnished; its chief treasures were books and manuscripts; its chief ornaments were—what am I saying?—its chief treasure and ornament was the being who inhabited it, Guyon himself. Who, that was in his presence, could have turned, either in thought or gaze, away from him? He was in the full freshness and vigour of manhood, with a glorious beauty about his countenance and figure, which is but seldom seen among the fallen race of man. I do not speak of the beauty of form

alone, but the beauty of form all bright and breathing with that of mind; and, what is better still, with that of heart and soul. With an intellect of a superior order, he had too much kindness of heart, too much manliness, too much Christian lowliness, to feel superior to the infirmities of the humblest of his fellows. It might, indeed, be said of him, that "he had no proud looks." One might almost read his character in his fine open countenance.

Guyon ~~was sitting~~ at a large table, his fore-finger pressed to his brow, and his mind deeply absorbed in thought. He ~~had~~ been writing, and the ~~pen~~ was still between his fingers, but the morning breeze had blown away his manuscripts from the table, and scattered them about the room. He, however, perceived not the disorder of the books and papers, which had a short time before engrossed his most serious attention. His mind was raised to higher contemplations. Gradually, the severe thoughtfulness of his countenance melted into an expression of holy meekness; his lips parted with a smile, the rich blood flushed brightly over his cheek, and he raised his eyes from the ground; but then tears started into them, tears which he did not attempt to restrain. He rose up, and opening a folio volume which lay among many others, upon a tall book-stand, he read with a rapid glance some few pages.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, as he closed the book, "I will do it—I, I alone am the proper person—I am determined—but now, O Heavenly Father, I need thy guidance, thy blessing! without thee, I can do nothing. And thou, O Lord Jesus! thou hast given thy life for us, thy guilty and rebellious

creatures." He knelt down and prayed. When his prayer was finished, he returned to the table at which he had been writing, and having taken a small roll of parchment from an old casket of sculptured brass, he made some alterations and additions to the writing thereon, and then replaced it. "There is but little beside for me to do now," said he to himself; and he looked wistfully, and almost sorrowfully, round the chamber. "Ah, how much true happiness have I found here!" he exclaimed—"how unwillingly my dull spirit seems to depart from this sweet tranquil home! and what a morning!"

It was indeed a beautiful morning; the subdued sunlight shed a soft and golden glow throughout the room, and the loose folds of the awning flapped and creaked in the playful wind with a sound like the sails of a ship in a freshening gale. Guyon stepped out upon the gallery from the window which faced the east and commanded an extensive prospect of the country surrounding Marseilles. He bent over the orange-trees and tuberose then in full flower, which were ranged along the gallery, and thought that he had never so much enjoyed their sweetness before. He looked out upon gardens and fields, and mountains more distant; and the calm blue sea reflecting back the repose and beauty which it borrowed from a sky even more deeply blue, more tenderly serene. Men, women, and happy children, were at work or at play in the gardens and fields; herds of cattle were grazing upon the mountains; many a white and graceful sail was gliding swiftly over the trackless sea; and in the clear free realms above, birds were floating along with the sunshine-gleaming

on their outspread wings. "I must not stand here," thought Guyon, "or I shall begin to mourn over my captivity within this immense and frightful prison." He walked round the gallery to the side of the house which overlooked the street. The very air seemed to be changed there, as if sickened with its confinement to the narrow streets of tall dull houses. He looked around over the immense mass of buildings—Marseilles, not very long before one scene of bustling commotion, resounding with the ceaseless hum of varied and cheerful noises, was now hushed into a state of unnatural and gloomy stillness. It seemed a city of the dead, for the only sound which disturbed the horrid silence, was the measured tolling of a loud, deep-toned bell. As Guyon stood there, another well-known sound stole by degrees on his ear; he could hear it approaching with increasing loudness from street to street, till a faint and fetid stench came fitfully with the breeze that blew past him. He looked down and shuddered, as he saw the plague-cart heaped with putrid bodies, rumble heavily along over the grass-grown pavement beneath. He turned his head, but he only beheld, as he looked down the long street on the opposite side, the black flag upon the closed gates of the city, its heavy fold waving to and fro, as if with measured motion to the dismal bell of death.

Guyon was almost the last person to enter the Hotel de Ville. All the medical men of the town had met there to consult on some means of stopping the dreadful progress of the plague, by which half the city had already perished, and which still appeared to rage with increasing virulence. • The

conference was long, and it produced one general and decided opinion, that the corpse of a person who had died of the pestilence must, if possible, be opened by some skilful hand, and a report of the exact state and effects of the disorder written on the spot. Hitherto there had been a mysterious character about the disease, which had baffled the skill and experience of all who sought to cure it. Many persons of distinguished talent were present: one young man in particular fixed the attention of the whole assembly to every word he uttered. He had once visited Smyrna when the plague was raging there: and the illustrations with which he supported his opinions, were made with such clearness and even eloquence, that they had entirely settled the general conviction, that the opening of a corpse that had died with the plague was the only means by which the nature of the disease could be clearly ascertained, and the pestilence itself effectually arrested.

The young man had scarcely finished speaking, when one of the most respected and venerable physicians of the city rose and observed, with a mild and sorrowful voice, "I cannot sufficiently approve all that you have expressed, sir; but allow me to ask, how this information, of which we are thus absolutely in need, can be obtained? The report of the effects of the plague on the corpse, can only be obtained at one price, the certain and speedy death of him who makes it. Who would willingly rush upon so dreadful a fate?" As the old physician ceased speaking, he fixed his eyes almost unconsciously on the countenance of him whom he had addressed. The change that suddenly passed over the



whole person and manner of the young surgeon was indeed striking. He could not help at once feeling as though he was looked upon by all present as the person expected to perform the fatal operation. The enthusiasm which had inspired him fled, and left him almost powerless to speak or move; his lip quivered, an ashy paleness overspread his whole face; the hand which had been firmly laid upon the table while he was so strongly and warmly declaring his confidence of success from the plan he recommended, could now scarcely sustain his trembling frame as he rested on it for support. He had a young wife, a mother, and two infant children at home, all depending on his exertions for their subsistence. Every one felt for the young man, and the physician who had last spoken turned from him, observing, that they were certainly not immediately called upon to point out the person who should perform the operation.

"I have been thinking," said the president of the assembly, "that, although it appears at present impracticable that the corpse of a victim of the plague should be opened without causing the death of the operator, might we not as well consult together as to the possible means of averting the fatal consequence of such an operation? There is one person now present, I believe, whose powerful genius and superior attainments have rendered him justly celebrated, but who has not spoken among us to-day:" he looked towards Guyon, and the eyes of the whole assembly followed his: "we should feel much gratified by hearing his opinion on this awful subject." Guyon had certainly not spoken, he had been listening with serious attention to those around

him, and taking notes of all that passed; he now looked up from the papers before him.

"I have studied the question attentively," he said, modestly, "before I entered this assembly, and I felt convinced there was but one expedient by which the pestilence could be stayed. I am now quite decided on the subject, from the uniform opinion of all present. Allow me also to say, that I am convinced no precaution can save the life of him who performs the loathsome operation of opening the corpse. Why may we not at once inquire who will be the man to undertake this?" He looked round the assembly, and immediately there was a breathless silence throughout the hall. Many an eye shrunk beneath his gaze, and the few whose looks encountered it steadily, turned ghastly pale. "I see not one," he continued, in a voice of touching sweetness, "not one, whose loss to those that love him, could well be supplied. All are husbands or fathers, or the long treasured hope of aged parents. I alone am an orphan, bound to this life by few ties of earthly relationship. You have (I rejoice to say) some confidence in my professional talents, and I do not fear to die, in humble and unworthy imitation of Him who gave His life a ransom for many. You cannot persuade me against my deep and unalterable resolution," he said, in a lively and determined voice, perceiving that some of his own friends were about to interrupt him. "How much more favoured shall I be in my hours of suffering, than He whom I would not name without the deepest, the most heartfelt reverence! He, the spotless and perfect Son of the living God, died amid the revilings of his

savage and insulting persecutors. I, a poor and sinful child of human parents, shall be followed to the grave with blessings. There is not a person in this city, but would, I am sure, feel for my slightest sufferings. I came here determined to begin the operation to-morrow at day-break; and I have now told you my intention, which I shall not shrink from performing. Solemnly I swear before God, that, with His favour, I will fulfil the duty to which, I believe, He has called me."

Guyon had been an orphan almost from his birth; he had but a few, and those distant, relations, scattered about parts of Provence far from Marseilles. While yet an infant, his unprotected situation had interested the compassion of the good Bishop of Marseilles, who had been ever afterwards his unchanging friend. Guyon, however, had gradually risen to eminence by his own exertions, and at this time was in possession of a considerable fortune. On leaving the Hotel de Ville, he proceeded immediately to the palace of his friend, the Bishop. The truly Christian conduct of this venerable prelate is well known. When he heard of the ravages of the plague among his flock, he set off without delay from Paris, and rested not, by night or day, till he reached Marseilles, that, like Aaron, when the plague had begun in the camp of the children of Israel, he might hasten into the midst of the people, and there, standing between the dead and the living, offer unto the Most High the incense of prayer, and faith, and love unfeigned. In Marseilles he still remained, for he knew that he could not leave it till the plague had ceased. Its gates had long been closed, and a body of

soldiers were stationed at some distance round the city, to prevent the inhabitants from passing out, or, indeed, holding any communication with the rest of their countrymen. The Bishop heard the determination of his young friend in profound silence. Guyon waited for his reply, but the old man only gazed upon him and wept. "Let me leave you now," said Guyon, with a faltering voice, "and return hither to-night, to receive from you the last sacrament." "Yes, my son," replied the holy prelate, "I would have you leave me now; this surprise hath half broken my heart. I must not entreat you to renounce the glorious undertaking, and yet I cannot, indeed I cannot, bid you perform it. Go," he added, in a firmer voice, "go from me now, the next few hours must not be lost to you. By God's help I will meet you with a strength which I have not at present, but a strength which, when it is sought with full purpose of spirit, we never fail to find."

There was one other house to which Guyon directed his steps, but he often turned from the well-known door, and returned, and turned back again, before he could find heart to enter. It was in a little silent street at the highest part of the city, and its only inhabitants were an old gentlewoman, her daughter, and one servant. Madame Longard had been as a mother to Guyon. In her house he had passed his boyhood, and he loved her and Delphine, his foster-sister, with his whole heart. The spoiler had not entered that small and humble dwelling, and Guyon found its gentle inmates at work in their pleasant upper parlour, which looked out upon a small herb-garden behind the

house. He soon perceived that the news of his determination had not reached them; and he resolved not to mention it, but to leave a letter for them at his own house. His efforts to be cheerful were successful; he conversed with an appearance of playful animation, and quitted the room without betraying any sign of the agony which wrung his bosom. He had not been gone more than a minute, when Delphine remembered she had not given him a small bouquet of lavender and vervain, and some other fragrant herbs and flowers, which she had gathered for Guyon, who seldom passed a day without seeing her. She ran quickly down stairs, and opening the door of the house, looked up the street, intending to call him back and offer him the fresh bouquet. Guyon was not to be seen. Delphine closed the door much disappointed, and was returning to her mother, when she heard a deep-drawn sigh very near her; she stopped and looked around. The door of a little dark chamber in the front of the house, had started open as she closed that leading into the street. Guyon was there, kneeling on the ground, his hands raised, and spread out towards heaven, as if asking a blessing from thence; his face had quite lost the calm cheerfulness which she had last seen there, and his chest seemed to heave with suppressed anguish. Delphine would fain have entered, but she dared not; she felt that Guyon might deem her presence an intrusion. She turned away, and stole lightly up stairs; she sat down upon the highest step, and waited to hear Guyon enter the passage beneath. She heard the latch of the street-door moved by his hand, and then she ran down to stop him. "Dear Marc,

are you still here?" she said faintly; "I am glad to find you, I had gathered these herbs and flowers for you, and I forgot them; their smell may be pleasant to you in your dangerous visits to the dying." Delphine held out the flowers, but could not say another word. Guyon himself seemed half unconscious that she was speaking, he appeared lost in agonizing thoughts: at last, with some calmness, he took her hand and led her to the room he had just quitted. "May I trust you, my Delphine?" he said in a whisper; "can you trust yourself? Will you hear me, not as a mere woman, but as a faithful disciple of Him who was a man of sorrows, and deeply acquainted with grief? You do not answer me. I should not have spoken thus, but I believe you have witnessed my anguish of soul in this chamber. I thought that some person had passed along the passage, and when I saw you, your countenance told me who that person was. May I go on?"

"You may," replied Delphine, without raising her eyes. "These are, I know, fearful times," she added, "and we live seeking daily to be prepared for some great calamity." She now sat still as death; she heard every word which Guyon spoke.

"Are you ill, Delphine?" he said wildly, when he had finished speaking: "You are ill. The shock has been too great for my sweet sister."

"No, no, I am not ill," she replied, not once raising her eyes. "I shall do all you would have me." Guyon rose up from her side and kissed her cold cheek, yet he still lingered, and looked down upon her with tender affection. "No, I

am not ill," she repeated, "and you must go. But take this," she added, in the same low, mournful voice, holding out to him again the little bunch of herbs, which she had kept all the while in her hand. Delphine was alone; she laid her head upon the table beside her and closed her eyes: for a cold torpor seemed to have crept over all her faculties. "Oh! would to God that I could die with him!" she at length said, starting up; "Oh that I might share with him in the dangers of that horrid work! If he were one mass of vile corruption, as he will be but too soon, I could rejoice to pillow his poor head upon this throbbing breast! And he has loved another!" she exclaimed, with a deep, dreary-sounding voice—"He has not even guessed that I love him as my own soul! He makes me the confidant of his feelings, as if no weight of agony could break this weak heart! He fears for what my mother will suffer, as if she had ever loved him as her wretched daughter does!"

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It was an hour after midnight when Guyon descended the steps of the Bishop's palace :—a young man had died the morning before, and he proceeded immediately to the house where the corpse was lying. The deceased had been the last survivor of a large family, all of whom had fallen victims to the plague. His father, a rich merchant, died only a day before his child sickened. There was an open space before this house of death, planted with plane and linden trees, in the midst of which a fountain of limpid water refreshed the air, and fell into a circular basin: around this

fountain was a range of low seats, hewn out of the rough marble. The night was dark, and Guyon, followed by a single attendant, was walking along the last silent street leading to the house of death, when his servant called on him to stop. A person whom he had observed on the opposite side of the street had suddenly fallen to the ground. Guyon stopped immediately, and he heard a low moaning, as of a person in pain. They crossed over, and Guyon lifted up one who appeared to be a female, and who had been thrown down by something which lay in a dark mass upon the pavement; as he supported this female, the servant held down the lantern, and Guyon beheld the corpse of a poor wretch who had fallen dead of the plague, and lay unburied by the way-side. He turned, and Delphine (for it was she whom he had lifted up) had disappeared. She had not spoken—he had not seen her face—and, undiscovered, she had left him. Her mother had retired to rest some hours, when Delphine, leaving a note with these few words—“Guyon is in affliction,” on her table, had stolen softly from the house, and hastened towards the Bishop’s palace. She had not waited long before Guyon appeared. The lamps that burned before an image of the Virgin in a niche above the gateway, revealed plainly to her sight his tall and graceful form; and, guided by the gleam of his servant’s lantern, she had cautiously followed their steps.

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Guyon entered the fatal house, and Delphine sat down upon the edge of the fountain before it. She had cut her



forehead in falling upon the hard pavement, and she now washed the blood from her face with trembling hands, and bound up the wound, which still bled profusely. Long did she sit beside that fountain, while not a sound disturbed the calm stillness of the night, except the light splashing of the waters, and the waving of the leafy boughs above her head. Once or twice she saw a light in some of the upper chambers, and the shadows of human forms reflected upon the walls within. Some men, accustomed to the office, were removing the corpse by Guyon's desire, from the chamber where the young man had died, to a large airy saloon below. Everything was soon arranged for the loathsome operation, and Delphine beheld the gates unclose again. The men departed, and Guyon was left alone.

The windows of a small ante-chamber to the saloon in which the corpse was laid looked out upon the fountain before the house. Delphine saw the large doors between the two apartments open slowly—Guyon came forward—he closed the doors, and put down his lamp, threw open one of the windows, and stood before it, seeming to inhale with pleasure, the fresh, cool air. Suddenly a gust of wind extinguished the lamp, and Delphine could see her beloved Guyon no longer: but he was near her; she could hear him move; she could hear what seemed to her the murmur of a voice in prayer. Once she thought she could distinguish her own name. She sank on her knees, rejoicing that her prayers might be offered up at the same time, and in the same place with his. The faint light of morning began to dawn, and Delphine looked up to catch the first glimpse of

her Guyon's person. He was still at the window—the light increased—he arose, and his countenance was fully revealed; it seemed more than usually brightened by health and expression, as he looked up to the clear crimson sky. He appeared to linger there, as if unwilling to turn so soon away from his last enjoyment of the sweet fresh air and light of morning. Delphine was for a moment overjoyed, for he took from his bosom the little bouquet she had given him: he pressed it to his lips, and as he did so, tears streamed down his cheeks. Again he placed the fragrant flowers near his heart, and he turned from the window. Delphine had been concealed before the trunk of one of the old plane-trees which grew near the spot. She now sprang up quickly, and standing on the highest edge of the fountain, caught the last glimpse of his erect and stately figure; she saw his bright hair dancing in the current of air as he threw open the wide doors—they closed upon him, and upon her every hope below. How dreadful were the hours that followed to Delphine! She sat with her eyes fixed on the window where she had last seen him till her senses nearly forsook her. She gazed so intently, that at last her very eye-sight seemed to deceive her; she thought that she could see the doors open and shut continually, and Guyon appear and disappear as often. As the morning advanced, first one person, and then another, came to the fountain to fill their pitchers with water: they had seen so much of misery, that they scarcely noticed Delphine. At length there came a man who stopped, and gazed on her some time; and thinking perhaps, from her appearance, that she was some friend-

less wretch who had crawled to the fountain, and was dying there, he bade her begone, and not poison the waters with her vile presence. She heeded him not, for she had not heard him. The monster did not cease to persecute her, he even tried to thrust her away with violence, till, hardly knowing why, she rose up, and went and sat down on the steps of the house that Guyon had entered.

Some time after the wretch had left her, she tried to recollect where she was, and what had happened—she felt like one waking from a heavy sleep—she walked a few paces from the house, and still she could recollect nothing—she turned and surveyed the building. Immediately that her eye caught the windows of the ante-chamber, she uttered a cry of horror, and rushed towards the house; she knew not how long a time had passed since Guyon had commenced his fatal work; she only knew that he had not returned, and nothing could now restrain her. The gate was not fastened; Delphine pushed it open with ease. She entered the hall—the servant of Guyon was lying there fast asleep upon an old sofa, but her steps awoke him not, as she ascended the broad staircase. A door was before her—she opened it; but instantly she thought she had mistaken the room; a second glance convinced her she had not. In the midst of a magnificent saloon hung with the finest pictures and mirrors of immense size, upon a table of rich marble, there lay partly covered by a large linen cloth, the mangled and discoloured corpse.—But where was Guyon? Almost underneath the loathsome object, with the end of the cloth still grasped in his hand, as if he had fallen in the act of covering the pol-

luted mass, lay the hapless Guyon, to all appearance dead.

"O merciful and gracious Lord!" cried Delphine aloud, raising the body of him whom she loved—"help me! be with me now!" It seemed as if her prayer were heard, for in the very crisis of her agony, she recovered her strength of mind. She lost not a moment in disengaging the hand of Guyon from the polluted sheet; she dragged, nay, almost carried him in her arms to the open window, but in vain she endeavoured to restore him. She looked around, and saw with delight, a vessel filled with vinegar on the table where he had been writing his remarks; into this vase he had thrown his letters as he wrote them: and Delphine, as she knelt on the ground bathing his face, and head, and hands with the vinegar, saw him gradually revive. But to remain in that saloon would be instant death to him, and with much difficulty Delphine removed him to the ante-chamber, the doors of which were very near the place where he was then lying. "I cannot go farther," said he feebly, as she closed the door upon the horrid room where she had found him: and when Delphine looked in his face, she saw that he could not indeed be moved farther. A fearful change had taken place within the last minute. "He does not even know me!" she said, as he looked up in her face, and smiled vacantly.—He closed his eyes, and remained for some minutes in a heavy sleep.—He awoke. The little nosegay of lavender and vervain had fallen to the ground. He fixed his eyes upon the withered flowers, and said feebly, "Give it me; let me smell it. She said it might refresh me. Tell her, tell my sweet sister, that my heart was refreshed even at this

awful hour, when I thought of——. Who, who are you?" he cried, lifting up his head; but ere he could look at her again, his memory was gone. Again he closed his eyes, and lay for some time without stirring, but a bright smile came over his face, and his lips moved in prayer. "Jesus," he whispered, "thou hast taken away the sting of death. Thou hast destroyed death!" He now fell into a gentle doze, and Delphine felt a calmness steal over her as she hung gazing upon his still noble, but altered countenance—altered it was indeed; the last few hours had done the work of years. He spoke once as he slept, and Delphine thought she heard the words, "Happy! how happy!" He awoke repeating them. "Yes," he murmured, "by His sufferings—His death—His alone!"—He never spoke again.

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The plague ceased soon after the death of Guyon. He had discovered and fully explained the mysterious character of the disease; and the efforts of the medical men were blessed with complete success.

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

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THERE was a little glade in the spacious gardens of Sir Thomas Wentworth. He loved to make it his banqueting hall in the hot summer months. Nature had called on art to decorate the spot; and they agreed right pleasantly. Such as wandered thither found no fault with the high hedges close and trimly cut, forming a solid wall of darkest green round the retreat; nor with the long and formal alley, roofed with trellis-work, over which the musk-rose, the honeysuckle, and the vine, had woven a perfect canopy of leaves, and flowers, and dropping fruit. Grateful to the sense was the dewy freshness which a crystal fountain threw into the air; and sweet the sound of its gentle splashing as the column of trembling water fell into its marble basin. All around the sides of the green enclosure were orange trees, and pomegranates, basking in the shelter and the warmth; and where the shade was deepest, and the light most softened, there the tables were spread out; the carpet being the mossy turf of that closely shaven lawn. One chair was vacant, and beneath it lay a lady's glove, as if it had been dropped unheedingly. Two gentlemen were discoursing together with grave faces, as occupied with no trifling subject.

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"Nay, no more wine; although, as you remind me, I have not drained this, my first glass. I am not in the mood for drinking, now; besides, I would not have it said, that Pym and Wentworth quarrelled over their cups, as the court witlings do. You know I am no courtier."

"I am sure I care not to drink," replied Wentworth; and he pushed away the wine and the beautiful and tempting fruit which his lady had placed before him;—"but why that word 'quarrelled,' and the tone of bitterness, or, I might say, reproach, with which you mention the court to me, as if you would taunt me with being, what you disdain, a courtier. I love not hints, my friend, but plain free speaking. Tell me what you mean, that I may clear myself from your suspicions; or, at least, plead guilty, manfully, that is, if I am guilty, and deserve taunts and suspicions from an old and valued friend."

"You have the look," replied Pym, "and use the words of an innocent man; and so I believe you are, in your own estimation; but by me, and by some—nay, many others, you are suspected, Wentworth. You deceive yourself, and are gone over from the free fellowship of honest patriots, to the slavery of those who would enslave your country."

"Unkind and cutting words from a friend's lips," replied Wentworth.

"True words, though cutting—true words from a true heart, Sir Thomas Wentworth."

"Yes,—from a true heart," said Wentworth; and he paused awhile; "but the true heart may err in judgment; you should have known me better, honest Pym! I would

not thus have doubted you; I would have waited for some proofs; ay, (and he smiled kindly,) and I would have mis-trusted even those proofs at first, or my own judgment of those proofs; and last—last of all, my friend.”

For a moment Pym was staggered, and about to speak with confidence and kindness; but he checked himself, and said bluntly, “I do not speak from conjecture, or suspicion. I have plain facts, not merely to speak by, but to act upon. This very day a packet of authentic communications came to my hand. My friends, the friends of my country, have sought out the proofs of certain floating stories. I bade them seek, and send those proofs to meet me here. They are come.—How well the deceivers knew their man when they made him the county sheriff; and silenced his voice awhile, that they might tune it to a new song. They are discerning knaves!”

“I will hear no more in this insulting strain,” said Wentworth, suddenly flaming into anger; “I am a tool, a traitor, sir! because I choose to judge of men and things for myself! Out upon such trifling! I am false to my country! because (for that is your heaviest charge against me—I know it is,)” and his voice grew stronger and firmer as he spoke—“because I have learned to show some reverence to the rightful and anointed king of that same country. Nay, for I have nothing to conceal, because I love the man upon the throne for his own sake; and make my free confession that hitherto the slanders of his subjects have misled me. Take this for your suspicious party and yourself. I am a patriot still; but will not bear the insolence of any party. I will



not be swayed by the prejudice of the most perfect patriot alive!"

"But yet," said Pym, very quietly and simply, "you have no prejudice against wearing an earl's coronet upon your brow. Nay, do not stare with such amazement on me! He, who has twice applied for an earl's patent, would find a coronet sit very pleasantly."

Wentworth said nothing, but his countenance fell; and Pym continued to bring other proofs of his friend's defection.—"You cannot answer to these questions," he said at last, in the same quiet, and slightly taunting manner.

"I shall answer to no questions put in your present tone," replied he, with a calm and collected dignity. "Once for all, let me assure you, sir, that I understand not, much less do I approve, this hectoring of yours,—this new style of questioning. I would answer to every question that a friend should ask, if asked in the spirit of a friend. But my friend appears in a new character to-day: he would tutor me with some new lessons which I am not apt to learn. I have not been used to render an account to you, or to any human questioner, of my free thoughts and sentiments; nay, of my actions, and the words I speak.

"Let us suppose, however, (it is merely for the argument's sake I speak)—let us suppose that I had left your party, and entertained new views in politics, might we not still be friends in private life?—might not—" Pym rose up at those words, and pressed his clenched hand firmly on the table. He did not speak at first; but his look, manner, and action, checked the speech of Wentworth. A ghastly pale-

ness came over his face; and scorn and hatred shot in his fierce full look. This was but for an instant.—Then his chest heaved, as with some inward struggle;—the natural colour came back into his face.

“Wentworth!” he exclaimed at length, “a few more words before we part—for part we must—never to meet on our old terms again. Henceforth, there need be no mistake;—we shall know how we stand with one another. I would not, if possible, by any words of mine offend you; therefore forgive me if I speak too strongly. I am above all disguises. I cannot make those distinctions which you speak of, between public faith and private friendship. It is not to bare opinions I am wedded. It is with all my heart I love my country. It is with all my heart I hate oppression. It is with all my heart I scorn a traitor. And I may add—it is with all my heart I grieve for you. My poor friend! (for the last time I name you by that word), I have held too high hopes of you. Much as I despise you now, I have felt honoured by a smile from you, or the warm honest grasp of my friend’s hand. I am not ashamed to own this,—nor do I care to hide these tears, which force their way from my very heart at parting; for I remember what you once have been.

“Hear my last words to you in private intercourse. If you were *my* enemy, alone,—if you had only injured *me*,—from henceforth I would cease to trouble *you*. Willingly would I leave you to your own conscience—to your wretched self. You are a traitor to your country, Wentworth: I have plain proofs of what you are already,—proofs which you cannot shake. I see before me, plainly, the ways which you

will follow. Therefore, from this hour, I will never leave you. I will be ever on the watch to cross you in your schemes; and if I fail, and seem to have forgotten, so that you deem me but a sleeping foe—remember what I tell you now—*then*, then I am secretly at work to ruin you. Most solemnly I pledge myself never to leave you, till that traitorous head of yours is held up by the common hangman to the scorn of the whole nation.”

There was truth in the severity of Pym; but Wentworth felt only his severity; and was too indignant, too proud in spirit, to seek any farther explanation, or to say another word in exculpation.

“You have silenced me at last, sir,” he said, with extreme coldness, but with perfect self-possession: “and I agree with you. It is best that our friendship, and all intercourse between us, should cease for ever.”

Sir Thomas Wentworth became, soon after, entirely estranged from his former associates. His acceptance of a peerage declared, publicly, his attachment to the person, if not to the measures, of the king. And now it was that he saw Charles where he always appeared to the best advantage—in the sphere of his domestic life—admirably fulfilling the duties of a husband and a father. He forgot his former objections to the king, when he found a friend, pious, humble, and benevolent, to whose confidence he was admitted, by whom his society was sought, his advice required; and not only required, but followed. But it is also true that Wentworth was far from insensible to the favours heaped upon him. Ambition and self-love might have had their influence

in winning him over to oppose the principles which he had formerly upheld from heart. Yet he never lost his innate dignity. A bold and manly character distinguished his proceedings. He was the open and avowed defender of his new principles; and boldly took his place as the chief minister and counsellor of the king.

From this eventful period, who does not know the history of the Earl of Strafford? How, as he rose in favour with the king, he lost all favour with the people. How Pym, his former friend, held to his word, and proved his bitter and most watchful enemy; and, at last, succeeded in impeaching him of high treason. How he rested not till the bill of attainder against the Earl of Strafford was carried through both houses of parliament; and when it was carried, Pym was chief manager of that conference, in which it was resolved, that the king should be moved as speedily as possible, to give his concurrence to the bill for the execution of the forsaken, persecuted Wentworth.

It was the Sabbath-day—alas! no day for holy rest to the king. He had promised to give his decision on the bill against the Earl of Strafford on the Monday morning; but as yet he had discovered no way by which he might, at the same time, satisfy his own conscience and his discontented subjects.

But while the stately chambers of Whitehall were the scene of irresolute and restless misery, and he on whose single decision the event of life or death seemed to depend, knew no peace, there was, in a little chamber of the Tower, one quiet and composed mind.

The world had stripped away from Strafford all her poor and glittering favours, and thrust him forth a condemned and bereaved man. But as he put off the favours of the world he put on his greatness. He felt that all had not been right with him till now. An acknowledged disquiet had weighed upon his heart throughout his splendid career; the air of his prison seemed to shed a balm upon his spirit, and suffering was felt to be a privilege. A common-minded man would not have felt thus; but Strafford was no common-minded man. He had early learned, also, to live rather to God than to man; to make a conscience of little things—of thoughts, not of actions merely. He began to awake, as from a long intoxicating dream—a state of strange infatuation; to awake and wonder at his position, but chiefly at himself.

Yet with a deep sense that he deserved the punishment which seemed about to visit him, he had too clear a judgment not to perceive that those who persecuted him to the death, were, many of them, influenced by low and malicious motives; that the charges against him, had they been true, could not by law have brought him to the scaffold.

He bowed a convicted traitor; not against his king or his country, but against himself and his God. He pleaded guilty; not to the accusations brought forward by his fellow-men, but by his own conscience, and by that holy volume which had once been the chief book of regulating laws to him.

He began at last to prepare for his death as an event settled, and soon to take place. He was convinced that he

had used all honourable means to avert his death, and therefore he was comforted. He had indeed, with great wisdom and eloquence, reasoned and pleaded, and entreated, that for his wife and children's sake, his life might be spared. He had, he thought, refuted the charges of high treason brought against him;—he had used every effort, and put forth every energy to save himself;—all had been useless. He had begun, therefore, to look upon his death as very near. Yet, was there not one certain way of safety open to him?—there was,—the king had pledged his word to protect his servant at every risk.

Strafford had long depended on that sacred word; but now his mind was changed.

He had come to a noble resolution:—In the confinement of his prison he had constantly received accounts of what was passing in the nation. He heard that all men raised their voices against his life, and that the king, having failed to draw them from their purpose, had become wretched and undecided, being exposed to *insolence* and *danger* on his account.

Strafford hesitated not to perform his noble purpose. “If he would save my poor life at all events, and brave every risk for me,” said he to himself, “my gracious master will feel that he is bound by sacred justice to protect me; and there needs no promise on his part. If, as in sorrow I persuade myself, he feels his pledged word as an irksome bondage, and would fain be free,—if that word alone, the mere empty word of promise, holds him unwillingly engaged to save me,—it were but common generosity in me to set his

word as unfettered as his will. Even in this matter, which touches me most nearly, shall he not find me still his faithful and devoted friend and servant? It may be the last proof I can ever give him of my heart's love and true fidelity;—let it be the truest.”

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In the banquetting room the king held a privy council; and there the weak monarch set forth his scruples, and his doubts, and waverings, and begged advice for his conscience, both from the lawyers and the prelates present with him.

That consultation was but a mockery of true faith and common sense. The Bishop of Ely gravely told the king there was a private and public conscience, and assured him, that his public conscience, as a king, might not only dispense with, but oblige him to do that which was against his private conscience as a man; and that the question was not whether he would save the Earl of Strafford, but whether he would perish with him. That the conscience of a king to preserve his kingdom,—the conscience of a husband to preserve his wife,—the conscience of a father to preserve his children, (all which were now in danger,) weighed down abundantly all the considerations the conscience of a master or a friend could suggest to him, for the preservation of a friend or a servant;—infamous reasoning from a minister of *Him* in whose mouth guile was not found! But he was not the only man among those held in repute for wisdom and piety, to give such base advice. The Bishop of London (Dr. Juxon) seemed to be the only single-minded man among them; he spoke out, and told the king, that if he was not satisfied in his conscience that he

ought to pass sentence on Lord Strafford, he ought not to do it, whatsoever happened!

It was from that very chamber where he then wavered and sought counsel from the unstable, that (equally the victim of his own illegal and oppressive acts, and his own weak and irresolute character) the poor king stepped forth to the very same death to which he consented to give up his faithful and devoted Strafford.

The only friend who stood by him, then, was the same man that had spoken the plain truth to him there, and entreated him to act up to the dictates of his conscience, be the consequences what they might.

The council was still sitting, the king still undecided, when a letter was put into his Majesty's hands. Hastily he unfolded it; but his hands trembled, and his tears fell fast and heavily on the paper, as in silence he perused it. Once or twice he made an effort to read it aloud, but his voice failed him; and handing the letter to Juxon, he bade him read,—telling all present, it was from Strafford,—the noble prisoner, Strafford. When he came to this passage, the king rose up, as if anxious to have its reading over, that he might speak; and yet even more desirous that not a word should fall unheeded on the ear. Thus the letter ran:—

“So now, to set your conscience at liberty, I do most humbly beseech your Majesty, in prevention of mistakes which may happen by your refusal, to pass this bill, and by this means to remove (praised be God! I cannot say this accursed, but I confess, this unfortunate thing forth out of the way, towards that blessed agreement which God, I trust,



shall ever establish between you and your subjects. Sir, my consent shall herein acquit you more to God than all the world can do besides. To a willing man there is no injury done. And as by God's grace I forgive all the world with a calmness and meekness of infinite contentment to my dislodging soul; so, sir, to you I can resign this world, with all its imaginable cheerfulness, in just acknowledgment of your exceeding favours."

"You see," said Charles, (looking round the assembly, almost with a smile of triumph, his fine countenance cleared of every shade,) "You see how my own friend and counsellor writes, even from prison, to advise me. The question is therefore settled; and my conscience reproaches me that I saw it not thus from the first. Noble and generous man!—true and devoted friend! My lords, he shall not suffer; no, not if the Commons called for this head of mine,—this crowned and anointed head,—to meet the axe they have prepared for Strafford."

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The next morning the two houses of parliament assembled, and the Commons were called up to the House of Lords, to receive the king's decision on the bill. We know not by what influence Charles had been turned again; perhaps by no other than the natural influence of indecision and unworthy fears; but true it was, that he had given his assent at last. He gave agreement neither by word nor signature, but tried to cheat his conscience by the poor evasion of a commission, in which Lord Arundel and some other peers should signify the royal assent to the bill for the execution of the Earl of Strafford.

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Although it was the settled conviction of Strafford that his death was determined on by those who had more power to destroy than Charles had to save him, it was impossible but some gleams of hope should visit him in his prison, and often carry his free thoughts away, to hold sweet converse with his beloved lady and his children. It was impossible but his heart should sometimes, in its fond yearnings, turn those hopes into wishes; and thus, that he should dwell on happy hours even yet to come, with those he loved, in this dark vale of tears. Perhaps he looked unconsciously for a high and chivalrous devotion in his master's friendship, such as he himself had shown, which had nobly set him free from his most sacred promise.

The Earl was busily and seriously engaged with his secretary: he was dictating some directions concerning the disposal of his property after his decease. A few words had been written at the king's command, acquainting Lord Strafford that his Majesty had felt himself obliged to listen to the voice of his people; that against his will, and, he might add, his conscience, he had yielded; that my Lord Strafford's condition was more happy than his; but, in short, that he had given his assent to the bill for the execution of his tried and faithful friend.

Wentworth started when this letter was put into his hand. It seemed that he guessed the contents before he had well perused it; for the dulness and blank of death came at once over his expressive features. Silent he sat for many, many

minutes,—silent and stunned in every sense, the unfolded paper still in his hand. At last slowly recovering, and speaking only to himself in a voice low and sorrowful beyond description, he said, "Put not your trust in princes, nor any child of man, for in them there is no salvation." He said no more on the subject, but, soon after, turning calmly and almost cheerfully to his secretary, he continued his directions as before, forgetful, it might have seemed, that any interruption had occurred.

There was but a short interval of time granted to Strafford between the day of his Condemnation and that fixed for his execution. Almost his last acts were the well-known letters which he wrote to the Countess, his wife, then in Ireland, and to his son, "his sweet Will," as he so charmingly calls him.

In these are handed down to us "from his very soul," somewhat of the piety, the heavenly forgiveness, the sweet familiar tenderness of this illustrious man.

They who saw him on the scaffold might be well amazed at the perfect composure and dignity of his deportment there. He came forth among them, not as a miserable and convicted traitor, but as a true nobleman, with a courage that smiled most calmly at all bodily suffering, and a piety at once humble and edifying: so that his very scaffold seemed rather an open hall of audience, where he presided as the chief man present,—where he courteously received those that loved him, and nobly forgave all who had offended him, with a modest dignity and self-possession towards all around him.

THE LADY LISLE.

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THE last faint flush of sunset had faded away, and the frame-work of the casement which had been darkly opposed to the sombre sky, gradually blended with the blackness of night. A servant entered, and lighting a lamp which hung in the farther end of the chamber, was about to light several others, when his Lady said to him with a sad, but gentle voice, "Leave me at present, Richard, and light no more." The servant obeyed, after heaping a pile of pine-wood on the ample fire-place. The lady, who sat alone and mournful, soon relapsed into a mood of deeper abstraction. The light of the single lamp shadowed out the graceful folds of her dress from the prevailing gloom: but as the fire, which had before almost died away, burst out into flame and brightness, its reddening glow played over her cheek, a cheek which had been pale for many months. The lady shivered, as she felt, for the first time, the slight warmth; but still her mind's anxiety so absorbed every outward sense and feeling, that she thought not on the coldness of the night. An hour had passed away before the meditations of the lady were again disturbed, and the same domestic announced her husband's approach. She raised her eyes as he entered the apartment, and started when she beheld him. He was followed by others

of his servants; but at his look they forthwith departed. The lady had risen partly from her chair to welcome her husband; but feelings, which she could not repress, stopped her. She shrunk back, as if unable to look upon him: yet she tried to conceal the shuddering that crept through her every vein; and, leaning her arm on the carved frame-work of her chair, she covered her eyes with her hand.

"Art thou not well, Alice?" said the gentleman; and his wife thought his voice faltered. He came nearer to her, and stooped down to embrace her; but although she rose up towards him, she half withdrew from the arm that encircled her form. Her hand was clasped in his, but it returned not his pressure; and though his lips were pressed to her cheek, that cheek was cold and wet with falling tears. Whether he felt the reception he met with or not, he seemed to understand it so well, that he thought fit not to notice it. He sat down with a frown on his face, and the timid restraint of the lady increased.

Alice at length lifted up her head, and looked up timidly on her husband's countenance; she had never feared to look upon his face till then. "Ah," she thought within herself, "shall I not find some feature altered there? Shall I not seek in vain for the looks that I love best, for all the former fine expression of his face?" She beheld only an expression of impatient anger. Alice strove with herself. She looked, or tried to look, kindly on her husband. At once his anger passed away, and he spoke in the same sweet voice she had so often heard with delight. Alice rose up. "It is in vain!" she said, "I cannot dissemble; tell me that

the report is false—tell me at once—it must be false, or you could not look, or you could not speak thus—it is false!” she repeated, as she drew nearer to him. “Assure me, comfort me, my own husband.”

“What is false?” he asked, and gazed boldly and almost calmly on her.

“Yes, yes, I knew they told me wrongly,” she continued; and she grasped his hand closely, and looked up to him as she spoke, gradually raising her face all bathed with tears towards his: “My husband could never be the murderer—” the lady hesitated, for attentively, though quite unconsciously, she had watched her husband’s eye; she could not say another word; all at once the conviction came over her mind and settled there, that her husband had signed the death warrant of his king.

John Lisle had scarcely recovered from the feeling with which he had met his wife. It was a feeling nearly allied to the embarrassment of guilt; he strove to master it; but vainly did his heart endeavour to enfold itself in reasonings and excuses, for a pang pierced through them all, like the remorse of guilt, and the deep and conscious crimson of shame came over his face.

Alice was too disturbed to speak, and Lisle took advantage of her agitation. He told her, haughtily, not to trouble herself with matters which concerned her not, and which were too deep for her to understand; he looked almost disdainfully on her, and turned away, as she cast on him an earnest and imploring look. Seizing a lamp from the table, he was about to leave the room; but his gentle wife rose up with a calm

self-possession, and said, with firm voice and a grave, earnest look, laying her hand upon her husband's arm, "John Lisle, you must stop, and let me speak: you know that I have seldom interfered about these subjects before; I have trusted to your sense of duty, to your love to God and your country; I have prayed that our blessed Lord would restrain and direct you; I have not spoken, because, although I could not agree with you, I respected your intentions: but now," she continued, "I must be silent no longer, though I may exasperate you, by urging, in my weak and womanish manner, what you may disdain to hear."

"And, madam," said he, "I command you to be silent!"

"O, my poor husband!" replied the lady, "first command into silence your own heart, and that I know you have not done at present, so let your wife speak with it: nay, I must not, cannot be repulsed. One question I must put to you: answer me one single question—Is the King condemned?"

"I make no answer to your question, madam."

"May God forgive you; you have told me enough," she added, as she stood before him, and raised her eyes almost unwillingly to his countenance. She paused awhile as she surveyed him, and then pointed with her trembling finger to his brow. "It is written there too plainly. You cannot deny your guilt," she said solemnly. "Would to God you could deny it! No, no, husband, I must be heard," she continued, as he pushed away her upraised hand, and would have passed from her. "You are led on: you are a dupe, Lisle, a dupe to cold-hearted and designing men."

The colour mounted to his forehead, and he bit his lip with rage, as his wife spoke those last words.

"Cease this trifling, I command you!" he cried. "Dare you to question the will of a nation? Go you to your chamber, and be silent: a woman should know her place."

"Trifling! I will tell you what is trifling," she replied, solemnly: "it is trifling with the judgment of God, with the happiness of their souls, for men—not a nation—oh, no! not the nation, on my life—for men calling themselves Christians—aye, and making a high and loud boastful profession as Christians—to sit down with a show of justice and godliness, and sign the death-warrant of their lord and king. This is, indeed, going too far! For God's sake, stop at once for your own sake; not because I implore you; no, all on your own account. Tell me not, that a woman has no right to speak. There's not a wife throughout all England, but should feel this cause her own:—the truest, kindest husband is condemned to death. There's not a child but should lift up its helpless hands, and ask mercy for such a father. Have we not been taught in the Bible to fear God? And shall we despise the commandment which follows next after—'Honour the King?' This is not merely a political duty, it is a private duty, to every heart. O, my dear husband! there hath been a time when you were wont to give me all your confidence. I know it is long ago; to me it hath seemed very long. Methinks, at that time, our hearts were but as one in love and confidence; and when I leaned upon you thus and looked up in your dear face, as I cannot—ah, you will not let me now!—then I have felt a calm and most assured



happiness; because I knew, and I was not mistaken then—I am sure that I was not mistaken—that not a look of mine could be unheeded by you. Put down the lamp, and listen to me for a little while. Give me back but a brief shadow of those days. O, your hand trembles as I clasp it!—do not turn away your face. Forgive me, for I cannot help weeping—my heart is full. O, thank you, thank you for that look! I remember that dear look: you came to me, and looked upon me as you do now, when our first-born child lay wailing in my arms. I then thought that I could never be more grateful for your love: yet it seemeth now far dearer to me. Think not, dearest, of my poor reasoning; put it aside, if you will, for I am a weak woman, and cannot speak on state politics; but I love you. Your honour, I should say your soul, is dearer to me than life. I could not bear to think that the stain of innocent blood should be upon your soul. We find no law in God's book which alloweth man to shed innocent blood. My husband, were you forsaken and in misery, I might not speak thus plainly. My voice should be the very last to whisper shame upon you. I would bear the shame of guilt, (though guiltless myself,) and then rejoice to bear it for you. Insult and wretchedness I could welcome with you: I am sure you will believe me. But now you are in power: none may dare to upbraid you to your face, therefore I will be a real friend, and warn you now, while there is time. Risk every thing, even to our lives, to save the King. He may be condemned; but you have much at your command. This crime must not be the torment of your future life;—your sleep must not be visited by a

murderer's dreams. Do not hesitate to save (I will not say the King) the man, the husband, and the father, like yourself. Think how I should bless the friend who rescued you from death; think how your country will bless you; think how your God will approve the deed. Husband, I have for this cause a fearless spirit. Let me go forth with you as a servant, to assist in such an enterprise. I do not talk idly; I have nerved myself, I trust, with God's help, to do what may be done by skill or boldness, or in any righteous way, to save and serve the King."

She was yet speaking, when a knocking was heard at the outer door of the house, and Lisle then recollected an engagement he had made with one of the republican party. Alice Lisle withdrew from the apartment, and earnestly besought her husband to adjourn with her but for a few minutes to her own closet. There, with many earnest entreaties, she pleaded with him, that he would seek without delay some means for the King's escape. A servant entered, and told his master that the gentleman that awaited his appearance seemed in haste; whereupon Lisle grew impatient, and would have gone down instantly. "I would not take upon me," said his lady, "to prevent your waiting on that person; but something seemeth now to tell me, that if you do not now determine, I will not say, to befriend the royal cause, but to save the King's person, you never will. While your heart is softened, while I am with you, promise, not to me, but to the Lord, that you will not leave your King to die that shameful death, if your arm, if your best exertions, can save him."

She knelt down at his feet and took his hands with tender

force, and with meek but solemn earnestness she called upon God to turn her husband's heart; and, rising up, she threw herself upon his bosom, and wept with artless grief.

Lisle lifted up her head, and kissed her; but as Alice raised her eyes to his face, she saw no expression to encourage her hopes. She thought to say nothing more, but as he moved away she grasped his hand, and made but one request, which he granted. He promised not to leave the house without seeing her again.

When Lisle was gone down, his wife sat long in the abstraction of deep and bitter thoughtfulness. The loud shutting of a door, sounding distinctly in the silence of the night, aroused her with a start. She opened her casement quickly, and thought that she could perceive two persons come forth from the porch, and walk towards the waterside. In a few minutes she heard the dashing of oars on the river, and she knew by a twinkling light which moved along on the water towards Westminster, that a boat was rowing thither. She left her closet, and sought her husband; but she stood as one struck dumb, when they told her that he had departed with his companion. He had broken his word, and gone forth, she knew not whither, without seeing her.

"And hath your master left no word for me?" she said, after a long silence. "He desired me to say," replied the servant, "that he should return by eleven of the clock."

Alice retired again for a short time to her closet, to recover, in some measure, the composure of her mind, and then she went to her children's apartment. With them and their nurse she descended to the hall, and assembled all her house-

hold to family prayer. She could not bear that one person should be absent on that evening; and when she knelt down among them, and prayed aloud for her husband, for her country, and for her King, every heart felt, and every heart prayed for her.

Midnight arrived, and found Alice yet watching for her husband's return; but he came not, and she grew wretched. The morning found her still sleepless. The day and the night again passed away, and then Alice, distracted with doubt, sent to some of her husband's nearest friends; but no information was brought her from them. The King's escape was not mentioned, and she felt convinced that he was still in the power of his enemies.

Alice had in vain attempted to rest during the night, and long before it was light on the morning of the thirtieth of January, she rose up from her bed. The pale gleams of dawn were beginning to streak the sky. Alice had been long traversing her chamber with hurried steps; she stopped before the casement, and having opened it widely, leaned there, feeling the chill winter air refreshing to her hot and fevered brow. The window overlooked the Thames at Lambeth, and many thoughts passed over her mind as she gazed around her. She was half tempted to hope that the King might be then escaping, assisted by her husband. Again she thought that Lisle might have been discovered in a dangerous attempt, and that a prison might have kept him so long away from her. Fears for his life, and a feeling of self-accusation, then made her tremble: but every such hope and fear soon passed away as too visionary, and one dreadful thought settled itself

like certainty on her mind ; that she should next meet in her husband the murderer of his King. Her heart beat high with the agony of her feelings, and she found no relief till she sought it on her knees. As she rose up, the clock of Lambeth church struck eight. She heard the sound of oars on the water, and again she sought the open casement. Two boats passed down towards Westminster ; she involuntarily watched them, and perceived, that after stopping at the opposite shore, near the Abbey, they returned empty. Other boats passed and returned also without passengers. Alice looked intensely after the persons who had landed, but they soon disappeared. Nothing but the buildings opposite met her view ; and she felt how much of deep, nay, terrible interest might be going on where those tall buildings lifted up their dark and silent walls towards the sky, as if to baffle her anxious gaze. She wished, with a fearful curiosity, that the streets could be laid open at her look, that every barrier might for a moment fall away which concealed from her sight the objects of her distracting doubt. Hour after hour passed on, and Alice still returned again and again to the casement. Many more boats had landed their passengers at Westminster. Alice asked no questions of her servants, but dressing herself plainly, and tying a hood of grey silk half over her face, she left the house by a private door. She walked quickly to the ferry, and there crossed the river to Westminster. The first street that she entered she found crowded with persons all hurrying onward, as if all seeking one object. Alice turned from the crowd into some narrower streets, but still followed on in the same direction. As she passed the

end of a long straight alley that crossed her way, she saw that a mob was collected on the left. Hardly waiting to think, she turned, and almost ran towards the crowd. She was then struck by the awful and death-like stillness of everything around; her own light footstep alone sounded in her ears, as she passed alone to the end of the alley. She pressed herself among the mob, and threw back the hood, which hung over her eyes, but no one noticed her. Every eye was fixed, as if spell-bound, on the scene which burst upon her view. On a platform covered over with black, stood three men in masks; a bishop in his robes stood also there. Other persons were standing there, but Alice noticed them not. Her glance was dazzled for a moment by a large axe which gleamed clear and bright in the faint sunshine, and which lay upon the block full in view of the populace;—but one object alone riveted her eyes, and every power of her mind,—a countenance which she instantly recognized, which, from that moment, she could never forget. She had often seen it before, but she then felt as if she was observing it for the first time, as if she had never known it till then. Pale and wasted was that fine countenance, but calm withal, and calm with unearthly peacefulness. Grief had long wasted every feature; but while the marks of her reign were still remaining, Grief had passed away for ever, and Hope and heavenly Peace were in its place.

Charles the First—for whose could that countenance be but his?—turned to the bishop, and appeared to speak with him; Alice thought that she could hear the sound of his voice in the profound stillness. She stretched forward her head,

and followed with her looks, and almost with her gestures, every movement of the King. He took off his cloak, and delivered his collar with the George to the bishop. Again he seemed to speak, and then kneeled down; but ere he laid his head upon the block he lifted up his clasped hands, and raising his face, as if in earnest prayer, towards heaven, an expression of heavenly meekness lighted up his whole countenance. Then all calmly he laid down his head, and gave himself the signal for his death.

The axe fell, and when it had fallen, a shriek, a yell of horror scarcely human, burst like one voice from the whole crowd.—The severed head of Charles the First was held up to the view.—Alice saw no more; she had drawn one long exhausting gasp of breath, which seemed to drag up with it her bursting heart; her limbs seemed to give way, and she was falling to the ground, when she felt the grasp of a strong arm upholding her. She knew no more till she awoke to consciousness in a low but large chamber. She found herself lying on a bed; a high-backed arm-chair was placed by the bedside. Alice thought, from its position, that some person had been sitting beside her; but at that time, all around her was silent. A dark curtain was drawn over the high casement, so that every object appeared indistinct in the dim light. Alice stirred not, as the tide of memory rolled back upon her mind. Overwhelmed with the impression of her confused thoughts, she lay awhile in a sort of mental stupor, till the sound of trampling horsemen aroused her. She rose up, and hastened to the window; she looked down into the street. The troop of horse, whose approach she had heard,

appeared; she perceived Colonel Hacker at their head; beside him rode a man enveloped in a large cloak: his head was bent toward the ground; but in the air and carriage of the person she at once recognized her husband. The curtain which she had held back fell from her hold. She could no longer doubt as to the part her husband had taken in the death of the King. "It is well that I have seen him now," she said to herself, "I shall be better prepared to meet him again." Yet she felt that she would rather have died than seen him then in that company, and in that street; she felt that the scenes of that day were deeply imprinted on her memory. It pierced her very heart to know, that till the hour of her death, she should see before her the troop of horsemen with their leader, and John Lisle riding beside him, with his face bowed to the pavement of the street. There was nothing striking about their appearance, and they had passed before her gaze but for a few moments. Yet there are incidents even of a simpler character, which fix themselves—know not how, we know not why—deep within the heart; and while the stronger events of life gradually wear away from the remembrance, every little circumstance, every minute association connected with the former, occurs to the heart in all the vivid reality of its first colouring.

Alice Lisle was yet standing, when the door opened, and an old gentlewoman dressed in deep mourning entered the chamber. Her face was very pale, and she bade the lady welcome in a sad and gentle voice. She had sat by the bedside of her stranger-guest, she said, till within the last half hour, and she feared that her absence might have been felt.



Alice was pleased by the courtesy of the old gentlewoman, and she thanked her for the attention she had received.

"Ah! little enough has that been," she replied; "who could do less than feel for a young lady like yourself, nearly trampled to death in the immense crowd which hath been assembled without. I could not refuse to take you in, when the old man brought you to the door, cold and senseless as a corpse; and yet you are come to the house of grief, lady. Two days have only passed away since I followed to the grave a daughter not many years older than yourself: she was my only child. Her children are now orphans. Still, amid the freshness of my grief for her, I can say that the death of him, who hath been murdered this morning, hath struck deeper to my heart. My poor child was called away by the Lord in His best time; but daring men have taken upon themselves to force the spirit of that poor victim to the presence of his God. Surely the sorrows of the royal widow and her children will be visited upon the families of those wretches. The blood they have shed will be upon them, and upon their children."

"Stop, do stop!" exclaimed Alice, laying her hand on the upraised arm of the old gentlewoman. "Your words are too like curses; they fall heavily on my poor heart. If you knew"—Alice checked herself—"If you felt as I do for them," she continued with a trembling voice, "you would pray for them, you would weep for them, and for their children." Alice sat down on the bed, and covering her face with both her hands, she burst into an agony of tears. "Alas!" she exclaimed, after a short pause, striving with the

violence of her grief, "I am so wretched, that my words must seem wild and strange to you. But tell me, madam, did you not mention an old man? May I see him? is he in this house?"

"He is still here, he awaits your appearance," replied the old gentlewoman. "We will leave this melancholy chamber," she said; and, taking the hand of her guest, she led her from the room.

The departure of Alice from her own house was observed by an elderly servant, named Richard Lucas, who had been brought up in her father's family since his childhood. He knew the anxious state of her mind, and seeing her go forth without an attendant, he followed her. When he saw her fall, he lifted her up, and bore her in safety from the crowd. Alice found him waiting in the hall, to which she descended with the old gentlewoman; and when he rose up with a respectful salutation on her appearance, she shook his hand with affectionate warmth.

"I will return to you immediately," she said, as she followed her companion to a small parlour, the bay-window of which looked into a back court. The old lady made a sign to a young lad, who looked up from the book he had been reading, as they entered, and he quitted the room. She drew a chair near the blazing fire for her guest, and opening a small corner-cupboard of dark wood, she took from thence a flagon of wine; she then filled a small silver cup, and handed it with a manchet to Alice, intreating that she would not refuse so slight a refreshment. Alice did not refuse; and as she rose up to take her leave, she repeated her thanks, and

expressed her hopes that she might at some future time be enabled to return the kind hospitality she had met with.

"I take the offer as it is given, sweet lady," was the reply of the ancient gentlewoman; "I take it in good earnest, for these are troublous times, and the eye of man cannot foresee the hour when they will change. A friend is not now to be refused; but I am an old woman, turned fourscore. It marvels me, that this poor weak body of mine hath sustained its many infirmities for such a length of years. I must soon leave this world; but I do accept your kindness for the orphans of my departed child, should they ever need to claim it. I have used no impertinent curiosity, lady," she added, "I will ask no question concerning your family or station; nor will I intrude our concerns further upon you. I will only request you not to forget the name of Hicks."

"Indeed, I will not," replied her guest. "It would be a joy to me, should the children of her whom you lament, ever claim the assistance of Alice Lisle."

On her return home, Alice found a short and hurried letter from her husband, announcing to her his departure from London on important business; but, as he was named one among the thirty-eight in the new state council, he did not remain long away. Alice thought that the absence of her husband would enable her to determine within herself as to her manner towards him when he should appear. She occupied herself in a strict and serious examination of her own heart, in meditating upon the sacred lessons of the Book of God, and in prayer for the guidance of the Spirit of wisdom and meekness. With all her detestation of the crime which he had

committed, Alice therefore was too humble and too charitable to feel any right to judge her husband.

John Lisle returned home, and his wife met him with unaffected warmth of feeling.

"Put off that cold restraint," she said to him. "I expected to see you look thus, to hear you speak thus; but remember, I am your wife; I trust in God I shall not forget my duties—ah! more than duties; for you are still as dear to me as ever! I will not weary you now with my remonstrances; the deed is done; the past cannot be recalled. I can foresee that worldly affairs will go well with you: you will obtain what are called honours and riches. I thank God that I can see them in their real character, as dark and besetting temptations; as the favours of him who hath been called the god of this world. My husband, these are dreadful times: full of danger to us both; yet I feel a spirit within me which no power on earth can master. I will never leave you, unless I am driven away by your own hand. But I must be understood; no fellowship will I have with the men who have been of late years your intimate associates. I might, perchance, you may tell me, speak with less vehemence; but then you might mistake me. I am prepared for unkindness, for anger, even for insult from you: I will bear it all, and love you still."

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The predictions of Alice Lisle were fulfilled. John Lisle did rise to many honours, and did acquire great riches. He became Lord President of the High Court of Justice under

the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell; and during the whole career of his success did Alice Lisle walk on resolute and firm in the path of duty she determined to pursue. For more than twelve years did she live, in the retirement of her own household, devoting herself to the education of her children, and fulfilling the duties of her station with modest and exemplary faithfulness. She was wont at times to visit the paternal estates of her husband, in the Isle of Wight; and there, by her gentle attentions, she was enabled to soothe the last hours of the young and heart-broken Lady Elizabeth of England, when she pined away and died of grief in Carisbrook Castle. The Lady Lisle was sojourning in the Isle of Wight when Charles the Second returned to England.

John Lisle had been living for some months with his family when the news of Monk's success was brought to him. He was not now used to seek confidence of his wife, or to apprise her of his intentions; and he departed, Alice knew not whither, with but few words of farewell to her.

The Lady Lisle had so long known that it was fit for her to be prepared for some sudden change in all that affected her husband and herself, that she never rose from sleep without recalling to her mind the necessity of keeping up a constant sense of her real situation, and of preparing herself by calm thought and fervent prayer to meet whatever events might occur.

One beautiful autumnal morning she was sitting among her children in a spacious hall, which opened upon a green lawn, sloping down to the sea, on the southern side of the Isle of Wight. Her two daughters were working at the

same embroidery frame, and she was winding silken threads for their work. Her son, a fine manly boy, was reading aloud from the French Chronicles of Froissart. The door opened slowly, and Alice looked up: her old and faithful servant Richard Lucas, who had departed with her husband, appeared. Alice spoke to him; but observing that he hesitated to answer, she checked herself; and, rising, led him in silence to a small parlour adjoining the hall, and then, after closing the door, she listened, with a throbbing heart, to the tidings which Richard had brought her. He told her that a proclamation had gone forth, demanding from all the regicide judges the surrender of their persons within fourteen days, and that her husband had determined to fly, if possible, to the Continent, and had sent him to the Isle of Wight for some papers of importance, for he was fearful of returning even for a few hours to take leave of his family. Richard brought no letter from his master, who deemed it incautious to write; but Alice wept as the old man described the strain of tender affection in which his lord had spoken of his wife and children. He left to them the choice of remaining in England, or following him at a more convenient season to the Continent. Alice listened to all the instructions her husband had sent to her; and then dismissed the old servant to take some refreshment.

Two hours had nearly passed away, and Richard Lucas began to be impatient for his departure, when he was summoned to the presence of his mistress. He found her in the closet adjoining her sleeping chamber. Her attire was changed for a travelling dress of common materials, made

after the plainest fashion. A small cabinet stood open, and he saw by a heap of thin and gauzy ashes on the hearth, that she had been burning many of her papers.

“Do not wait to ask my reasons now, my good Richard,” she said quietly, “but go instantly to the stable, and saddle my little chestnut jennet and your own horse. I shall go with you to my lord wherever he may be. I need no attendant but yourself; and I shall beg you to return to my dear children, when the Lord Lisle and I leave England. I have no packet excepting that cloak-bag, which you may now bear away in your hand. My lord’s papers are concealed about my person. You will lead the horses on towards the smuggler’s cove, there will I join you forthwith. Not a word!” she continued, lifting up her finger, for she perceived that the old man would have remonstrated. “I am resolute to go. My orders are given to the nurse. I have arranged every thing, and have only to take leave of my children. What! Richard,” she said, seeing that he still hesitated, “must I remind you that you have not been used to disobey my orders. I do not act rashly; I have long expected this. I have long determined how to act in this strait. I have never forgotten to ask in my daily prayers for the guidance of that wisdom which is from above.—Go, Richard, go—time will not permit me to say more at this present.”—The old man took up the cloak-bag, and obeyed his mistress.

The Lady Lisle had made known to her children, that she was about to depart from them; and she now sought them with a heavy heart. To her eldest daughter she alone confided her intention of proceeding to the Continent; and she

told her how uncertain the period of her return might be. The young girl, who possessed much quiet firmness of character, accompanied her mother with a heart almost breaking, but with a calm countenance, to the spot where Richard was waiting with the horses. The Lady Lisle departed.

When, at the close of the next day, Alice and her old servant arrived at the sequestered village to which the Lord Lisle had retired, she sat down in the mean chamber which he had hired, and waited there for her husband, who was absent just at that time. She sat at the open window, gazing out upon the lonely beach, and the beautiful and boundless ocean beyond, over which the shadows of night were gathering fast. She soon beheld her husband approaching, and thought at first that she would withdraw from the casement, yet still did she linger there most unconsciously; for she perceived with grief how altered he was, how wasted by the anxiety he had undergone. Lisle did not look up, he entered the cottage. Alice heard his footsteps on the stairs, and trembled with the violence of her feelings. He entered the chamber, and his wife rose up to meet him. With timid, yet eager affection, she threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him. For a few moments Lisle appeared rejoiced, he clasped his wife to his breast, and spoke with the tone of deep affection; but then his coldness of manner returned, and he said, "You are come to say farewell to me, before I leave England."

"I am come," said Alice, with a smile that lit up her whole countenance, "to depart with you. I have arranged



every thing as well as I could on so short a notice, and only wait for your permission to send Richard Lucas back to our children. I will take his place about your person. I am prepared for the dangers and difficulties that may surround us; or rather, determined to think nothing a difficulty, if met in your company."

Lisle looked very thoughtful for some minutes, and replied not; then seeming to rouse himself from distracted thoughts, he said suddenly—"Alice, this is a foolish resolve,—you must abandon it. My plans cannot be altered now." He stood for a few minutes in deep thought, then his whole countenance changed, and with a voice full of gentle affection, he said, "You are very, very kind; you are too good to me," he added, smiting his brow. "I am a wretch to speak to you thus: forgive me, my sweet faithful Alice; I am unworthy, quite unworthy of your devoted affection. I cannot tell you how I feel this proof of your love to me; to one who hath of late years been so cold, so restrained towards you. Go back to our lovely children; make them, with God's grace, (and I know you seek it in the right way,) make them like yourself.—Yes, I will hope," he said, perceiving how sad the expression of his wife's countenance became, "I will hope that we may all meet together at no distant period. I will either return to you, should the government permit, or I will make arrangements to receive you on the Continent, when the winter is well over. At present I must not delay my departure. My beloved wife, I do indeed feel your affection; but therefore, I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself thus. Go, and may the blessing of God be with you for ever. My happiest

moments will be those when I am praying on my knees for you."

"All that you have said," replied the Lady Alice, with much gentleness, in her sweet voice, "would make an excellent argument for you, had you spoken to any person but myself. Listen to a few words which cannot be answered:—I am your wife. Now, my dearest husband, I find no reason whatever which should oppose the right which I claim: nay, which I will not part with," she continued. "Go with you, remain with you, I will, from this moment, even till God shall see fit to part us by death. Nay, do not look grave again, my love," she said playfully, "you have betrayed yourself. I see my influence is not lost; and I tell you fairly, I will use it. Dear husband, do let me go, for after all my bold speeches, you see I come to entreating like a child. Do let me go with you."

"Do not urge this matter farther, my sweet wife," said he, "indeed, you cannot go. How wearied you appear already, and you know not how soon I must depart; every moment that I linger bringeth danger nearer to me. I have heard since the morning, that those who watch for me are not far distant. They have discovered, or at least, they do certainly suspect, that I have spoken for my passage in a vessel lying off Portsmouth. I cannot return thither. My only hope of safety is by departing instantly in a small fishing-boat. The wind is fresh and favourable. I had now come to this cottage for the last time, to see if Richard Lucas were returned; had I not found him, I should have been at this time far from these shores. The little boat is lying beyond

that point of land; they are waiting for me there." As he spoke, he pointed to the spot from whence Alice had seen him approach.

"I am ready to go this instant, and not wearied," replied the lady. "I looked anxious, and so you thought I was fatigued in body, but indeed I am strong. Well, my love, we must not delay; I will call Richard Lucas to take this cloak-bag of mine. You see I am not, for once, encumbered with many packages, as women usually are.—Is there anything here that I can carry in my hand to the boat?—no! I see nothing about this little chamber—I suppose that your things are already carried thither.—Richard," she said, as the old man entered the chamber, "take this and come with us;—take care that you do not strike your head," she called out softly, as they descended the narrow staircase. Alice drew near to her husband, as they walked from the cottage. "You do not refuse me, dear husband?" said she.

"I do not," replied John Lisle. He spoke in a low whisper, and his voice was tremulous with emotion, but Alice heard him.

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It was on the banks of the magnificent Lake Leman in Switzerland, that John Lisle and his wife had taken up their abode. Edmund Ludlow, the regicide, the friend of Lisle, had fled to Dieppe, and joining company with him there, they had proceeded together to Geneva. They afterwards fixed their residence at the lovely town of Vevay. The Lady Lisle was at first anxious for the presence of her children;

but she deemed it best, that they should remain in England, when she heard that they were living under the protection of her own friends, many of whom were high in favour with the restored monarch. Most of the regicides had suffered on the scaffold; and the printed account of their last prayers and dying speeches, which stole abroad in the year of our Lord 1661, had been read by Lisle. Three years had passed away, and yet he lived undisturbed, except by the probability of danger.

At the beginning of the year 1664, some suspicious circumstances were related to Lisle by one of his foreign friends. Two men had appeared in the neighbourhood of Vevay, and had made particular inquiries as to his residence and daily habits. It was also reported that their inquiries had been fully answered by a certain Frenchman, who at times visited Vevay, Lausanne, and other places, to carry on his trade of engraving upon seals and cups. This man was then at Vevay; and Lisle, having received a promise from his friends, that they would cause the French engraver to be examined, set off with his lady to Lausanne, where they hired a lodging, and determined to remain for a few weeks. Scarcely, however, had they been a day at Lausanne, when Lisle received information from Ludlow, that the Frenchman (probably guessing that his conduct would be inquired into by the officers of justice) had fled, and had also gone to Lausanne. Lisle immediately represented the matter to the government there. The man was taken before the Burgo-master, and after a slight and unsatisfactory examination, banished from their jurisdiction. Lisle had soon fresh cause

for alarm. Again he heard from Ludlow, that two men, habited as grooms, had arrived at an inn at Vevay. These men had also been examined by an order of the Bailiff and Chatelain of the town. They pretended that they were the servants of a German count, then sojourning at the baths of Sallenche, and that they were commanded to await his arrival at Vevay. The fellows continued at Vevay for a week, when one, coming from the baths of which they had spoken, declared that no German count had been there. It was intimated to the landlord of the inn at Vevay, that he should not entertain the false grooms a day longer. Upon which, they had hastened away by the road to Lausanne. They came to Lausanne, and Lisle was apprised of their residing there by many of his friends. Again were the two men questioned, but they now told a well-connected story; and no sufficient grounds could be advanced to force their departure.

"I can bear this no longer," said John Lisle to his wife, as one of his friends quitted the apartment in which they were sitting. "I cannot bear to live in this fever of fearful anxiety. I have not been used thus to dread the presence of any human being. But now I go about like a timid child in a dark room, and start if by chance a footstep sound behind me. I know that if the danger I shun were really present, I could turn and face it without a winking of the eye. I should not tremble then. But look at me now—touch my hand, Alice. Am I not an altered man? It is foolish to tremble at the fear, when the certainty would not appal me. You look grave, Alice—do not mistake me. I did not mean

that death would not appal me. I have lately learnt to know myself; to examine the principles on which I have acted. I will confess that they were not such as I could now approve. I am not ready for death. I pray to God that he will let me live a little longer. Oh, my wife! I know that you pray for me; but let your warmest prayer for my soul be, that I may live a few more years in a better knowledge of myself, and of my Saviour's will."

"Have I not every reason to pray for a continuance of days to you, my husband?" replied Alice,—“I, whom every day in your society makes happier; I, who am blessed almost beyond expression, when I hear you speak thus. Indeed, it would be a deep affliction for me to lose you now; and yet I fear when I think upon your failing health. Your face is sunk and pale, and your hand—yes, it does indeed tremble. A dry fever burns in its slightest touch. It pains me to the heart to see you so ill. You need air and regular exercise; and yet, I must own, that I do not like you to expose yourself to those fellows. I would have you at least wait a little longer. Do follow the advice of your friends. Go not again for some while to the church we have of late attended. Your friends say truly, that if an attempt were made upon your life so near the gates of the town, a way of escape would lie at once open to the villains.”

"Alice," replied John Lisle, with a quiet solemnity of manner which she never forgot, "you know how my whole soul pants for a longer sojourn in this world of trial. Do not think I can trifle with hopes that every moment are dearer to me. But I am resolved from this hour that I will

commit myself to God alone. He knoweth what is best for my soul. To that church I will go as heretofore, to worship him. He alone can save me. Vain is the help, and vain the foresight of man."

The morning which succeeded the above-mentioned conversation, was unusually beautiful. The windows of the saloon which Lisle and his lady occupied, commanded a view of the whole magnificent range of mountains extending along the Savoy side of the lake, and Alice arose up from the table on which their breakfast was spread, to gaze out upon the glorious prospect before her. The light breeze seemed, as it blew freely over her face, to bring with it a pure spirit of refreshment that penetrated through her whole frame. She felt her heart lightened, and the faculties of her mind braced by it. "This, surely, is a morning," she said, and turned to her husband, "in which I can apply to my feelings that verse of Scripture—'Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Look out upon this world of beauty. Here is surely all the joy of morning—freshness, and light, and purity, spreading the whole earth with the radiance of heaven. It is ungrateful in man to feel mournful on such a morning."

"You must not loiter here, my love," said Lisle, as he walked up to the window from whence his wife was gazing. "We must turn awhile from these objects, which are, in truth, most gloriously beautiful, to offer to their great Creator the morning sacrifice of prayer and praise in His house of prayer. I, too, feel inspirited by the air of this bright morning," exclaimed Lisle, as he drew his wife's arm within

his own; and so they proceeded to the church adjoining the town-gate. Still in conversation, they entered the street leading immediately to the church. Alice suddenly started, for, on lifting up her eyes, she beheld a man come forth from a house on the opposite side of the road, and she saw that he gazed intently upon her husband. She determined to look steadily in the man's face as they passed him. To her surprise he saluted them. Alice had perceived nothing suspicious in his appearance, except that he wore a long cloak, and that his hat seemed to shade the upper part of his face. All this occurred very quickly, yet Alice ceased at once from conversing with her husband. Some of their friends were only a few paces before them, and many persons were passing along the street. She did not like to appear alarmed, and she hesitated when her husband asked the cause of her sudden change of manner. Alice turned her head to look back. At that instant, before she could speak, her husband sprung up with a violent bound from her side, and almost at the same moment the discharge of a carbine burst like thunder on her ear. Her extended arms caught the body as it fell, and, unable to support its dead weight, she sunk with it and under it, to the earth, the hot blood gushing over her bosom, and wetting her in a moment to the skin. The poor lady had met with many heavy sorrows, and her life was, till she drew her last breath, a life of heart-breaking trials. Yet never was she visited with such pangs of agony as when she lay upon the earth weighed down by the corpse of her husband. It was not his death, or her own situation, that pierced her soul so sharply; it was the scene which



swam before her eyes as she lay half insensible, and beheld a horseman wrapped in a long cloak, with his face bent towards the ground, ride from behind the church, with a led horse in his hand. In less than a minute the assassin had mounted, and both the horsemen had disappeared; but for hours after a dream-like vision haunted her brain. She saw that scene again before her, which appeared in Westminster-street, on the morning of the King's execution, and her husband riding with Colonel Hacker before the troop of horse, a long cloak hanging over his figure, and his face bowed towards the ground.

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I come to the last scene in the life of the Lady Lisle. Shortly after the murder of her husband at the town of Lausanne, in Switzerland, she returned to her native country. With the true feeling of a mother, her grief seemed to press heavier upon her heart while she was parted from her children. Her own friends, many of whom she had befriended during the season of her husband's prosperity, welcomed her with open arms. The Lady Lisle had no house of her own to receive her, for all the estate of John Lisle had been confiscated; but her friends were true and powerful: they represented her situation to their good-natured monarch, and not many months had passed away, when the gentle widow found herself in possession of her former wealth and station. The world said, that the tide of her fortune had turned again, and, indeed, so it seemed. Her health, which had long been feeble, improved: her children grew up lovely in outward

form, and noble in spirit: her servants returned to their mistress, and served her faithfully: the poor blessed her: the rich esteemed her: her sovereign honoured the Lady Lisle. At his express command, she went once to the court of his queen, and but once: for she sought to lead a retired and holy life, as became the widow of a traitor, and the mother of fatherless children. She was wont to reside chiefly at Moyles Court, near Ringwood in Hampshire; and there, year after year stealing away the loveliness of her youth, left, in exchange, new graces and new vigour with her soul.

We pass on silently through the calm of her middle age, even to the last years of her venerable life. In the month of July, in the year of our Lord 1685, the Lady Lisle came down to Moyles Court, having remained in London during the time that the country was troubled by the rebellion of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. The battle of Sedgemoor, at which the adherents of Monmouth were defeated, ended the war; and the Duke being taken a few days after in a field near Ringwood, the Lady Lisle no longer hesitated to leave London. She brought with her the gentle ladies her daughters. They were, altogether, a female party at Moyles Court; the son of the Lady Lisle being still with the King's troops. Nearly a week had passed since their arrival, and they began to rejoice that all appeared so quiet in their neighbourhood, knowing how lately it had been the scene of civil disturbances.

On the evening of the 26th of July, the weather being cool and freshening after a sultry day, the Lady Lisle ordered

the supper table to be spread in the great hall, to which she adjourned with her daughters, intending to remain there till they should retire for the night. The repast was finished; and the family, after having been assembled at prayers, had dispersed, the chief part of them to their sleeping chambers. The venerable lady yet lingered with her two daughters, before the long open windows towards the garden, through which the moonbeams shone brightly, and the soft air, as it stole in through the windows, brought with it the fragrance of the flower-beds. "Truly," said the Lady Lisle, who had sat for some minutes in a profound silence, "truly, I have cause to bless our heavenly Father, when I look back upon the length of days he has given me. Chequered they have been, you may tell me, with many troubles; but for this I bless God, that he hath enabled me to perceive the mercy of each trial: that he hath turned the murmurs of my rebellious heart into praises."

"Yet we may hope," said Tryphena, the elder of her daughters, "that the troubles of your life have ceased, and that, although the day hath been clouded, a fair calmness may wait upon its setting."

"I would fain hope with you, my child," replied the Lady Lisle, "but I would not think too often of any hopes which might leave me unprepared for future events. It is better to pray 'Thy will be done,' than to indulge in hopes which might be contrary to that best and blessed will. 'Watch,' is our Lord's command; I know that He will bless that servant whom He shall find watching, and I feel within me so perfect a confidence in his unchanging love, that I

think there is no earthly trial over which I should not be enabled to rejoice. If I must confess to you my secret thoughts, I own that I am tempted to believe my troubles are over. I am tempted to give way to my body's age and infirmities, and be too indulgent to them. I must not feel thus. Who can tell but that the short period yet remaining of my life, may be that one hour in which I am most urgently called upon to watch and pray without ceasing?"

"Oh, my mother!" said Tryphena, "do not speak thus; why should you anticipate evils which may not, will not surely happen?"

"I will not speak thus again," replied the Lady Lisle, "I will only seek support from day to day. I will take no thought for the morrow: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The Lady Lisle seldom spoke of the troublous times in which she had lived with her husband; she seldom, indeed, mentioned the name of the Lord Lisle, and then only to her children, whom she treated with all the confidence of dear familiar friends. This evening she conversed on many of the events which had occurred while they were yet children, and her daughters listened to her with feelings of deep emotion. She spoke much of Charles the First. She described the court of that unhappy monarch as she had once beheld it; how she had seen him at the side of the lovely Henrietta Maria, surrounded by their children. She told of the gallant lords of those times, who were not court friends to their king, but who followed him in his perils, and never forsook him till they fell fighting for his cause. She told of the beautiful and

high-souled ladies, whose chaste and noble conduct contrasted so strikingly with the loose demeanour of the wantons that had thronged the court of Charles the Second. She spoke also of that dark period when the forsaken monarch was put to the trial as a criminal, and condemned and executed; and how his character had been purified in the dark season of his afflictions. She stopped—she had, as I before said, lived in the interchange of a perfect confidence with her daughters, but she never described many of the circumstances which had affected her most deeply in those perilous times. She told with what a fearful and heart-sinking anxiety she had waited her husband's return home, after the death-warrant of the king had been signed; and how, after he had suddenly quitted the house, she had continued, by night and by day, in a fever of restless terror, till, unable to restrain her feelings, she rushed upon the sight she most dreaded, and saw with her own eyes the axe fall upon the neck of her beloved king. She mentioned the civilities of the aged gentlewoman who received her when saved from the turbulence of the mob.

The Lady Lisle had the power of making her descriptions pictures, striking and animated pictures, of the scenes she had beheld; and her daughters had deeply sympathized with her feelings as she told them how she had seen her husband ride along Westminster-street with Colonel Hacker, and his soldiers. She spoke again of the aged gentlewoman, and mentioned the young lad whom she had seen in that house in Westminster, and whom his grandmother had recommended to her protection, should he ever need to claim it. One of

her daughters asked (it was but a casual question) if the lad had ever claimed her promise?

"Never," replied the lady; "I have almost ceased to expect he will; indeed, I know not if he be yet alive; and how I could be made useful to him, seemeth a question not easily to be answered." The conversation ceased; the Lady Lisle, with the younger of her daughters, retired to her chamber. The elder lingered after them; and when they had disappeared, she took the lamp and entered her favourite apartment: it was spacious and lofty, panelled with dark oak, and hung round with portraits. She raised the lamp to the features of one of those well-known portraits of Charles the First, by Vandyke, in which the painter has pleaded more eloquently than any historian the cause of the unhappy monarch. Tryphena turned slowly from this portrait to another, which hung beside it. The portrait was that of a very fair and graceful lady, and one in the first bloom of youthful womanhood. The dress was severely simple, but well becoming its sweet wearer. In one delicate hand was a leaf of loose music, the fingers of the other were lightly resting on the keys of an organ. The face, fair and girlish as it was, was one of those faces that seldom, if ever, deceive us as to the disposition and character of the individual. It was modest but ingenuous, expressive of decision and good sense, but full of feminine sweetness. "And this was my mother," said Tryphena, shading the lamp with her hand, that she might throw its light more fully upon the portrait: "how lovely she has been, and how lovely she still is! Her eyes have still all that calm innocence, her face and person have

still that delicate purity, that nameless charm about them, which is here so remarkable!"—Tryphena started—the stillness that reigned around was broken by what seemed to be the loud and approaching tramp of horsemen. In a few minutes the bell at the principal entrance was violently rung. Tryphena hastened to her mother's chamber: before she reached it, the ringing was repeated. A maid-servant came up with a message from three men, strangers, who stood without, entreating shelter for the night. The Lady Lisle questioned the servant as to the appearance and words of the strangers. One of them alone had spoken, whose face had not been seen; he had turned away from the light, which the servant held as he opened the door. He would explain, he had said, the reason of his visit to the lady of the house, and begged he might see her, but to no other. The lady went down to him; he was the very person of whom she had been speaking that evening—the grandchild of the old gentlewoman who had sheltered her from the mob on the morning of the execution of Charles the First.

At the first mention of the strangers a foreboding flashed through her mind, that some danger would attend her receiving them into her house. Two of them were non-conformist ministers, Hicks and Melthorpe by name, and the third person was their servant. Without asking any further questions, the kind lady granted their request—they were all admitted. Supper was provided for the two ministers in an upper chamber, and thither, accompanied by the Lady Lisle and her eldest daughter, they repaired.

"You have treated us with much confidence, noble lady,"

said Master Hicks; "we cannot do less than return it. We are accused of having taken part in the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth. I will not say how true the charge may be: but this is certainly true; a party of the king's troops are in search of us, and if they find us here, your safety may be endangered. I think, however, that we have, for the present, escaped our pursuers; that they have not discovered in what direction we fled. Will you now protect us till to-morrow morning, or shall we depart forthwith?"

The lady saw her danger, but she did not hesitate. "The Lord would surely punish me," she replied, "were I to send you out wearied and faint among your enemies. Rest here, at least for some hours. I am, I hope, a true subject to my king, and I must not harbour his foes; I would, therefore, wish you to remain here no longer than for the night; and for your own safety I would have you set off betimes. An hour before daybreak would not be too early."

Long before daybreak Moyles Court was surrounded by soldiers, and little time had passed before the house was occupied by the king's troops; and in the king's name were arrested Hicks and Melthorpe, and—Alice Lisle herself. The conduct of the soldiers was insolent and unbridled; the house soon resounded with their riotous uproar; they scrupled not to pillage whatever tempted them, even to the wardrobes of the ladies of the house. Vain were expostulations and entreaties addressed to Colonel Penruddock, the commander of the troop.\* The Lady Lisle, accompanied by one

\* It was well known that the Lord Lisle had been accessory to the beheading of Penruddock's father; and it seemed but too evident that



of her daughters, was carried off that very day to the gaol at Winchester.

A very short time had elapsed after the arrest of the Lady Lisle, when she was called upon to take her trial for her life, upon the charge of having harboured and abetted John Hicks and James Melthorpe, traitors and rebels against their sovereign Lord the King. The court was immensely crowded when the venerable lady appeared. She walked onward to the bar, leaning upon the arm of her eldest daughter, her face pale as the dead, but very calm, and full of so much sweetness of expression, that it was still lovely. Once or twice she looked round mournfully upon the crowd, and a sigh escaped her lips; but she stood up at the bar without trembling: and replied to the question, "Guilty or not Guilty?" with a firm and distinct voice,—“Not guilty, so help me God!” The Lady Lisle being, from her great age, rather thick of hearing, one Matthew Brown was allowed to stand beside her, and acquaint her with all that passed in the court. It would be wearying and disgusting to recount all the proceedings of that iniquitous trial. It was a shameful sight to see that vile and impious judge, Jefferies, in all the wicked pride of his power, raving, and swearing, and canting by turns, using the most sacred names and the words of Holy Scripture with the most impious and familiar manner, with the solemn mockery of justice and holiness, calling out frequently, “Jesus God!” and praying the Lord of heaven

Penruddock, in the most unforgiving and unchristian spirit, had determined to be revenged on the innocent and helpless widow of his enemy.

and earth to witness and approve his infamous behaviour. Opposite to him sat the poor lady, with an expression of calm and pitying sorrow on her sweet countenance, whenever it was turned towards her unrighteous judge. The witnesses who were heard against her, gave very confused and contradictory evidence; and the lady, who appeared deeply interested in all that passed, would frequently have spoken, but she was always interrupted and stopped immediately. At last, when the night had come on, and light had been brought into the court, she was called upon for her defence. She rose up with some difficulty, owing to the fatigue and anxiety of the day; and her defence was short, and very simple. She requested to know by what laws she could be convicted of harbouring and abetting traitors, when neither Hicks nor Melthorpe were attainted, or convicted as such at the time of her trial. "I know the king is my sovereign," she then said, "and I know my duty to him; and if I should have ventured my life for anything, it should have been to serve him. I know it is his due, and I owed all I had in the world to him: but though I could not fight for him myself, my son did; he was actually in arms on the king's side in this business: I instructed him always in loyalty, and sent him thither. *It was I that bred him up to fight for his king.*"

As the Lady Lisle spoke of her son, her weak voice became clear and strong; she raised her head almost proudly, and her face was lighted up by a gleam of surprising animation. The people felt that her words came at once from her heart, and her earnest yet artless appeal carried conviction with it. A murmur of applause was heard in many parts of

the court. The lady still continued standing—she seemed about to speak again, and yet she hesitated. At that moment the lord chief justice leaned forward, and darting a look of cold contempt on the prisoner, called out, in a brutal and impatient tone—"Well, have you done?" His words seemed rather to mean, "You have done—you shall not speak again."

For the first time the blood mantled richly over the pale cheeks of Lady Lisle. Sternly she fixed her eyes full on the face of the wretch who had addressed her; and her searching stare confounded and abashed him. With calm and commanding dignity she raised her arm on high, as if to wave him far from her sight: with an expression of fervid eloquence, her lips unclosed; but most suddenly another spirit possessed her. Slowly she dropped her arm—a look of tender, sorrowful reproach, such only as a woman could give, passed into her face—her words were spoken in a whisper, and yet they were distinctly heard. "Yes, my lord, I have done speaking." She bowed her head and sat down.

The unfeeling judge now hastened to sum up the evidence and address the jury. He plainly declared his confidence that they would bring in a verdict of "Guilty" against the Lady Lisle. But an English jury are not easily to be turned from justice. After a short consultation, the foreman declared the Lady Lisle, "Not Guilty." The face of the judge flamed into scarlet with repressed rage. He folded his arms, and leaning upon the cushion before him, looked as if he had not heard rightly, as if he had not rightly understood the foreman. "Retire again," he said at length; but then, observing that the jury still delayed to do so, a satanic smile

played about his cold lips and nostrils: he knit his brows more thickly, and added in a soft voice: "Retire again—there is certainly some mistake here." The jury obeyed, but they soon came back again. "Well, sir," said the chief justice, facing the man with a smooth, but subtle look, "Well, sir—let me hear your verdict now—Guilty or Not Guilty?" "Not Guilty," replied the man immediately, with a loud and decisive voice. The fury of the judge was now beyond control. He started from his seat, and stamped, and swore, and raved in the delirium of his rage. He dared the jury to hold to such a verdict. With abrupt words, and fierce glances, he reasoned, he expostulated with them, and he flattered them; and lastly, with much pomp and solemnity of expression, he seriously assured them, that if they persisted in the verdict they had so hastily returned, he should feel himself in conscience and in duty bound, to enter against them a writ of attain. Again the jury retired and consulted together for a longer time than before. The whole court rose when the foreman appeared to deliver his verdict. A breathless silence prevailed, and many a heart sickened with anguish as the word "Guilty" met the ear. But then the stillness that succeeded became even more death-like, till it was broken up by deep sobs and long heavy groans. The general attention was turned to the aged prisoner. Her daughter, who had been standing beside her, had now fallen on her knees before the Lady Lisle, and her arms were tenderly embracing her mother's waist. Yet the lady stirred not—her daughter looked up in her face—she was asleep, and smiling calmly as she slept. In the midst of that throng of persons, where

every heart was agitated by some strong and moving passion—she, the source and spring of that absorbing interest, was alone superior to it: and, secure under the protection of Him in whom she believed and trusted, lulled by that holy peace which passeth all understanding, she slept quietly like a wearied child.

The Lady Lisle was awakened by the grief of her daughter. She gazed awhile upon her beloved countenance, down which the tears were streaming fast, and then smiling upon her, she gently passed her arm round her neck, and kissed her forehead. The anguish of Tryphena became now overwhelming; more and more closely did she cling round her aged mother, striving to smother her sobs by burying her face in her mother's lap. For a moment the Lady Lisle pressed her fingers to her brow, appearing as if she strove to recollect what was passing. She then gazed gravely round her, and seemed at once to collect all the powers of her mind. Tenderly she laid her hand upon her daughter's head, and whispered to her, "I know it all. Be comforted, dear child. I feel a spirit within me that will not fail."

From that hour the noble lady seemed indeed to be upheld by an unfailing spirit. She had been feeble and perplexed before, and her fortitude had rather burst forth at intervals than displayed that uniform consistency which it afterwards maintained. Certainly it was now sobered, but it was strengthened. The judge addressed himself to the prisoner, repeating to her the verdict, but adding that the sentence would not be pronounced before the following day.

Ere he could finish speaking, hisses and murmurs of "Shame! shame!" rose on every side; but his brutal voice only became louder and louder. He commanded the offenders to be seized, but, as is usually the case on such occasions, no offenders were to be discovered. The court was dismissed.

Little that concerned her passed in the court on the morning after the trial of the Lady Alice Lisle except that she was called to the bar to hear her sentence pronounced. She would fain have prevailed upon her daughter not to accompany her, fearing that the sentence would cause her unnecessary affliction; but Tryphena had sought for the same strength which upheld her mother, and she would not be refused. Ah! were not these hard words for a daughter to hear pronounced over a mother whom she looked up to as the gentlest and holiest of her sex?

"There remains no more for me to do, I say, but to pronounce the sentence of the law, which is this: And the court does award, that you, Mrs. Lisle, be conveyed from hence to the place from whence you came; and from thence you are to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, where your body is to be burnt alive, till you be dead. And the Lord have mercy upon your soul!"

The Lady Lisle raised her eyes solemnly towards heaven as the false judge ceased speaking, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed; "Amen. The will of that same blessed Lord be done!" She then took the hand of her pale, motionless daughter, and said to her, "It is the best will, my child; say with me, Oh God, thy will be done." Tryphena began almost unconsciously to obey, but the words, as they

rose in her throat, seemed to choke her; she could not utter them.

Much interest was made with the king, and the higher authorities of the realm, to procure a pardon for the Lady Lisle; but every application was made in vain.

There appeared to have been some design, in the haste with which the trial had been brought on, and the little time the prisoner was allowed to call upon her friends for their assistance. This, the Lady Lisle had greatly complained of, but now the trial was over,—the sentence had been pronounced,—and no appeal to reverse it was received. Lady Abergavenny, Lady Marlborough, and many other persons of high rank, friends and relatives of the Lady Lisle, attested her loyalty. "They had known her," said many of them, "since her childhood. She was of an ancient and honourable family, related to some of the noblest houses in the country. Few persons had grieved more sincerely than she had done over the shameful murder of his late majesty, Charles the First; her detestation of the crime had for many years estranged her from her husband. Many of the royal party during the usurpation of Cromwell had also received protection and kindness from her."

But every exertion was made in vain; the only effect gained by these petitions was, a respite of the execution for four days, and the change of the sentence from burning to beheading.

The sun rose with a blaze of glorious splendour on the morning of the second of September, and the light clouds which skirted the whole expanse of heaven were radiant with

hues of gorgeous colouring; cheerfully did the rich light stream in through the window of the cell in which the Lady Lisle lay sleeping. Her daughter had been long awake, wishing the moments hours, and gazing upon the sweet, peaceful countenance of the sleeper, till her own agony almost broke her heart; but she turned to the highest source for comfort, and gradually her grief became more tranquil. Once she wished that it might please God to make her mother's sleep the sleep of death, so that she might never again uncloset her eyes upon the cruel world. Never had the beautiful pure light of morning been unwelcome before; but now Tryphena trembled and turned away, for it threw the broad bars of the prison window in strongly-marked reflection on the floor. The clocks of the city began to strike six, and Tryphena gently woke her mother. The Lady Lisle was much refreshed by her sleep, but her first thought on arising, was to pray for a renewal of spiritual strength and consolation! The mother and daughter knelt down together, clasped in each other's arms; they prayed in silence, till, with a low, but unshaken voice, the Lady Lisle repeated aloud the Lord's prayer. Then rising up, she begged her daughter to read from the Holy Bible. The part that she chose was St. John's account of the sufferings of our Saviour. "And now I must make one request of my beloved child," said the venerable lady, when her daughter had finished reading. "Let me depart alone from this chamber. The journey is but short to my home. I am, blessed be God, in some manner prepared for it, and I shall now soon be at home."



"Dearest mother," replied Tryphena, tenderly clasping her mother's hands in her own. "Indeed, I cannot leave you. I know that you are going, like Naomi, your journey from this idolatrous world to your home. How I long to go thither with you! Part of the journey I may go with you, and I must cry with Ruth: Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee. I know that I shall be enabled to attend you, for what are my afflictions during the next few hours to your own. Let me still be at your side, and support you, as I have been wont to do, with my arm. I would not have you lean upon another. Oh! my own mother," she continued with increasing earnestness, "have we not just read that women stood beneath the cross of the dying Jesus? may not I dare, I speak it humbly, to follow their example?"

The Lady Lisle had received the last embraces of her other children the night before. They were not less attached to their mother than Tryphena; but they felt that they could not have borne to be present when her blood was to be poured out in obedience to the sentence of inhuman and infamous wretches. They had not the high and holy resolution, the enduring and forbearing love, which Tryphena felt, even among the murderers of her mother. The awful bell began to toll. The last stroke of the cathedral clock, as it struck eight had scarcely died away, when a door at the farther end of the scaffold opened slowly, and the Lady Lisle came forward, leaning on the arm of her faithful child. They were both dressed in deep mourning, and the mother held in her hand a folded paper. On the other side she was attended

by the minister who had constantly visited her in prison. A general feeling of sorrow and indignation seemed to spread through the immense concourse assembled beneath the scaffold, when the noble lady, then past seventy, pushed back the hood which had half concealed her face, and unfolding the paper in her hand began to read aloud from it. Her voice was faint, and scarcely audible: she stopped, and, turning to one who stood near her, with a sweet dignity of manner, she requested it might be read in a loud voice.

*“ The last Speech of Lady Alicia Lisle.*

“Gentlemen, friends, and neighbours, it may be expected that I should say something at my death; and in order thereunto, I shall acquaint you, that\* my birth and education were both near this place; and that my parents instructed me in the fear of God, and now I die of the reformed Protestant religion; that I die in expectation of the pardon of all my sins, and of acceptance with God the Father, by the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, He being the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes. I thank God, through Jesus Christ, that I do depart under the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel; God having made this chastisement an ordinance to my soul. I did once as little expect to come to this place on this occasion, as any person in this place or nation; therefore, let all learn not to be high-minded, but fear. The Lord is a sovereign, and will take what way he sees best to glorify

\* The Lady Lisle was the daughter of Sir White Beconsaw.

himself in, and by his poor creatures; and I do humbly desire to submit to his will, praying to him that I may possess my soul in patience. The crime that is laid to my charge, was for entertaining a nonconformist minister and others in my house; the said minister being sworn to have been in the late Duke of Monmouth's army; but I have been told that if I had denied them, it would not at all have affected me; I have no excuse, but surprise and fear, which I believe my jury must make use of to excuse their verdict to the world. I have been also told that the court did use to be of counsel for the prisoner, but instead of advice, I had evidence against me from thence; which, though it were only by hearsay, might possibly affect my jury; my defence being such as might be expected from a weak woman; but, such as it was, I did not hear it repeated again to the jury; which, as I have been informed, is usual in such cases. However, I forgive all the world, and therein all those that have done me wrong; and, in particular, I forgive Colonel Penruddock, although he told me that he could have taken these men before they came to my house. I do acknowledge his majesty's favour in revoking my sentence: I pray God to preserve him, that he may long reign in mercy, as well as justice; and that he may reign in peace, and that the Protestant religion may flourish under him. I also return thanks to God, and the reverend clergy, that assisted me in my imprisonment.

“ALICIA LISLE.”

The Lady Lisle now turned to the minister of the gospel, and kneeling down with him and her daughter, they continued

in prayer for some minutes. She rose up, and the executioner came forward. "Thank you," she said mildly to him, "but my daughter will assist me." Tryphena removed her mother's hood, and her finely-shaped head appeared covered only by her long and snow-white hair. With trembling hands the loving daughter cut off all that long flowing hair; and then, kneeling before her mother, prayed her blessing. "God, for Christ's sake, bless and keep you, my own child," she exclaimed aloud, and kissed her fondly. "We shall soon meet again to part no more. Now pray for me," she added; "and obey my last request; I am sure you will not disobey me: do not turn your head."

Tryphena did obey.—There was a short but awful pause,—a loud and sudden stroke sounded in the ears of the daughter—and she fell beside the corpse of her mother.

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My reader, we have cause, we Englishmen, to thank God, that such times as those that witnessed the execution of the Lady Lisle, and, if possible, of a still more innocent victim, Mrs. Gaunt, have passed away, we trust, for ever, from our favoured land. Our rulers and our judges are very different now, and the liberties and rights of the subjects of these realms are protected by a constitution which is the admiration of the wise and the good of all other nations.

THE LADY ANNE CARR.

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HAVE you not sometimes seen upon the bosom of dark stagnant waters a pure white water-lily lift up its head, breathing there a fresh and delicate fragrance, and deriving its existence thence, yet all unsullied by its close contact with the muddy element beneath?

It is an honest simile to say that the gentle Anne Carr resembled that sweet water-lily. Sprung from the guilty loves of the favourite Somerset and his beautiful but infamous wife, she was herself pure and untainted from the dark and criminal disposition of her parents. Not even a suspicion of her parents' real character had ever crossed her mind; she knew that they had met with some reverse of fortune, for she had heard her father regret, for her sake, his altered fortunes. She knew this, but nothing more. Those who were her father's enemies, and who would have gladly added to his wretchedness, by making his child look upon him with horror, could not find it in their hearts, when they gazed in her innocent face, to make one so unoffending, wretched. It is a lovely blindness in a child to have no discernment of a parent's faultiness, and so it happened that the Lady Anne saw nothing in her father's mien or manners betokening a guilty and worthless character.

Of her mother she had but few and faint recollections. Memory pictured her pale and drooping, nay, gradually sinking under the cureless malady which brought her to the grave. She remembered, however, the soft and beautiful smiles which had beamed over that haggard countenance when it was turned upon her only child, smiles which she delighted to recognise in the lovely portrait which adorned her own favourite apartment. It was, indeed, from this portrait that her idea of her mother was chiefly formed. It had been painted when the original was as young and happy as herself, and her filial love and fond imagination believed no grace had been wanting to make all as beautiful and glorious within.

As the Lady Anne grew up to womanhood, the sweetness of her disposition and manners began to be acknowledged by those who had seen, without astonishment, her extraordinary beauty; and many persons of distinction, who would hold no kind of fellowship with the Lord Somerset, sought the acquaintance of his innocent daughter for her own sake. Deeply as the once popular and courted favourite felt the neglect and abhorrence in which he was held, yet he gladly endured it for his beloved daughter's sake; pretending to Lady Anne that he was tired of the world, and preferred the seclusion in which he was forced to live.

The most beloved friend of the Lady Anne was the Lady Ellinor G——, the eldest daughter of the Earl of G——, and with her the Lady Anne often passed several months in the year.

A large party of young ladies were assembled at G——

castle. It happened that a continued rain had confined the fair companions within doors the whole summer afternoon; and they sat together over their embroidery and various kinds of needlework, telling old tales of fearful interest, the strange mishaps of travellers benighted, stories of witchcraft and mysterious murder. Though night was yet distant many hours, the tempestuous state of the weather without had spread an unusual gloom over the spacious saloon where they were assembled; and as the loud blasts of the wind brought every now and then the pattering rain in full sweep upon the high and narrow casements, or agitated the heavy hangings of the tapestry, many a cheek grew pale, and many a young heart beat with the excitement of terror and dismay. The conversation turned at last to the legends belonging to a certain family; and one circumstance was mentioned so resembling in many particulars the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, that the Lady Ellinor, scarcely doubting but that some slight suspicion of her parents' crimes had reached the ears of the Lady Anne, determined to turn off the subject at once. She proposed to her fair friends that they should ramble together through the apartments of the castle; and she called for the old housekeeper, who had lived in the family from her childhood, to go along with them, and asked her to describe to them the person and manners of Queen Elizabeth when she had visited at the castle, and slept in the state apartment, always called since then the Queen's chamber. Led by this talkative guide, the careless, laughing party wandered from one chamber to another, listening to her anecdotes, and the descriptions she gave of persons and

things in former days. She had known many originals of the stately portraits in the picture-gallery, and she could tell the name and the exploits of those warriors in the family, whose coats of mail and glittering weapons adorned the armoury. "And now," said the Lady Ellinor, "what else is there to be seen? not that I mean to trouble you any longer with our questions, good Margaret, but give me this key so seldom used," she added, pointing to a large and strangely-shaped key that hung among a bunch of many others at the old housekeeper's side. "There," she said, disengaging it herself from the ring, "I have taken it, and will return it very safely, I assure you."

"This key," she said, turning to her young companions, "unlocks a gallery at the end of the eastern wing. It is always locked up, because the room is full of curious and rare treasures, that were brought by my father's brother from many foreign lands. It was, indeed, the favourite retreat of my poor uncle, and out of respect to his memory, every thing has been left as when he last was there."

"You see," said the Lady Ellinor, as she threw open the door, "that there is plenty of amusement here." The gallery was long and narrow, with recesses on either side, each one forming a little chamber, and lighted by a broad low window. In these recesses were tables spread over with books and manuscripts, and drawings, and cabinets filled with many rare and precious articles: shells from Southern seas, and the bright plumage of tropical birds, with other rarities still dearer to the imagination; Etruscan vases and images of bronze from the classic land of Italy.



"This may be a charming place," said one of the youngest and liveliest of the party; "but see, the rain has passed away, and the sun has burst out at last from the clouds; how brightly it shines, even through these dull and dusty windows." She gave but a passing glance to the treasures around her, and hastened to a half-open door at the end of the gallery. Some of her companions followed her to a broad landing-place at the top of a flight of marble stairs; they were absent but a few minutes, and they came back with smiles of delight and glad eager voices, declaring that they had unbolted a door at the bottom of the staircase, and found themselves in the most beautiful part of the gardens. "Come," said the young and sprightly girl, "do not loiter here, leave these rare and beautiful things till it rains again. Come forth at once with me into the sweet fresh air; come, and enjoy the fragrant smell of the moistened earth after the rain, and charm your eyes with the colours of the flowers, all hung with rain-drops twinkling in the sun; come, and listen to the glad songs of the birds, who seem as wild with delight as we are."

The Lady Ellinor and her friend the Lady Anne were sitting side by side at the same table, and looking over the same volume, a folio of Norman chronicles, embellished with many quaint and coloured pictures. They both lifted up their faces from the book as their merry companion addressed them. "Nay, nay, do not look up, but rise up," said the laughing maiden, and drawing away the volume from before them, she shut it instantly, and laid it on another table,

throwing down a branch of jessamine, all dripping with rain-drops, in its place.

"Yes, yes, you are right, my merry Barbara," said the Lady Ellinor; and she rose up as she spoke. "We have been prisoners all the day against our will, why should we be prisoners still, when the smiling face of nature bids us come forth and share her smiles? Come, come, you are not wont to be the last, my sweet Anne," she said, turning to the Lady Anne, who lingered behind.

"Oh, yes, I am coming, I will be soon the first among you. I'm only waiting to bind up my troublesome hair."

"Shall I assist you?" cried her friend.

"Or I!" said the merry Barbara; "I can arrange it in a moment. Shall I come?"

"Oh no, no, no, 'tis done while you are speaking," replied the Lady Anne: "I'll join you instantly." As she spoke, her eyes rested for a moment upon a little volume which lay upon the broad sill of the casement; the wind fluttered in the pages, and blew them over and over, and half curiously, half carelessly, she looked again, and yet again the word "Murder" caught her eye; her feelings were still in a state of excitement from the tales and legends which she had been listening to so lately. Resting her head upon her hand, she leaned over the volume, and stood motionless with the interest of the tale which she read, forgetful of her young companions—of all but the appalling subject then before her. The deep and absorbing interest she began to feel in the narrative, was soon turned to astonishment and horror so confounding, that for a while she lost all power of moving, or

even thinking. Still, however, her eyes were fixed upon the words which had pierced her heart; she could not force them away. Again, and again, struck with shame and horror, she shrunk away—again and again, she found herself forced by positive disbelief to search the loathsome pages. At last she had read enough, quite, quite enough, to be assured, not that her father, her mother, had been suspected, but that by the law of the land they had been convicted, and condemned to death, as foul, adulterous murderers—the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury.

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The Lady Ellinor returned alone to the gallery. “Ah, little truant,” she cried, “why so long? you promised to follow me. I thought you were among us till just now; we have been half over the gardens, and yet you have not stirred.” No voice replied to her; not a sound was heard, and the Lady Ellinor, who had advanced half way along the gallery, was about to seek her friend elsewhere: she had returned to the door, when something fell heavily to the ground.

She flew back into the room, and there, in one of the receding windows, she found the Lady Anne lying in a deep swoon upon the ground.

The Lady Ellinor threw herself on the ground beside her friend; she raised her tenderly in her arms, and, not without some difficulty, she restored her to herself; then she threw her arm round her friend's neck, and laid her head upon her bosom, and whispered words of soothing tenderness. “You

are very ill, I fear, my own friend," said the Lady Ellinor: "who has been here? what have you seen?—In so short a time to be so changed! I left you well and smiling, and now—nay, my dear Anne, why do you withdraw yourself, and look so utterly wretched? and yet you seem conscious of nothing but your own wretchedness,—you do not notice me. What is the matter? tell me at once: you are not used to be secret with your friend." The Lady Anne looked up in her friend's face, with so piteous and desolate a look, that she began to fear her reason was affected. "Have I no influence then?" she said; "am I unworthy of your confidence? am I no longer loved, that you can sit heartbroken there, and deny me the poor privilege of speaking some words of comfort?—What! still no answer? Shall I go? shall I leave you then, my love? Do you wish me absent?" she added with a faltering voice, the tears trickling over her face as she rose up.

Her rising up, her motion to depart, aroused the Lady Anne. She stretched forth her arms; in another moment she was weeping on the bosom of her friend. She wept for a long time without restraint, for her friend said nothing, but drew her nearer and nearer to her bosom, and tenderly pressed first one hand, and then the other. "I ought not to be weeping here," she said at length, "I ought to let you leave me, but I have not the courage. I cannot bear to lose your friendship, your affection, my Ellinor. Can you still love me? have you loved me all this time? knowing, for you must know, every one must know—but wherefore do I ramble thus? Let me tell you at once why you find me in

this way. To-day, this very hour, since you left me, for the first time I learned—but no, I cannot speak about it yet—where is the book?—look at that book, Ellinor, and you will ask me no more questions; you will know at once why I am at this moment the most wretched creature on earth—the most wretched, wretched creature!” and here again she burst into an agony of uncontrollable grief.

Who can describe the feelings of the Lady Anne? “Is it possible?” she said to herself when, alone in her chamber, she looked up at the portrait of her mother, which she had gazed upon with delighted reverence for so many years.—“Is it possible? Can this be she of whom I have read such dreadful things? And all my young and happy days have been but a dream; but I am awakened at last! Does not this dreadful certainty still seem like a hideous dream to me.”

There was yet another cause for bitter grief to the Lady Anne. She loved the young and noble-minded Lord Russell, the Earl of Bedford’s eldest son, and she had listened to his vows of affection and faithfulness towards her. She now perceived at once the reason why the Earl of Bedford had objected to their marriage, and she almost wondered within herself, that the Lord Russell should have chosen her; and though she loved him more for avowing his attachment to her, and though her heart pleaded warmly for him, she determined to renounce his plighted love. She shuddered with horror, as her mind turned to the early history of her parents’ guilty love, lest any snare of love should plunge her also into sin and infamy.

"It must be done," she said, "and if so, why not done at once? delay will only make me weaker in my purpose, and strengthen my fond and treacherous heart with arguments to which I must not yield." Again the tears trickled down her face, as she gazed mournfully and very tenderly upon another picture. She drew forth the miniature portrait of her noble and true-hearted lover,—the portrait he had given her. She gazed upon it for a little while. She would not trust herself with a longer indulgence, but with slow, unwilling fingers, she detached the beloved picture and its massy chain of gems from her bosom. "And now," said she to herself, "I have but one more effort to make. I must write to him. I feel that I have strength to do so, at least during the excitement of my present feelings. It must be done, the letter must be written and sent forthwith." With that she sat down at a writing-table and began a letter:—

"When I accepted your proposals, I knew not what I have learned to-day for the first time, that....—The earl of Bedford was right. I now perceive that the objections which he urged were such as a father would naturally feel. The heir of that noble house must not degrade himself by any alliance with a disgraced family. And yet, had my lot been different——"

"No, no, this will never do," she said, and drew her pen through the sentence she had last commenced. "I must be firm. I must not, by the very language in which I bid him to relinquish me for ever, encourage him to break the decision which I make."

Ah! how very difficult it always is to give up one's happiness without indulging in a single complaint.

The Lady Anne felt this, but she dreaded yielding to her own weakness, and she resolutely began her letter again; she finished and folded it with trembling hands, and then rising up, she determined to despatch the letter immediately, fearing lest anything should induce her not to send it. The Lady Ellinor stopped her friend at the end of the galley leading from her chamber.

"Whither so fast, my sweet Anne?" she said, "and why that eager look? You would send that letter without loss of time?" "I would indeed, dear Ellinor. Let there be no delay, if you love your friend." "And to whom?" inquired Ellinor; "but I need not ask the question," she added, her eyes glancing on the direction of the letter.

A smile of peculiar meaning passed over her face as she took the letter, and said, "It shall be with him speedily, almost as speedily as love-thoughts can travel, when they are not written down, as these are." Saying this, she passed quickly away.

The Lady Anne returned sorrowfully to her own chamber, not overpleased by her friend's smile, nor by the haste which she had shown to carry off that letter which had sealed her own lot. It never occurred to her that Ellinor might have reasons for smiling such as she could not have been displeased with, and that Ellinor had not seen the contents, but merely the direction of her letter.

She felt disposed to be a little out of humour with her friend and with herself, but as she was in the habit of resisting instantly all such dispositions, she opened an old volume which lay upon her toilet, a volume to which she, and many,

have been wont to turn in any time of trouble, and where they have never failed to find that peace of mind which the world could not give them.

"How calm, and yet how mournful she looks," said the Lady Ellinor to herself, as she entered the room very softly, and stood gazing upon her friend. "I am come to disturb you," she said; "there is a messenger below with a letter from the Earl of Somerset, which he will give to no hand but yours; and I would scold you," she added, "could I wait to do so, for sending that letter by my hand to the Lord Russell. Had I but guessed its contents, I think I should have torn it."

"And how should you have discovered what I wrote? and how could that letter be delivered by your hands?" inquired the Lady Anne, with a look of astonishment.

"Oh, never mind, never mind; come and receive your father's messenger, and read your father's letter, and then, if you need to question me, I will answer you; but come at once, for I will answer nothing now."

"Ah! why is this? why am I here?" the Lady Anne exclaimed, as, trembling, and almost sinking to the ground, her face alternately covered with crimson blushes, or deadly pale, she found herself alone with the Lord Russell. "You have received my letter," she said, half reproachfully, "and you might have spared me this trial: the cup was already sufficiently bitter, but I had been enabled to drink of it.—O no, no!" she continued, gently withdrawing the hand he had taken, "do not make me despise myself! The voice of duty has separated us from one another: you know it has: you



know it as well as I do—farewell. I seek a messenger from my father, who brings a letter for me.”

“Then you will not leave me,” he said, “for I am the messenger you seek; I have seen the Lord Somerset but a few days since, and bring with me this letter to his daughter.”

“You need not tell me the purport of what he has written,” said the Lord Russell, as she finished reading the letter. “The Earl of Somerset informs you that he has had an interview with my father, and that all objections to our marriage have been removed. He announces also (for, as I said before, he permitted me to read his letter), that he was about to set out upon a tour to foreign parts, and that he had accepted the invitation of the Earl and Countess of Bedford, my father and mother, for his daughter, and he goes on to say, that his wish agreed with theirs, that our marriage should be celebrated during your abode in our family.—Is it not as I have said, my lovely Anne? and does not your father require,” (he spoke very tenderly and very modestly,)—“does not your father require, in words, which, methinks, a duteous child can scarcely disobey, that his child should give her consent to what he asks? Is it not as I have spoken?—I repeat my question, dearest, for you do not answer me. Nay, does he not tell you, that in this marriage, his own happiness is also at stake? Does he not demand it as a duty to him, that you should listen to what he supposes are the inclinations of your heart? But wait,” he continued, as the Lady Anne hung down her head and wept, “there is another in whose presence I would plead my suit, perhaps with better prospect of success.” The Lord Russell quitted the apartment, but

instantly returned, leading with him his own mother, the Countess of Bedford, who had come in person to claim her future daughter-in-law. The Lady Anne had made many resolutions, and stored up a host of arguments, to strengthen her in the decision which she made, to decline the young Lord Russell's suit; but she smiled within herself, as she discovered how suddenly they could be all overthrown when love took the voice of duty, and sweetly and eloquently entreated, that she would do what in fact she was all too willing to consent to.

They were married, the Lord Russell to the Lady Anne Carr, and they lived long and happily together. It was always thought that the Lord Russell had loved not only well but wisely, for the Lady Anne Carr was ever a faithful wife, and a loving, tender mother, to her husband and her children. It was not till many years after her marriage that the Lady Russell discovered in what manner her marriage had been brought about. She knew not till then what strong objections the Earl of Bedford had raised to her union with his son, and that he had agreed to give consent only on one condition, that a certain sum of money should be given by the Earl of Somerset with his daughter as her marriage portion. Now the Earl of Bedford had calculated upon the difficulty, nay, the almost impossibility of the Lord Somerset's being able to raise the money which he required. He had not calculated upon the devotion of the wretched father's love to his fair and innocent child. He was the more astonished, therefore, when he found that his terms were complied with, and the money paid at once into his hands. He could no longer withhold his

consent, nor could he refuse to yield some admiration to the father who had given such proof of love to his child. The Lord Somerset had, in fact, sold his every possession, and reduced himself to a state but little above beggary, that he might see his daughter happy with the husband of her choice.

It was this Lady Anne Carr of whom Vandyke painted an exquisite and well-known portrait when Countess of Bedford. She was the mother of William Lord Russell, and died heart-broken in her old age, when she heard of the execution of her noble and first-born son.

HE LADY RUSSELL.

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"I HAVE been wishing that you were with us, my dear love; for we have had a delicious morning, and the girls and master and I were abroad betimes, and came home fresh and laughing to breakfast. I had the children to breakfast with me, and all our talk turned upon papa. Miss Rachel had much to say to me and to her sister and brother about you, and thought herself, I verily believe, an important little personage. Kate was too busy with her bowl of milk and bread to give her much attention; and the boy, when she spoke to him, would only strike his spoon upon the table with all his violence (which is not little), and shout 'Papa, papa.' After dinner we are to go to the farm; and the girls have made me promise to come home by the great oak, that they may lay in a stock of acorns to take to London.

"The chits have left me alone for half an hour, and I will not let the maids go without my letter. Pordage\* sends me word that they must depart in ten minutes; they will sleep at Dagshot, and be at Southampton House to-morrow night. In four days I hope to follow them.

"Oh, my best life! how long the time has seemed since last I saw you! I am too happy when I am with you to know

\* Pordage was the house-steward at Stratton.

my happiness: 'tis at these times when I feel so desolate a creature, that I wake up to a deep sense of my happiness. It delights me to find you feel such a love to poor Stratton. May you live to do so for fifty years to come! and, if God pleases, I shall be glad if I may keep your company most of those years, unless you were to wish otherwise at any time: then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our children.

"Pardon, my dear love (as you have a thousand other failings), all the nonsense of this, and think me to be, as I am, your ever obedient and affectionate wife,

"R. RUSSELL.

"For the Lord Russell,

"At Southampton House, London."

"If we have as pleasant weather next year as we have had all this autumn, I shall enjoy sweet Stratton still more; for you will be here with us more than of late, will you not, dearest? and we will return early in the summer."

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They never returned together. On the 25th of June, 1663, the year after the above letter is dated, the Lady Russell came to her husband, who was sitting in the library. She was pale and agitated. "Forgive my breaking thus upon your studies," she said, in a hurried voice; and having closed the door, she advanced to the writing-table at which her husband was sitting, and placing her hand upon it, as if to steady her trembling frame, she looked him in the face with an expression of anxious and tender inquiry—"Can you give a

reason, dear husband, why your household and your wife give nought but vague surmises? There is a fellow pacing before the outer gate. He has been there this hour and more; and Watkins and others of the servants, know him to be a messenger from the Council."

"The reason, my sweet anxious wife," replied Lord Russell, laying aside his pen, and looking up with a quiet smile; "the reason seems to me one easily discovered, if your words bear reference to all men, for at this present time all men seem to be suspected; but the reason I cannot so easily explain with reference to myself in particular. I cannot tell why I should be marked and singled out as an enemy to the state. However, you must not be thus agitated, thus easily alarmed, my wife, my own sweet bosom friend," he added, tenderly pressing the hand still resting on the table: "this little hand is tell-tale to a fearful, fluttering heart, and there is still too much anxiety in those dear eyes."

"Well, I will not tremble," replied his lady, "I will not be thus foolishly anxious. I disturb you, and might unfit myself for being of use. Those are but sorry wives who begin to weep and complain as danger rises; who make their own selfish lamentations the chief subject of discourse when trouble, deep and real trouble, weighs down a husband's heart. I promise you, my love," and she gently kissed his cheek, "I promise you, with God's gracious help, to be a true and faithful help-meet; that when a friend's—nay," she added, very meekly, "when a servant's offices are needed, you may find both, or either, in a wife."

She sat down, and leaning her cheek upon her hand, sunk

and unconsciously into a reverie of pleasant recollections; while her husband, who had made no answer, gazed upon her fair and modest face, and sighed to think that the time was, perhaps, at hand, when their sweet domestic life would meet with unusual interruptions.

"We have been so happy!" she said, and the words stole like a gentle murmur from her lips. "Would we were safely back at Stratton! dear peaceful Stratton! Yes, yes, selfish," she exclaimed, smiling as she caught her husband's eye, "I am breaking my resolutions ere they are scarcely formed. I had forgotten myself, and wandered back in pleasant day-dreams to our happy home at Stratton. I dreamed of our quiet mornings in the library, or under the old spreading trees, where we have read together, and together held such sweet converse, the children at our feet or in our arms—where we have drunk such draughts of deep and innocent delight. But it is idle, if not sinful, to regret the past, when God gives the present to be improved, and, it may be, enjoyed; for, though some heavy clouds seem gathering round us, there is no rainbow where there is no cloud. I would not waste the time in vain regrets. What is the duty of the present hour? I have forebodings that I cannot stifle; I only wonder that till now I never felt them. Will you not send for the man who is thus placed as sentinel at our gates? Will you not question him?"

"No," replied Lord Russell; "were I to speak with him, it might appear that I had feared myself an object of suspicion: nor will I seek to pass him and go forth, as I would willingly, among my friends, to ask if they know any thing

I do not know?—if they would have me prepared to meet this danger?"

"This danger!" interrupted his lady; "dear husband, what danger? You speak as if you knew of some positive danger, of calamity already falling."

"Nay, my Rachel, I speak as one perhaps too well acquainted with men and things at this present time. I repeat that there is nothing that *I* ought to fear; and yet there now are many things that all must fear. But you shall satisfy yourself and me, if you will undertake to go forthwith to some of my tried friends, and tell them of my plight, and bring me back whatever news you hear."

"O, I will go at once," returned the lady. "How kind to take me at my word, and make me useful! How kind to treat me with such confidence! I will go at once; but—" She paused—looked very thoughtful—"You will be here," she continued, gravely; "you will not be gone when I return, unless you leave the house by the back gates, where there is no spy to watch your movements. It suddenly occurs to me that there may be a friendly warning intended by the Council. It may be, they would apprise you of some danger, by sending thus a show of hostile feeling; but, at the same time, leaving open an avenue of escape."

"Let the intentions of others be what they may," said the Lord Russell calmly, "I must not forget my own dignity and honour. I have done nothing that should drive me to conceal myself. If they have aught against me, let them prove it; and if they seek me, it is in his own home that a Russell



should be found. Dearest, I could not consent to a base flight, at the price of my own self-respect."

"You are right," said the Lady Russell; "and I were unworthy to be your wife, if I could counsel you to any base proceedings:" and she kept her word; for when others would have advised Lord Russell to a compliance which his conscience forbade, she resisted the temptation even to save his life by it, and joined with him in resisting and refusing their appeal.

The hour of danger was indeed at hand; the Lady Russell brought back a confirmation of her Lord's worst fears; and he was taken in his study the next day; sitting, as usual, among his books and papers; "the best and dearest wife in the world," as he was known to call the Lady Russell, at his side.

He was carried at once before the Council, where the King was present; who "told Russell that nobody suspected him of any design against his person; but that he had good evidence of his being in design against his government."

From thence they committed him a close prisoner to the Tower, and his trial soon followed.

"It cannot be," said the Lady Russell to herself, "that they will condemn him to death; and yet there is such a settled resignation, such a calm sadness in his look and manner, that he himself seems to forbid all hope." A thrill of anguish ran through the whole assembly, when the Lady Russell rose up at the commencement of her husband's trial; it being signified to him that he might have a servant to write for him, and take notes of his trial. "My wife is here

to do it," were Lord Russell's words. She took her seat at once, firm, modest, and self-collected; and nothing was so remarkable about her demeanour, during those hours when a thousand words were spoken to agitate and to afflict her, as her quiet, unremitting attention; nay, the devotedness of that attention, not it seemed to her husband, certainly not to her own feelings, but to the quiet duties of the office she had undertaken: she scarcely trusted herself to raise her eyes even to her husband's countenance; but a close observer might have seen that not a word escaped her. Now and then a crimson blush suffused her face—nay, spread to her brow; and when the news was suddenly brought into court, that the Lord Essex had been found that morning, it was supposed self-murdered, in the Tower, the tears fell fast and heavily from her downcast eyes upon the paper. \* \*

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Almost mechanically she continued writing, with a diligent attention that suffered nothing to escape. At last her task was finished: quietly she laid down her pen; her eyes and her hand were weary, and her heart was sick almost unto death: she had heard the conviction, and the condemnation of her husband; but not a sob, not a sound had escaped her lips: she had come prepared to hear, and, with God's help, to sustain the worst, without uttering a word that might agitate her beloved husband, or shake his grave and manly composure. When she rose up to accompany him from the court, every eye was turned towards them; and several of the kind and compassionate wept aloud: but the Lady Russell was enabled to depart with the same sweet and

modest self-possession: still her husband's nearest, dearest companion. When they reached his prison, she gave way to no wild and passionate bursts of grief; but, repressing every murmur, she sat down, and began to discuss with him all, and every possible means of honourably saving his life. He had a settled conviction that every exertion would be made in vain, and secretly gave himself to prepare for inevitable death; but, to please and satisfy her, he entered into all her plans; at least consulted with her upon them; and, at her request particularly, drew up a petition to the Duke of York; which, however, proved utterly fruitless: the Duke of York being his determined and relentless enemy.

Still the Lady Russell was unwearied, and resolved that nothing should daunt her. To the King she determined to go in person, and to plead at his feet for her husband's life.

When she reached Whitehall, she could not choose but remember with what different feelings she had before ascended the staircase, and passed along the stately galleries of the beautiful palace. She thought of the first time she entered those walls; she thought of her light heart, her girlish curiosity, when those around her, and she herself, had been loved and welcomed visitors to the royal presence.

Fearful that an audience might be refused her, if her name or errand were told beforehand to the King, she had come with a very private equipage, her servants wearing a plain livery. She had before requested one of the lords in waiting, to whom she was well known, and in whose noble and friendly spirit she could place full confidence, to give her

an opportunity of seeing the King, and to announce her merely as a gentlewoman of condition, who had solicited an interview; and she now besought him so earnestly to allow her to be admitted into the ante-room to the chamber where the King was then sitting, that, after some decided refusals and much hesitation, he at last permitted her to follow him. In a few minutes she was left alone in that ante-chamber; for it happened that a little page, who had been waiting there, was called away for a short time as she and Lord —— entered.

She soon distinguished the King's voice from the room within, for its tones were loud and sonorous; and the latch of the door, though pulled to, had not caught, so that the door stood partly open:—"Who is it would see us, did you say?" The Lady Russell drew near, and bent her ear that she might not lose a word. "A gentlewoman of condition has demanded a private interview with your Majesty." The words were hardly spoken when a light, yet loud laugh rung through the chamber, and a woman's voice cried out, in tones of raillery, "You are a dangerous messenger, my lord; there may be peril to the King's heart in such an interview." "Pshaw, pshaw," interrupted the King, half joining in the laugh, and speaking in a tone of heavy merriment: "tell me this lady's age; is she young or aged, for much depends on that?" "She is a young and noble matron," was the quiet, grave reply. "But how does she call herself?" was the continued inquiry, in the same jocular voice. "She bid me say 'a gentlewoman of condition.'" "Sir," said the King, impatiently, "no trifling, if you please!—What is the

woman's name?—Do you know her name?" "I cannot tell your Majesty an untruth," replied the nobleman; "I *do* know her name." "Why, then, do you not declare it?" "Because, sire, I was forbidden by the lady to do so, and, as a gentleman of honour—" "As a gentleman of honour you may be bound to your gentlewoman of condition, and may keep silence as far as she is concerned; but, as I am also a party concerned, allow me to decline the favour of this interview with your gentlewoman of condition: I have seen mysterious affairs enough of late, and there may be danger in this interview." "I would stake my life, sire, there is none," said the nobleman; "and I will go beyond my commission, and disclose a name unsullied and pure, and lovely to the ear, being made so by her who bears it: the blameless but unhappy Lady Russell is the gentlewoman that has sought an audience with your Majesty." "Oh! I cannot see her," cried the King, raising his voice; "I forbid you to admit her to my presence. Remember, sir, I am positive. Much as I pity the Lady Russell, I cannot see her: why should unnecessary pain be given to her and to myself? Tell her this from me." "Alas, sire, I dread to deliver so disheartening a message from your gracious Majesty, she is already in so woful a plight. I know not what her hopes of urging with success her suit might be; but this I know, that she would fain hear her refusal, if she must hear it given, from no other lips than yours. She earnestly implores your Majesty to see her." Here again the female voice was heard: kind and almost coaxing were its tones:—"Do see her—do admit her—poor unhappy lady! my heart bleeds for

her!—You may be stern to men, but you would never let a woman beg in vain.” “It is to save a woman’s feelings,” replied the King, in a softer voice than he had yet spoken: “do not urge me—you know that his life cannot be spared—you know it is impossible. Dismiss the lady at once, my lord, with the assurance of my regret. You said that she was waiting,—where did you leave her?” “She waits in the ante-room to this very chamber.” “So near, sirrah,” exclaimed the King; “thou hast taken an unwarrantable liberty.” “She begged that I would let her follow me,” said the nobleman, “and her importunity was so great and sudden, that she prevailed against my calmer judgment.” “Let there be no mistake continued in,” cried the King, “and weary me no longer with your explanations. Dismiss the lady instantly.”

The Lady Russell had heard all that had been spoken—had hung breathless on every word; and her heart had sunk within her, when she found how firmly the King seemed opposed to showing any mercy to her husband. She had blessed the woman whose voice pleaded so kindly for her, though she guessed, and guessed rightly, that she was blessing the frail Louise de Querouaille, then Duchess of Portsmouth.

She heard the receding steps of the lord in waiting, and felt that in another moment her opportunity would be gone. She did not stop to think or hesitate, but threw open the door, and advanced quietly and meekly to the very centre of the chamber.

The room which Lady Russell entered was of large

dimensions, and furnished rather with splendid luxuriousness than elegance. The windows opened into a balcony, filled with orange-trees in full blossom, and the atmosphere of the chamber was richly scented with the perfume of the flowers: the walls were hung alternately with some of Lely's beautiful but wanton portraits, and with broad pier glasses; and the profusion of gilding with which the sculptured frames and cornices, the tables, the couches and seats of various descriptions, were enriched, dazzled and fatigued the gaze. Opposite one of the looking-glasses, sat Louise de Querouaille, on a low ottoman. She had been reading aloud to the idle monarch; and her book, a light, loose French romance, lay upon the table, the place kept open by a bracelet of large pearls. Very near her the King was carelessly reclining upon a sofa covered with cushions of Genoa velvet: his attention had been divided between listening to the French romance which his fair companion was reading, and listlessly looking over a collection of Oliver's exquisite miniatures, some of which lay on the sofa beside him, others on the marble table. Into this chamber a pure and modest wife had entered to plead for the life of one of the most noble and upright gentlemen of the land; had she much chance of success with such a ruler?

"I am prepared," said the Lady Russell, as she kneeled before the King, "to bear, though not to brave, your Majesty's just anger. My coming thus uncalled for into your presence is an intrusion, an impertinence, which the King may not perchance forgive; but I make my appeal, not to the King, but to the gentleman before whom I kneel." Charles, who had

sat astonished rather than angry at the unexpected appearance of the lady, rose up at these words, and, tenderly raising her, led her to a seat with that gallant courteousness in which he was excelled by no one in his day. "My boldness is very great," she continued, "but grief makes me forget all difference of station; I am alive only to the power conferred upon your Majesty's high station by the Almighty and most merciful of Kings. Forgive a wife, once a very happy wife, if she implores you to use that power in its most blessed exercise of mercy.

"Think that on the breath of your lips it depends whether the whole future course of a life, long so supremely happy, shall be gloom and wretchedness to the grave. But let me not take so selfish a part as to plead only for my own happiness. Do justice to an upright, honest subject; or, if you deem him faulty, (and who is not?) do not visit a fault with that dreadful doom that you would give to crime and wickedness. Nay, for yourself, for your own good interest, do not let them rob you of a servant whose fellow may not easily be found, one who shall serve your Majesty with more true faithfulness than many that have been more forward in their words."

The King listened with attention, with well-bred and courteous attention; and then expressed with soft and well-bred excuses his deep regret that it was impossible, beyond his power, as one bound to consider the welfare of the state, to accede to her entreaties: and, as he spoke, the Lady Russell could not help contrasting the artful softness of his voice and



manner with the rough but far more honest refusal she had heard, when waiting in the ante-room.

Charles ceased speaking; and the Lady Russell, who had continued seated all the time she spoke, and who had spoken with a modest dignity of manner, still sat calm, sad, and motionless, perplexed and silenced by his cold and easy self-possession.

"There is, then, no hope?" she exclaimed, at length. The King met the melancholy gaze of her soft eyes as she asked the hopeless question, and the few words in which he replied were intended to destroy all hope. Yet they were spoken in the same smooth, courteous tone.

She rose up, but she did not go: still she remained standing where she rose up, calm, yet bewildered, her lips unclosed, her eyes cast down as if unwilling to depart, but too stupified by grief and disappointment to know what to say; too abashed, indeed, by his polite indifference to know how to act. At last she roused herself; and, as she lifted up her head, a clearness and brightness came into her eyes, and over her brow, and over her whole countenance.

"I must not, will not go abashed and confounded," she thought within herself; "I must not lose this last, this very last opportunity I can ever have of saving him."

"Bear with my importunity," she said, with a feminine sweetness, which, notwithstanding the deep dejection that hung on every look and every word, was inexpressibly charming: "Bear with me, and do not bid me rise, till I have been heard:" and she again threw herself at the feet of the King. "At least let me speak in my own name, let me

urge my own claims to your gracious mercy. As the daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, your long-tried servant, your royal father's faithful and favoured friend, I humbly ask for pity and for mercy; your friend and your father's friend forget not. Alas, sire, you are not one to whom affliction is unknown; your heart is not hardened, I am sure it cannot be, against such calamities as mine are likely to be very soon. You have known," she added, raising at the same time her clasped hand, and her sad and lovely face, over which the tears flowed fast; "you have known one, whose loved and honoured head was cruelly laid low; you have seen something of what a widow and a mother suffers in such a desolate estate as mine will be, I fear, too soon. No, no! you do not misunderstand me—you know well of whom I speak. Imagine what your royal mother would have felt, had she kneeled, as I do now, to one who could have saved the life of her beloved and noble husband; and pity—pray, pity me! What! not a word, not one kind pitying word!" She turned her eyes, as one who looks for help, on either side; and her glance fell on the kind-hearted Louise de Querouaille, who sat weeping and sobbing with unaffected feeling.

The Lady Russell rose from her knees, and went to her:—"Madam," she said entreatingly, "they say you have much influence with the King: I am sure you have a kind heart; come and beg that for pity's sake he will hear me." The Duchess of Portsmouth did not refuse,—she came forward. Just then a side door was opened gently, and the Duke of York entered the apartment. He stopped and stared at all present with a look of apparent astonishment: for a moment

his eye met that of the King ; but he said not a word, walked to the farther end of the room, laid on a table a packet of papers which he carried in his hand, and seemed to occupy himself busily with them.

The Lady Russell felt, that if ever there had been a hope of success for her, there was now none. The King was still as courteous, and as smooth in speech as before, though a little more commanding in his manner. The Duchess of Portsmouth was still careless to hide her weeping, and, kneeling in her tears before the King, she implored for Lord Russell's pardon ; and she herself, the wretched, heart-stricken wife, redoubled her entreaties ; nay, at last she ceased to ask for pardon, (seeing that her prayer was utterly in vain,) and begged, if but for a respite of six weeks for her condemned husband. She turned to the Duke of York : coldly and civilly he begged to decline offering any interference. The only words he spoke were those by which he replied to the Lady Russell ; and he would have seemed to her entirely occupied with his papers, had she not once or twice observed his eye fixed with a calm and penetrating glance upon his royal brother. At last the King grew weary, his dark brow lowered heavily, and his strongly marked and saturnine features assumed an expression not commonly harsh and unpleasant—“What!” said he, angrily, and almost brutally, “shall I grant that man six weeks, who, if it had been in his power, would not have granted me six hours?”

The poor insulted lady spoke not another word of entreaty : she rose at once, and with a grave, meek sorrow,\* at once dignified and sweetly humble, she departed.

The Lady Russell went forth from the palace, convinced in her own mind that her husband's life would not be spared; and, more at peace than she had been for many days, she could scarcely understand how with such a settled conviction she could be calm. But she began to see the gracious design of Him to whom she prayed so constantly, to prepare her Himself, by the strong supports and consolations of His grace, for her heaviest trial.

She entered her husband's cell with a firm step and untroubled countenance, and told him herself, and at once, with a voice that faltered only as she began to speak, that, according to his expectation, her errand to Whitehall had been entirely useless.

Still no possible and honourable way of saving him was left untried by her, and by their families and friends. Applications were again made, but made in vain, to those who possessed, humanly speaking, the power of life and death. The Earl of Bedford was said to have offered a hundred thousand pounds, through the Duchess of Portsmouth, for his son's life; but the unjust and cruel Government had determined that he should be sacrificed. No words can describe, like those of Burnet, the tender love of Lord Russell to his wife, and the high and grateful estimation in which he held her.

"Lord Russell expressed great joy in that magnanimity of spirit he saw in his wife, and said, the parting with her was the hardest thing he had to do, for he was afraid she would be hardly able to bear it: the concern about preserving him, he said, filled her mind so now, that it in some measure sup-

ported her; but when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirits would work all within her.

"The morning before he suffered, he said he wished his wife would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation: (she was then making an attempt to gain a respite from Saturday till Monday, and that little favour was denied her:) but when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards, that she had left nothing undone that could have given any probable hope, he acquiesced; and, indeed, I never saw his heart so near failing, as when he spake of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about and presently change the discourse.

\* \* \* \* \*

He suffered his children, that were very young, and some few of his friends, to take leave of him; in which he maintained his constancy of temper, though he was a very fond father. At eleven o'clock on Friday evening, my lady left him: he kissed her four or five times; and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at their parting. She suffered neither sob nor tear to escape her, but quietly, silently departed. After she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death was passed,' and ran out into a long discourse concerning her; how great a blessing she had been to him; and said what a misery it would have been, if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life."

Soon after her husband's shameful execution, the Lady

Russell was called to take her place as comforter, at the bedside of the venerated Countess of Bedford, the once lovely Lady Anne Carr; who died of a broken heart at the death of her son, the Lord Russell.

## THE SON AND HEIR.

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———"Now, no more  
Must I grow proud upon our house's pride;  
I rather, I, by most unheard-of crimes,  
Have backward tainted all their noble blood.

\* \* \* \* \*  
My pride is cured, my hopes are under clouds,  
I have no part in any good man's love,  
In all earth's pleasures portion I have none,  
I fade and wither in my own esteem,  
This earth holds not alive so poor a thing as I am.—  
I was not always thus."

CHARLES LAMB.

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[*Some Passages from the Journal of the Earl of A——.*]

August 1st, 16—.

I do heartily thank my God, that I have at last determined to write down in detail many circumstances connected with the event which has made my life on earth a state of shame and misery. I am a less wretched creature than I have been; but there is no rest for my wounded spirit, till it shall please my merciful God to take me from this world. I dare to hope that death will remove, with my poor mortal body, the load of guilt and anguish which now lieth heavy on my spirit. I found not this hope in myself; I knew not of it, till I read of One who washeth with his blood the guilty conscience; who

with his searching Spirit visits the loathsome chambers of the heart; and although His light showeth there sins long forgotten, or all unobserved till then, each one bearing a visible form and substance; yet there is a peace which the world knoweth not, which cometh often where that purest light hath shined long. Do I dream? or hath not this light, this sacred peace come into my sad heart? The light and peace are but from one Spirit; but the nature of that Spirit is such, that, till He hath purged from the sight its dull and mortal mists, the soul seeth nothing but the dazzling brightness. Then gradually doth the light take unto itself a form, even that dove-like form which descended visibly on the head of our divine and holy Redeemer the man Christ Jesus.

What I am about to write, I wish to be seen; I would make my story a warning to others. I desire that my crime may be known, my memory execrated in this world, if by means of my example the remorse which I feel might be spared to another; if the remembrance of my guilt might cool the boiling blood and stop the mad fury of some individual whose disposition may resemble mine.

On leaving college, I went to travel on the Continent, and passed several years in the thoughtless and extravagant gaiety of the French court. My temper was always violent; and I returned home one morning, long after midnight, frantic with rage at some imaginary insult which I had received. My servant endeavoured to speak to me as I entered the house, but I repulsed him violently, and rushed up to my room. I locked the door, and sat down instantly to write a challenge. My hand trembled so much that it



would not hold the pen ; I started up and paced the room : the pen was again in my hand, when I heard a low voice speaking earnestly at the door, entreating to be admitted. The voice was that of my father's old and favourite servant. I opened the door to him. The old man looked upon me with a very sorrowful countenance, and I hastily demanded the reason of his appearance. He stared at me with surprise and spoke not : he walked to the table where I had sat down, and took from it a letter which in my rage I had not noticed. It announced to me the dangerous illness of my father ; it was written by my mother, and intreatingly besought me instantly to return to them.

Before dawn I was far from Paris. My father's residence was in the north of England ; I arrived there only in time to follow the corpse of that beloved parent to the grave.

Immediately on my return from the funeral, my mother sent to me, requesting my attendance in her own apartment. Traces of a deep-seated grief were fresh upon her fine countenance, but she received me with calm seriousness. Love for her living child had struggled with her sorrow for the dead ; and she had chosen that hour to rouse me from the follies, from the sins of my past life. My mother was a superior woman. I felt, as I listened to her, the real dignity of a Christian matron's character. She won me by the truth, the affection, the gentleness of her words. She spoke plainly of my degrading conduct, but she did not upbraid me. She set before me the new duties which I was called upon to perform. She said gravely, "I know you will not trifle with these duties. You are not your own, my son ;

you must not live to yourself; you profess the name of Christian, you can hold no higher profession. God hath said to each of us, 'My son, give me thine heart.' Have you given your heart and its desires to God? Can you be that pitiful creature—a half-Christian? I have spoken thus, because I know that if you have clear ideas of the first great object of the Christian life, and strive to live to him who died for you, then will all relative duties be no longer lightly regarded. O, my son, God knows what I feel in speaking to you thus in my heaviest hour of affliction, and I can only speak as a feeble and perplexed woman! I know not how to counsel you, but I do beseech you to think for yourself, and to pray earnestly in the Redeemer's name to your heavenly Father, for the wisdom and guidance you stand in need of. He will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

Before I left my mother's presence, she spoke to me also on my master-passion—anger, mad ungovernable rage. She told me that even in the early years of my childhood, she had trembled at my anger—she confessed that she had dreaded to hear, while I was absent, that it had plunged me into some horrid crime. She knew not how just her fears had been; for had not my father's death recalled me to England, I should probably have been the murderer of that thoughtless stripling who had unknowingly provoked me, and whom I was about to challenge to fight on the morning I left Paris.

My mother did not speak to me in vain. I determined to turn at once from my former ways, to regulate my conduct by the high and holy principles of the religion I professed,

and to reside on my own estate in habits of manly and domestic simplicity.

About three years after I had succeeded to the titles and possessions of my forefathers, I became the husband of the Lady Jane N——e, and I thought myself truly happy. Two years passed away, and every day endeared my sweet wife to my heart; but I was not quite happy. We had no child. There was but one blessing I desired, and that one blessing seemed alone denied—the birth of a son. My thoughts, in all their wanderings, reverted to one hope—the birth of a son—an heir to the name, the rank, the estate of my family. When I knelt before God, I did not pray that he would teach me what to pray for; I did not entreat that his wisdom would direct me how to use what his goodness gave. No. I prayed as for my life, I prayed without ceasing, but I chose the blessing; I prayed for a son. My prayers were at last granted; a son was born to us—a beautiful, healthy boy. I thought myself perfectly happy. My delight was more than ever to live in the pleasant retirement of my own home, so that year after year passed away, and only settled me down more entirely in the habits of domestic life. My boy grew up to be a tall and healthy youth; his intellect was far beyond his years; and I loved to make him my companion, as much from the charming freshness of his thoughts, as from the warmth of my attachment towards the child. I learned to wonder at the satisfaction I had once felt in mere worldly society, as I studied the character of my son. He was not without the faults which all children possess, which are rooted deep in human nature; but in all his faults, in his deceit, (and

what child is not taught deceit by his own heart?) there was a charming awkwardness, and absence of all worldly trick, which appeared then very new to me. I used all my efforts to prevent vice from becoming habitual to him. I strove to teach him the government of himself, by referring not only every action, but every thought, to one high and holy principle of thinking and acting to God; and I strove to build up consistent habits on the foundation of holy principles. I was so anxious about my son, that I did not dare to treat his faults with a foolish indulgence. I taught him to know that I could punish, and that I would be obeyed; yet he lived with me, I think, in all confidence of speech and action, and seemed never so happy as when he sat at my feet, and asked me, in the eagerness of his happy fancies, more questions than I could in truth answer. But I cannot go on speaking thus of those joyous times which are gone for ever. I will turn to a darker subject—to myself. While I gave up my time, my thoughts, my soul's best energies to my child, I neglected myself the improvement of my own heart and its dispositions. This may seem strange and improbable to some. It may be imagined, that the habits of self discipline which I endeavoured to teach my son, would, in the teaching, have been learnt by myself; and that, in the search after sound wisdom for him, I must have turned up, as it were, many treasures needed by myself. It would be so in most instances, perchance; it was not so in mine. The glory of God had not been my first wish when I prayed for a son. I had imposed on myself, in thinking that I acted, in the education of my child, upon that sacred principle. It was honour

among men that I looked for. I had sought to make my son every thing that was excellent, but I had not sought to make myself fit for the work I undertook. My own natural faults had been suffered by me to grow, alas! how unheeded, while I was watching over the heart of my child. Above all, the natural infirmity of my character—anger, violent outrageous anger, was at times the master, the tyrant over me. Too frequently had I corrected my child for the fault which he inherited from me; but how had I done so? When passionately angry myself, I had punished my boy for want of temper. Could it be expected that Maurice would profit by my instructions, when my example too often belied my words? But I will pass at once to my guilt.

My mother had given to Maurice a beautiful Arabian horse. I loved to encourage the boy in all manly exercises. While a mere child he rode with a grace and management which I have seldom seen surpassed by the best horsemen. How nobly would he bear himself, as, side by side, on our fleet horses, we flew over the open country! Often, often do I behold in memory, his clear sparkling eyes glancing with intelligence; his fair brow contracted with that slight and peculiar frown which gives assurance that the mind shares in the smile of the lips. Often do I see before me the pure glow flooding over his cheek, the waves of bright hair floating away upon the free wind.

My boy loved his Araby courser, as all noble-spirited boys love a favourite horse. He loved to dress, and to feed, and to caress the beautiful creature; and Selim knew his small gentle hand, and would arch his sleek and shining neck

when the boy drew nigh, and turn his dark lustrous eye with a look like that of pleased recognition full on his master when he spoke.

My child was about eleven years old at the time I must now speak of. He usually passed many hours of the morning in the library with me. It was on the 17th of June, a lovely spring morning, Maurice had been very restless and inattentive to his books. The sunbeams dazzled his eyes, and the fresh breeze blew about his curling hair. His eyes turned frequently from his books to the open window. I saw that he was not in a studious mood, and desired him, with a grave look, to be more attentive. The boy removed his books, and sat down at a table far from the open window. I turned round an hour after, from a volume which had abstracted all my thoughts from other subjects. The weather was very hot, and the poor child had fallen fast asleep. He started up at once when I spoke. I asked him if he could say his lesson? He replied, "Yes," and brought the book instantly; but he scarcely knew a word, and he seemed careless, and even indifferent. I blamed him, and he replied petulantly. I had given back the book to him, when a servant entered, and told me that a person was waiting my presence below. I desired the boy, with somewhat an angry tone, not to stir from the room till I returned, and then to let me hear him say his lesson perfectly. He promised to obey me. There is a small closet opening from the library; the window of this closet overlooks the stable-yard. Probably, the dear child obeyed me in learning perfectly his lesson; but I was detained long, and he went to the closet in

which I had allowed him to keep the books belonging to himself. A bow and arrows, which I had lately given him, were there; perhaps the boy could not resist looking on them; they were lying on the floor when I entered afterwards. From that closet Maurice heard the sound of a whip—he heard the quick and brutal strokes falling heavily. Springing up, he ran to the window; beneath, he saw one of the grooms beating, with savage cruelty, his beautiful and favourite little courser. The animal seemed almost maddened with the blows; and the child called out loudly to bid the man desist. At first the groom scarcely heeded him, and then smiling coldly at the indignant boy, told him that the beating was necessary, and that so young a gentleman could not understand how a horse should be managed. In vain did my child command the brutal fellow to stop. The man pretended not to hear him, and led the spirited creature farther from the window. Instantly the boy rushed from the room, and in a few moments was in the yard below. I entered the library shortly after my son had left it. The person who had detained me brought news which had much disconcerted, nay, displeased me. I was in a very ill humour when I returned to the room where I had left Maurice; I looked vainly for him, and was very angry to perceive that my request had been disobeyed; the closet door was open; I sought him there. While I wondered at his absence, I heard his voice loud in anger. For some moments I gazed from the window in silence. Underneath stood the boy, holding with one hand the reins of his courser, who trembled all over, his fine coat and slender legs reeking

and streaming with sweat: in his other hand there was a horsewhip, with which the enraged boy was lashing the brutal groom. In a voice of loud anger I called out. The child looked up; and the man, who had before stood with folded arms, and a smile of calm insolence on his face, now spoke with pretended mildness, more provoking to the child, but which then convinced me that Maurice was in fault. He spoke, but I silenced him, and commanded him to come up to me instantly. He came instantly, and stood before me yet panting with emotion, his face all flushed, and his eyes sparkling with passion. And again he would have spoken, but I would not hear. "Tell me, sir," I cried; "answer me one question; are you wright or wrong?" "Right," the boy replied, proudly. He argued with me—my fury burst out.—Alas, I knew not what I did; but I snatched the whip from his hand—I raised the heavy handle—I meant not to strike where I did. The blow fell with horrid force on his fair head. There was iron on the handle, and my child, my only son, dropped lifeless at my feet. Ere he fell, I was deadly cold, and the murderous weapon had dropped away from my hand. Stiffened with horror, I stood over him speechless, and rooted awhile to the spot. At last the groans of my despair brought others to me—the wretched groom was the first who came.—I knew no more, but fell in a fit beside the murdered child.

When I woke up to a sense of what passed around me, I saw the sweet countenance of my wife bent over me with an expression of most anxious tenderness. She was wiping away



the tears from her eyes, and a faint smile passed over her face as she perceived my returning sense.

I caught hold of her arm with a strong grasp, and lifted up my head; but my eyes looked for the body of my child—it was not there. “Where is it?” I cried; “where is the body of my murdered boy?” When I spoke the word “murdered,” my wife shrieked—I was rushing out—she stopped me, and said, “He is not dead—he is alive.” My heart melted within me, and tears rained from my eyes. My wife led me to the chamber where they had laid my child. He was alive, if such a state could be called life. Still his eyelids were closed; still his cheeks, even his lips, were of a ghastly whiteness; still his limbs were cold and motionless. They had undressed him, and my revered mother sat in silent grief beside his bed. When I came near she uncovered his fair chest, and placed my hand over his heart; I felt a thick and languid beating there, but the pulse of his wrists and temples were scarcely perceptible. My mother spoke to me. “We have examined the poor child,” said she, “be we find no wound, no bruise, no marks of violence. Whence is this dreadful stupor? No one can answer me.” “I can answer you,” I said; “no one can answer but myself; I am the murderer of the child. In my hellish rage I struck his blessed head.”—I did not see the face of my wife or my mother—as I spoke I hung my head; but I felt my wife’s hand drop from me; I heard my mother’s low, heart-breaking groan. I looked up, and saw my wife. She stood before me like a marble figure, rather than a creature of life; yet her eyes were fixed on me, and her whole soul seemed to look

out in their gaze. "O my husband!" she cried out at length, "I see plainly in your face what you suffer. Blessed God, have mercy on him! have mercy on him! for he suffers more than we all. His punishment is greater than he can bear!" She flung her arms around my neck: she strove to press me nearer to her bosom; but I would have withdrawn myself from her embrace. "O do not shame me thus," I cried: "Remember, you must remember, that you are a mother." "I cannot forget that I am a wife, my husband," she replied, weeping. "No, no. I feel for you, and I must feel with you in every sorrow. How do I feel with you now, in this overwhelming affliction!" My mother had fallen on her knees when I declared my guilt; my wife drew towards her, and, rising up, she looked me in the face, "Henry," she said, in a faint deep voice, "I have been praying for you, for us all. My son, look not thus from me." As she was speaking, the surgeon of my household, who had been absent when they first sent for him, entered the chamber. My kind mother turned from me, and went at once with him to the bedside of the child. I perceived her intention to prevent my encountering the surgeon. She should have concealed, at least for a while, her son's disgrace; but I felt my horrid guilt too deeply to care about shame. Yet I could not choose but groan within me, to perceive the good man's stare, his retreating shudder, while I described minutely the particulars of my conduct towards my poor boy. I stood beside him as he examined the head of my child. I saw him cut away the rich curls, and he pointed out to me a slight swelling beneath them; but in vain did he strive to recover the lifeless form:

his efforts were, as those of my wife and mother had been, totally without success. For five days I sat by the bedside of my son, who remained, as at first, still in that death-like stupor, but gradually a faint life-like animation stole over him; so gradually indeed, that he opened not his eyes till the evening of the fourth day, and even then he knew us not, and noticed nothing. Oh! few can imagine what my feelings were! How my first faint hopes lived, and died, and lived again as the beating of his heart became more full and strong; as he first moved the small hand which I held in mine, and made an effort, a feeble, and, at first, a fruitless effort, to stretch out his limbs. After he had unclosed his eyes, he breathed, with the soft and regular respiration of a healthy person, and then slept for many hours. It was about noon, on the sixth day, that he awoke from that sleep. The sun shone so full into the room, that I had partly closed the shutters to shade his face. Some rays of sunshine pierced through the crevices of the shutter, and played upon the coverlet of his bed. My child's face was turned towards me, and I watched eagerly for the first gleam of expression there. He looked up, and then around him, without moving his head. My heart grew sick within me, as I beheld the smile which played over his face. He perceived the dancing sunbeam, and put his fingers softly in the streak of light, and took them away, and smiled again, with that strange and vacant smile. I spoke to him, and took his hand in my own; but he had lost all memory of me, and saw nothing in my face to make him smile. He looked down on my trembling hand, and played with my fingers; and when he saw the ruby ring

which I wore, he played with that, while the idiot smile came back to his once expressive, but now vacant countenance.

My mother now led me from the room. I no longer refused to go. I felt that it was fit that I should "commune with my own heart, and in my chamber, and be still."—They judged rightly in leaving me to perfect solitude. The calm of my misery was a change like happiness to me. A deadness of every faculty, of all thought and feeling, fell on me like repose. When Jane came to me, I had no thought to perceive her presence. She took my hands tenderly within hers, and sat down beside me on the floor. She lifted up my head from the boards, and supported it on her knees. I believe she spoke to me many times without my replying. At last I heard her, and rose up at her entreaties. "You are ill, your hands are burning, my beloved," she said: "Go to bed, I beseech you—you need rest." I did as she told me. She thought I slept that night, but the lids seemed tightened and drawn back from my burning eyeballs. All the next day I lay in the same hot and motionless state; I cannot call it repose. For many days I did not rise from my bed. I began to give up every idea of exertion.

My mother one morning came to my chamber. She sat down by my bedside, and spoke to me. I did not, could not care to notice her who spoke to me. My mother rose, and walked round to the other side of the bed, towards which my face was turned. There she stood, and spoke again solemnly. "Henry," she said, "I command you to rise. Dare you to disobey your mother? No more of this unmanly weakness. I must not speak in vain; I have not needed to command be-

fore. My son, be yourself. Think of all the claims which this life has upon you : or rather, think of the first high claim of Heaven, and let that teach you to think of other duties, and to perform them ! Search your own heart. Probe it deeply. Shrink not. Know your real situation in all its bearings. Changed as it is, face it like a man ; and seek the strength of God to support you. I speak the plain truth to you. Your child is an idiot. You must answer to God for your crime. You will be execrated by mankind, for your own hand struck the mind's life from him. These are harsh words, but you can bear them better than your own confused and agonizing thoughts. Rise up, and meet your trial. Tell me simply that you obey me. I will believe you, for you will not break your word to me." I replied immediately, rising up and saying, "I do promise to obey you. Within this hour I will meet you, determined to know my duties, and to perform them by the help of God." Oh ! with what a look did my noble mother regard me as I spoke. "God strengthen you and bless you," she said ; "I cannot now trust myself to say more." Her voice was feeble and trembling now, her lip quivered, and a bright flush spread over her thin, pale cheek : she bent down over me and kissed my forehead, and then departed.

Within an hour from the time my mother left me, I went forth from my chamber with a firm step, determined again to enter upon the performance of my long neglected duties. I had descended the last step of the grand staircase, when I heard a laugh in the hall beyond. I knew there was but one who could then laugh so wildly : and too well I knew the

sound of the voice; which broke out in sounds of wild merriment ere the laugh ceased. For some moments my resolution forsook me. I caught hold of the balustrade to support my trembling limbs, and repressed with a violent effort the groans which I felt bursting from my heart—I recovered myself, and walked into the hall. In the western oriel window, which is opposite the door by which I entered, sat my beloved mother; she lifted up her face from the large volume which lay on her knees, as my step sounded near; her look was full of sweetness and tender love; the water stood in her eyes, but she did not speak. I passed on, but stopped again to gaze on those who now met my sight. In the centre of the hall stood my wife, leaning her cheek on her hand. She gazed upon her son with a smile, but tears all the while trickled down her sweet face. Maurice was at her feet, the floor around strewn over with playthings, the toys of his infancy, which he had for years thrown aside, but had discovered that very morning, and he turned from one to the other as if he saw them for the first time, and looked upon them all as treasures. An expression of rapturous silliness played over the boy's features; but, alas! though nothing but a cheerful childishness was on his face, all the childlike bloom and roundness of that face were gone. The boy now looked indeed older by many years. The smiles on his thin lips seemed to struggle vainly with languor, and his heavy eyelids were half closed, his cheeks and lips colourless, his whole form wasted away. My wife came to me, and embraced me; but Maurice noticed me not for many minutes. He looked up at me then, and, rising from the ground, walked towards

me. I dreaded that my mournful appearance would affright him, and I stood breathless with my fears. He surveyed me from head to foot, and came close to me, and looked up with pleased curiosity in my face, and then whistled as he walked back to his toys, whistled so loudly, that the shrill sound seemed to pierce through my brain.

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*August the 15th.*

This day I have passed some hours with my poor boy. He is changed indeed. All his manliness of character is gone ; he has become timid and feeble as a delicate girl. He shrinks from all exertion, he dislikes bodily exercise.—The weather was so delightful this morning that I took Maurice out into the park ; he gazed round upon the sky, and the trees, and the grass, as if he had never looked upon them before. The boy wandered on with me beyond the boundaries of the park into the forest ; he made me sit down with him on the bank of a narrow brook, and there he amused himself with plucking the little flowers that grew about in the grass, and flinging them into the water. As he sat there, I heard afar off the sounds of huntsmen ; soon after a young stag came bounding over the hill before us, and crossed the stream within twenty yards of the spot where we sat. The heart of the boy would once have leaped within him to follow in the boldest daring of the chase ; but now he lifted up his head, and stared at the stag with a look of vacant astonishment. The whole hunt, with a full rush and cry of its noisy sport, came near. Up sprung the boy, all panting, and ghost-

ly with terror. "Make haste, make haste!" he cried out, as I rose; "take me away!" he threw his arms around me, and I felt the violent beating of his heart as he clung to me. I would have hurried him away; but as the dogs and the huntsmen came up close to us, the boy lost all power of moving. I felt him hang heavily on me, and raising his face from my shoulder, I saw that he had fainted. I took him in my arms, and carried him along the banks of the stream till we were far from the sight and sound of the chase; and then I laid him on the grass, and bathed his face and hands with water. He recovered slowly, and lay for some minutes leaning his head upon my bosom, and weeping quietly; his tears relieved him, and he fell asleep—I raised him again in my arms, and carried him still asleep to his chamber.

*August 19th.*

My poor injured child loves me. I cannot tell why, but for the last few days he has seemed happier with me than with any other person. He will even leave his mother to follow me. I feel as if my life were bound up in him; and yet to look on him is to me a penance, at times almost too dreadful to be borne. How did he sit and smile to-day among the books, for whose knowledge his fine ardent mind once thirsted! They are nothing to him now—he had been before amusing himself by watching the swallows which were flying and twittering about the windows. Taking up a book, I tried to read. Maurice left the window, and stood before the desk where he had been used to learn his lessons. He placed a book on the desk before him, and pretended to read:



he looked up, and our eyes met. Again he bent his head over the volume: I had a faint hope that he was really reading; and, passing softly across the room, I looked over his shoulder. The pages were turned upside down before him, and he smiled on me with his new, his idiot smile: he smiled so long, that I almost felt as if he wished to give a meaning to his look, and mock the anguish which wrung my heart.

*Aug. 20th.*

I had ordered the Arabian horse to be turned out, and this morning I took Maurice to the meadow where Selim was grazing. The little courser raised up its head as we approached, and, recognizing its master, came towards us. Maurice had not noticed the horse before, but then he retreated fearfully, walking backwards. The sagacious animal still advanced, and turning quickly, the boy fled from him; but the sportive creature still followed, cantering swiftly after him. Maurice shrieked loudly like a terrified girl. Groaning with the heaviness of my grief, I drove away the once favourite horse of my poor idiot boy.

*Aug. 28th.*

Ah! how is it that the simple occurrences of every passing day now bring with them some trial to my troubled soul? One moment of ungoverned rage hath poisoned the cup of human existence to me. It might be supposed that little circumstances would not be felt by one whose whole mind is engrossed by one overwhelming affliction, whose whole life is but one thought of mingled remorse and degra-

dation. I am ever watchful for great trials, but my feelings are no longer deadened; every nerve is trembling alive, and quivers with thrilling agony even beneath a breath. Yesterday, my wife having occasion to go to D——m, ordered the coach; she did not intend to take Maurice with her, but the poor boy, when from the window of the hall he saw her enter the coach, ran quickly to the door, and was seated by her side ere we could stop him. She gently entreated him to return to my mother, who stood in the porch also beseeching him; but he refused steadily, without speaking, only clasping his mother's arm, and slowly shaking his head; then he wept in so piteous a manner, that they left off speaking to him, and the coachman drove away, I riding beside the coach. My horse lost a shoe just as I entered D——m. I therefore dismounted; and leaving the horse in the care of my groom, walked into the town, refusing my wife's invitation to take a seat in the coach, for I had some business to transact, (as well as herself,) which might have detained us longer than we wished. While I was in a shop there, two women entered, one of whom was speaking in loud and indignant tones. Seeing the master of the shop engaged in serving me, they remained standing at the door, waiting his leisure.

These women were strangers to me; but I heard myself named, and then could not avoid listening to their words.

"I saw his poor silly face," said one of them; "I stood by the coach ere now, and saw him press his lips and flatten his nose against the window of the coach; and then he drew faces with his thin fingers in the mist which he had breathed upon

- the glass. I wished to see the sickly child, for they say he can't live long, since the horrid father gave him that blow on the head. I got one to point out the coach to me, and in it, sure enough, I soon saw the poor boy. My lady, his mother, looks half broken-hearted; no one could mistake the one or the other. That Lord A—— must be a sad brute! Ah! here comes the coach," she continued, "they have let down the glass. See how he leans down his cheek upon the top of the door, and looks out sideways just as a babe would do. Ah, poor lad! sure enough he won't live: he is wasted away to nothing but skin and bone. Now I don't know what to call his father but a murderer."

This was too much. I had for some little time scarcely heeded the man who was attending to me: I looked up and beheld his face, all expressive of sincerest pity, turned full upon me; he would have spoken, but my glance stopped him. I drew my hat over my eyes, and walked towards the door, but as I advanced the voice of the other woman met my ear; she also pronounced my name, but with all that tenderness and balm-like sympathy which only dwells in womanhood. I cannot remember her words, but the tone went at once to my heart and quite upset me. I walked out of the shop weeping aloud.

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*Sunday, Sept. 7th.*

I have just returned from divine service in the chapel attached to my house. While the chaplain was reading the psalm, Maurice walked softly down the aisle and entered my

pew. He stood before me with his eyes fixed on my face. Whenever I raised my eyes, I met that fixed but vacant gaze. My heart melted within me, and I felt tears rush into my eyes—his sweet but vacant look must often be present with me—it seemed to appeal to me, it seemed to ask for my prayers. Guilty as I am, I dared to think so!—It must be to all an affecting sight to see an idiot in the house of God. It must be a rebuke to hardened hearts, to hearts too cold and careless, to worship there; it must be a rebuke to know that one heart is not unwilling, but unable to pray. Bitterly I felt this as I looked upon my child. He stood before me, a rebuke to all the coldness and carelessness which had ever mingled with my prayers. His vacant features seemed to say—"You have a mind whose powers are not confused—you have a heart to feel, to pray, to praise, and to bless God. The means of grace are daily given to you, the hope of glory is daily visible to you." O God! my child stood before me as a more awful rebuke, as a rebuke sent from Thee! Did not his vacant look say also, "Look upon the wreck which your dreadful passions have made! Think upon what I was!—Think upon what I am!" With a broken heart I listened to the words of life; for while I listened, my poor idiot child leaned upon me, and seemed to listen too—when I bowed my head at the name of Jesus the poor boy bowed his. They all knelt down; but just then I was lost in the thoughtfulness of my despair: my son clasped my hand, and when I looked round I perceived that we alone were standing in the midst of the congregation. He looked me earnestly in the face, and kneeling down, he tried to pull me to kneel

beside him. He seemed to invite me to pray for him; I did fall on my knees to pray for him, and for myself; and I rose up, hoping that, for my Saviour's sake, my prayers were heard: and trusting that our heavenly Father feedeth my helpless child with spiritual food that we know not of.

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[*Written several years after the foregoing Journal by the Countess of A—, and given by her with the Journal to the young Earl of A—.*]

My beloved child! I might have hesitated whether I should put into your hands the accompanying journal, kept by your honoured father at one melancholy period of his life, had he not desired me to do so. You are the child of many prayers, my Henry; and great care and attention has been paid to the education of your soul. But I am about to speak of your father. I think I never saw so wise, so good, so gentle a being as he was for many years before his death. You will doubtless be astonished to hear the account that he has written of himself when your elder brother, he whom you never saw, was his companion and pupil. Poor Maurice died about two years before your birth. As I knew you would be anxious to hear something more of your father's history than what he has himself written down, I refer you to the following narrative.

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The first time I saw your father was at court. I was at that time one of the maids of honour to the lovely Henrietta

Maria. She had heard I was an orphan, and in a situation where I greatly needed protection, and she sent for me, and kept me constantly near her person. Your father had made his appearance at court that day for the first time. He had then just been presented to the queen, but he had been acquainted with her some years before, when residing in France. The mother of the Earl of A——, your venerable grandmother, was one of the party at Whitehall that evening, and it was while conversing with her, (for I had been long honoured with her friendship,) that the queen brought up the young Lord A——, and introduced him to me. I thought I had never seen so noble-looking a person. There was a slight haughtiness in the expression of his countenance, which gave way, however, to perfect sweetness and gentleness when he began to converse with me. About a year after my first acquaintance with Lord A——, he made proposals of marriage to me, and I thought myself the happiest of women when I became his wife.

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My dear husband, before our marriage, had frankly confessed to me his besetting temptation, and sometimes (I may honestly say, not very frequently,) I was shocked to see him fearfully overcome by violent rage. Never, I can declare, towards myself, or his revered mother; indeed the gentleness and manliness of his behaviour to women was remarkable. After the fit of passion was over, his remorse and self-accusation were deeply affecting, and he did not fail to make reparation by every means in his power; above all, by

entreating the forgiveness of the person he had offended, with grief and humility. I fear he was too well satisfied with his own willingness to make amends, and confess his fault, (at least in his latter years he used to say so,) and that he did not therefore set himself to work in right earnest to shun the occasion of falling, he did not sufficiently set himself to watch and to pray against the first surprises of the tempter. The very virtue of being deeply grieved after the commission of a sin, may thus settle down into a bad habit, and be made an aggravation of the sin by leading us to trifle with that to which no quarter should be given.

It will never do to cut off the branches where it is necessary to get rid of the cursed tree altogether: we well know who has said, "the axe must be laid to the root of the tree."

At last the time of affliction came upon us—no words of mine can ever describe to you the change that suddenly fell upon the family. It seemed as if, in the midst of the cheerful brightness of sunshine, a dark and lurid fog had spread over everything; the house, the servants, ourselves, were deadened into gloom and wretchedness. Much as I grieved over my sweet Maurice, I could not help feeling even a deeper sympathy for the agony of your miserable father. For a long time I feared that he would become insane, and that thus two of the dearest objects under heaven to my beloved mother and myself, would be lost to us. Alas! that affliction would have been heavy indeed! My poor husband would not then have been spared to seek repentance and forgiveness at the foot of the cross! That would have been

indeed a bitter cup for us! I do not dwell on any particulars during the period of your father's journal. I could perhaps relate many circumstances quite as affecting of my fair and gentle Maurice, for fair and gentle as a girl he had become; the bud of manly promise both in his intellect and person was blighted for ever in this world. The health of Maurice was very delicate, and our physician, thinking that bracing sea-air might be of great benefit to him, we went to a pleasant house belonging to my brother-in-law, Sir Philip L——, on the north Devon coast. Maurice seemed to derive great benefit from sea-breezes; indeed, the change of scene was good for all of us.

We passed the chief part of our time on the sea-shore, and it happened one evening, as it had several times before, that the soft fresh air tempted us to stay longer than we intended in the little secluded bay, which was our favourite resort. The sands were unusually broad and firm in that spot, and there were several pleasant shady caverns among the rocks to which we were accustomed to bring our work and books, and sit there for hours.

Maurice was always in high spirits when we took him to that little bay, and seeing the delight it gave him, we at last got into the daily habit of going thither. And Maurice would seem never tired of amusing himself with the shells and shining pebbles he collected; and in many childish ways that delighted him, but were deeply affecting to us, being as silly as they were innocent.

As I was saying, we were often led to forget time, and remain longer than we intended in that little lonely bay.



Thus it often happened, that when we came to the point which it was necessary to turn in our way home, where the rocks stood out in a bold promontory towards the sea, we found the tide coming in so fast, that it was impossible to advance, and we were obliged to retrace our steps with all possible haste. On these occasions we had to climb a steep and winding path over the rock, and to pass through a little fishing village about a mile from our residence.

One pleasant evening, when we had been obliged to return home by the longer way on account of the tide, we were scarcely in sight of the village before a storm, which had suddenly come up from the west, began to threaten us. I felt that the few large heavy drops which generally usher in a torrent of rain had begun to fall, and I instantly proposed our seeking shelter in a cottage that stood in the outskirts of the village. Your father, Maurice, and myself, (your dear grandmother was not of our party that day,) ran as fast as we could, laughing, to the cottage. Maurice endeavoured to outrun us, but we all reached our shelter about the same time, and just as the storm poured down in all its violence. A pleasing and delicate looking girl, about thirteen years of age, was walking up and down the cottage as we entered, singing to and soothing a little wailing baby in her arms, and on my asking permission to remain there till the storm had abated, she said that we were kindly welcome. For some little time after our entering the cottage, I was occupied in attending to Maurice, fearing he might take cold. At length, on looking round the cottage, and seeing no one but the girl and the little sick baby, I asked if she had not a mother? She

replied very simply, "No, I have not a mother now. I had a dear, dear mother!" and the tears of the little girl fell fast. "Where is she now?" I asked. "O, in heaven, I hope and trust! but to-day is her burying, and they are all gone to it, and I am left to take care of the baby and the house." "You don't look well," I said to the girl; "and the baby?" As I spoke, I drew near, and I saw for the first time the infant's face. "Why, what is the matter with the baby?" "'Tis the bad fever," said the girl; "mother died of it, and my brother Charles, and I was given over with it, and now they say dear baby is going fast." Alas! the fever was the worst kind of typhus, and though neither your father nor I caught it, poor Maurice fell sick with it a few days after our going to the cottage! All that medical skill could do was, I think, done for him; but it pleased God to take the dear child to himself, and we endeavoured to resign him without a murmur; yet, I think, our poor Maurice was even dearer to our hearts in his imbecile state than before. There was one sweet comfort vouchsafed to us in this affliction—the wonderful love of the poor dying child towards his miserable father. This love seemed to increase as he drew nearer death. He would even wail and fret when he was away, but the moment he returned and sat down by the bedside, Maurice would put his thin hand into his father's and look up at him from under his heavy eyelids, and then seem perfectly satisfied, and lie with a smile on his lips for hours.

His grandmother and myself saw the delight this afforded to your dear father, and we purposely withdrew ourselves as much as possible (though it was a sore trial to do so) from

attending on our sweet child. His father, indeed, performed the most menial offices about him; even when his bed was made he was always lifted out by his father, and lay often with his arms thrown round his neck, till the fresh clean linen was laid on the bed to receive his slight and wasted frame. With his hand clasped in his father's, and the smile on his lips, he at last sunk to sleep to wake no more on this side the grave; and though his father knew he was gone, he continued kneeling for a long while with the lifeless hand in his. We found him, after he had closed the eyes of his beloved child, kneeling thus by the bedside, with the small dead hand clasped in his.

He rose up, however, at our entreaty, with great mildness and consented to retire to rest. He was, indeed, almost worn out with anxiety and continued watching; for, from the beginning of Maurice's illness till his departure, his father had never quitted his bedside for more than an hour.

About a month after the death of our sweet Maurice, we went to reside for a time in Wales, at the desire of my husband's revered mother. The small but ancient castle of C—— belonged to her in her own right, and it had been settled on her at her marriage as her jointure house. However, as we were ever a united family, she had never gone thither, but kindly consented to remain with her son and daughter after their marriage. She was now very urgent with us that we should all retire for a while to C—— Castle, chiefly, as she confessed to me, to induce her mournful son to delay his return to his own house, the scene of his misery and guilt. She also felt that in the troubled times that had fallen upon

England, we might find a more quiet and secure retreat in Wales than at our stately residence in ——shire.

I was as anxious as herself to go thither, and leaving our house in the care of our good house-steward Humphreys, with strict charge to see to the wants of the tenantry and others in the neighbourhood, and with full power to provide, that they might be no losers by the absence of the family from among them, we departed forthwith to C—— Castle. There, in a retirement almost unbroken, we resided for nearly four years. There your sister Henrietta, and afterwards you, my Henry, were born. Such a happiness was, indeed, beyond our expectation! You may imagine the delight of your father when the loss of his Maurice was thus doubly supplied to him! I rejoiced the more when I saw that, while the heart of your father overflowed with gratitude to God for his goodness, he became still more humble, still more penitent for his sin. He often spoke to me of the astonishing mercy of the Lord our God to him: "I cannot refuse the comfort thus offered me," he would say; "but pray for me, my dear wife, that I may be kept in the lowest seat of humility. These mercies soften my heart; they teach me to see my own utter unworthiness more clearly than I should have done, had the severest punishment come in their place. They teach me to see my sin in darker characters against the awful holiness and righteousness of God, and to cry with David, 'Against Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight;' and yet they sweetly encourage me to lift up my despairing head, and praise Him whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, but as far beyond them as

the heavens are higher than the earth." Still notwithstanding the deep inward peace of mind that he was gradually acquiring, your beloved father was always a melancholy, silent man, and more occupied with the mysterious world within him, than with anything in this outer world.

You cannot remember the day, my Henry, for, though present, you were a little unconscious infant, in which the sweet domestic retirement of our home at C—— Castle began to be broken up.

We were all together in a pleasant bower at the end of one of the garden-terraces. Henrietta was in her father's arms, smiling, and stretching forth her little hands, eager to reach the clusters of purpling grapes that hung down through the trellis and the green leaves above our heads; and you were looking at your sister, and clapping your little hands, and throwing back your head, and laughing and crowing with delight. The bell at the postern rang violently. A packet was delivered to your father's hands by your favourite, William Humphreys. His uncle had sent him off express from H—— House, deeming it to contain papers of importance. The house-steward himself had written a few words, to say that a noble gentleman, who was crossing the country with a small troop of horse, had left the packet under strict charge that it should be forwarded with all due speed to the Earl of A——; and in the end of his letter he spoke of his nephew William as one in whom he might place a confident trust. The packet contained a short letter in the king's handwriting to your father, asking him as a friend, rather than urging him as a monarch, to take up arms in his defence, and

enclosing the commission of a regiment in his service. There was also a billet from my former gracious mistress Henrietta Maria, addressed jointly to your grandmother and myself, beseeching us with many moving words to befriend the cause of her husband and our king. For some little time after the letters were read, a thoughtful pause prevailed; it was broken by our little Henrietta stroking her delicate hand over her father's eyes and face, down which the tears were streaming, and pressing her ivory cheek and then her lips to his face, and fondling him, and saying: "Poor, poor papa! Poor papa! Don't cry, my own papa!"

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Your father had not been gone many days when a wife's affection urged me to put in execution a plan which had much occupied my mind since his departure. Your grandmother opposed it, but in so faint a manner, and embraced and blessed me so frequently and so tenderly, when I quitted her, that I could see she loved and approved me. I determined to wean my infant, yourself, dear Henry, and follow my husband to the seat of war, and to take up my abode from time to time within as short a distance as possible of the royal forces, that in case of any sad mishap I might go to him at once. William Humphreys had been left with us in Wales; your father taking only his own personal servant with him. To William I confided my intention, and set off at length attended by him. We reached Oxford, where the court then was, by easy stages; and there seeking an interview with the queen, I was in-

formed of the movements of the king's forces. I was staying at the house of some friends, within a short distance of the town of Newbury, when the battle of Newbury was fought. I have often wondered at the calm and fearless spirit I was enabled to possess during those days of dismay and danger; but I confess after the first sound of the cannon, and the first sight of the bristled and gleaming arms, I was borne up by a cool presence of mind that seldom forsook me. I believe, after all, that the secret of my courage was, that my husband was in danger, and as I would gladly have died with him, the thought that he was near me absorbed all my fears for myself.

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On the evening of the 17th of September, William Humphreys was about to leave me; he had expressed a wish to be near his master in the fight that would probably take place on the following day, and his wish agreed so entirely with mine, that I could not bear to prevent him from going. He promised, if alive, to be with me as soon as the event of the battle should be decided. Just as he was going, it occurred to me that I might never see my husband again, if I did not see him that evening, and after a little hesitation, I told William I should accompany him at once to my husband's quarters in Newbury. I saw that our faithful William thought me over rash, but I paid no heed to his hints, and overruled his advice, and went.

The forces of the parliament, commanded by the Earl of Essex, were on the opposite side of the town, and after

a few risks and adventures we reached the town in safety. I must not forget to tell you, that I had borrowed a dress of one of the serving maids in the family where I was staying, and as I entered the town with my linsey-woolsey petticoat, and dark cloak, and close hood, and saw how little attention I attracted, I became more at my ease than I had supposed it possible to be. I had set off with the determination of seeking an interview with my beloved husband, but as I thought it quietly over, I decided that I would give up my selfish gratification lest I should unman him by the surprise of seeing me, and by the anxiety he would feel for my safety so near the seat of war. The tent in which my husband lodged was in a small open space in the outskirts of the town. William Humphreys said a few words to the sentinel that was pacing up and down before the tent. The man replied in a good-humoured voice, but I could not hear the words he spoke. I found that my husband was not in his tent, but expected to return from some conference at head-quarters, every moment.

It was now quite dark, and with the help of William, and the sentinel, who I found out afterwards was a tenant of ours, and knew me to be Lady A——, a place was found where I could see him without being discovered, my husband's absence happily favouring this. A hole was made with the sentinel's bayonet through the canvass of the tent, and I took my station in a dark and shadowy corner, where no passer-by could possibly discover me. I was sitting there on a low bench, half lost in thought,



when the delightful tones of the voice I loved best in the world made me start up—delightful indeed they were—for many years I had not heard them sound so cheerfully, and they were heard close to me. I rose up, and through the aperture that had been made, I could see plainly all that passed within the tent. My husband had just entered. His arm was linked in that of the young and gallant Lord Sunderland, who fell in that battle of Newbury. The bright animation of his countenance, the firmness of his tread, the splendour and gracefulness of his martial dress, all astonished and delighted me.

His brave companion took leave of him after a few words as to the disposition of their troops; and, as he departed, William Humphreys made his appearance. My husband had thrown himself on a seat, and was looking down on the dial of his watch with attention, as if making some calculation, but when he saw William he sprang up with a loud exclamation of joy. Eager and hurried were the questions he put to him about the dear ones he had left behind, and when William had delivered the letter I had written to him, and still determined to send, he took off his hat with as much gallant courteousness as if I had been present, and threw down on the table, first one, and then the other of his high-topped leathern gloves, and then raising the letter with both his uncovered hands to his lips, kissed it repeatedly. I had nearly forgotten my firm resolution, and when I saw the darling husband of my youth, and the father of my children, so very near to me, and thought, perhaps this is the last time I shall see him thus, perhaps at this time to-morrow, those

animated eyes will be dim and closed in death, that manly graceful frame will be rolled stiff and mangled in the blood-stained sand of the horrid battle-field, it was with tears of agony my better judgment conquered.

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I saw him sit down to write, and as he wrote, the tears fell from his dear eyes upon the paper. I saw him with his sword cut off a shining lock of his dark hair and enclose it in the letter.—At last Humphreys was dismissed for the night, with the letter just written, and another packet, written, I heard my husband say, that very day. He was left alone, and William Humphreys came round to me, but I made signs to him as well as I could, coming out a few paces from the shadowed corner where I stood, to let me remain a short time longer. I returned to my station. My husband had placed a Bible on the table. It was open, and against it was standing a miniature picture. The light of the lamp fell full upon it, indeed he moved it, that it might be better seen by himself. I saw then for the first time the portraits in one miniature (the miniature which accompanies these papers) of your father and his beloved Maurice.\* An affecting picture it indeed is!—judge how affecting to me on that trying night! He knelt down, and his eyes were fixed on the picture, and • then raised towards Heaven, and his lips moved in prayer.

\* The picture represents the Earl of A—— holding in his hand the short thick handle of a hunting-whip, without the thong, and beside him stands with shrinking eyes his first-born son, Maurice, Lord R——, a pale and delicate youth, with his dark brown hair falling in curls to his shoulders.

I knew as well as if I had heard the words, that he was humbly asking forgiveness and repentance for that miserable crime he had committed. I could not resist kneeling too, and I trust the prayers of our united spirits went up together to the throne of grace.

The next morning I was walking at an early hour with Emilie N——, one of the family among whom I was then a welcome visitor, in the gardens behind the house, when the sound of the cannon burst upon us. We stood mute and trembling for some minutes, clasping one another's hands, for she too had one very dear to her, her eldest brother, in that fight of Newbury. However, we soon recovered ourselves, and even dared to venture into a grove of firs on the sloping ground immediately above the garden. This grove was enclosed with a continuation of the same wall that surrounded the garden, and in the centre of it was an artificial mount, with a summer-house on the top. We hastened thither, and were enabled to see the volumes of thick smoke that rolled along the plain beneath us, and even the red, silent flashes of flame that preceded the report of the cannon. That part of the landscape was for a while indistinct and dim, under a mass of dusky clouds, while some quiet green fields, at a much farther distance, with the sheep feeding in them, and a little village spire, were distinctly seen. Suddenly, however, the whole mass of clouds shifted and dispersed, and a burst of sunshine revealed full before us the stirring, glittering field of war. How bright and beautiful the sight was, as a mere distant sight! "Alas!" said my companion, after gazing upon it for some time; "how dreadful it is to know that all

yon glorious display is the stern and determined preparation for rage, and blood, and carnage, and the gaping tomb! that those who are met together in such shining ranks, will not part again till the death-groans and death-throes of perhaps half the number have been witnessed on that very spot!" I listened to her, but I was too anxious, too wretched, to moralize on the subject then:—"Kneel down with me, dear Emilie!" I said, "I cannot be at rest in any way, till, with that dreadful sight full before my eyes, we have called upon the God of the whole earth to have mercy on those stern and furious armies, and on ourselves, and on wretched wives, and mothers, and sisters like ourselves; till we have called on Jesus the Prince of Peace, to send not legions of angels, as he could at a word, to scatter those mad armies, but the dove-like, comforting spirit of love, to change the heart of stone and the thirst of blood within the bosom of each revengeful man."

All that day the firing continued, and ceased only with the darkness of the night. Every hour we expected that our silent abode would have been invaded by armed troops, but our fears were not realised, and about eleven o'clock, news was brought us, that the victory had seemed yet undecided as dark night closed in. This news was sent by the son of the house where I was staying, but no tidings came to me of my beloved husband. I sat sick at heart and waiting in vain till daybreak, and then I hastened to the summer-house, in the grove of firs behind the garden. I remained there for some hours after sunrise, and while there, I saw an immense body of men march away in the direction of Reading. I

walked back to the house to communicate what I had seen, and there found the people of the house talking with some countrymen, who had told them in passing, that Essex and his army were retreating, it was supposed, in their way to London. Surely, I thought, I shall now hear something of my beloved husband ; but vainly did I look for my faithful and trustworthy William Humphreys ; the time was counted by me almost minute by minute, but he did not come.

At last I could bear it no longer. "Let the worst come to me," I said to my kind friends, "I must encounter it." They offered me a pony, and one of their servants, and I was soon in safety, and in the midst of the king's troops. Horror-struck, but full of anxious hopes and fears, I wandered over the scene of carnage, but could hear and see nothing of my husband and William Humphreys. I had gone to the spot where the chief encounter had taken place, by the advice of the servant who attended me, and there, as we were quitting the ground, we were told that Lord A—— had been taken prisoner, and was doubtless some way on the road to London. This intelligence was almost as bad as any I could have heard ; my heart misgave me as I thought what was likely to be the fate of a prisoner of rank when taken by the enemy. Before I could determine on what course of conduct I should now pursue, it occurred to me that I ought to visit his tent and possess myself of any papers and other effects that he had left there. The spot was close at hand, and I went thither immediately. When I entered the tent, I found there the sentinel whom I had seen the night before. He told me that he had been sent to keep guard there within the

last few minutes by William Humphreys, and, he added, that your father had been retaken, but since his deliverance most treacherously wounded, and was then lying on a knoll of grass to which he directed me near the town. The servant that attended me knew the spot perfectly, and in less than a quarter of an hour I was kneeling beside my beloved but expiring husband. Before I proceed to speak of his last moments, let me give you the account that I received from William Humphreys, and other eye-witnesses, of what happened to Lord A——:

Your father, after pursuing the enemy that morning for some distance, committed his troop to the officer below him, —a veteran of tried valour and character—and accompanied only by William Humphreys, (who had told him, since the battle, that I was in the immediate neighbourhood,) was on his way to the house of my kind friends.—Suddenly, while they were leisurely riding through a little wood, where the path was so narrow that they were obliged to pass singly along it, a small company of the enemy which lay hid there, having been out of the way in search of plunder when the body of the troops had marched that morning, sprung upon them, and almost as soon as they were aware of their presence, they were taken prisoners. By a strange occurrence the leader of the party, a subaltern officer, was a man of our county, and well known to my husband, having been brought before him many years before when he acted as a magistrate, for bad doings of various kinds. He had taken a great dislike to Lord A——, partly because he had been the means of bringing him to justice, and partly because your father

had allowed his then haughty and violent spirit to display itself, in reply to the insulting conduct of the man when committed for trial. This all had happened before the birth of Maurice.

The delight of the fellow in making such a prisoner as the Earl of A—— was very great, and he was induced in the confidence of his good fortune, to change his former plan of remaining in the wood with his small party till nightfall, when he had intended to rejoin the parliament forces. He did not like to run the risk of keeping his prisoner in the wood so near the king's troops, and accordingly he stole forth with great caution, and knowing the country well, was taking a circuitous route towards Reading, when the young and gallant Lord R——, returning from his pursuit of the enemy with a straggling troop, met with the party, and, though less by a man or two, attacked them at once, and after some obstinate and hard fighting, killed or took prisoners the whole party. The rage of the leader, they told me, was quite dreadful to behold. He was a man of very bad temper, and noted for the fearfully abusive virulence of his tongue when enraged.

As your father and Lord R—— rode along side by side conversing together, this man came up as close to them as he was permitted, and in a loud voice began to upbraid your father. He asked after his son and heir, and begged to know if he carried with him to battle an iron-headed whip-handle? And then he turned to the soldiers, and told them that they should hear from him the history and character of one of the king's captains; and saying so, he entered into a detailed

description, in a tone of assumed indignation, of the circumstances connected with the dreadful blow which Maurice had received. All the time your father answered not a word. William Humphreys, who had stepped forward to silence the man, but in vain, observed your father's cheek flush once or twice, and saw him bite his nether lip : also, he paused in his discourse with Lord R——, as if his attention was called, in spite of himself, to the charges brought against him. Still he answered not a word. On this the man, finding that he had failed to provoke him, and that no notice was taken by any present of his cruel attack, poured forth a fresh volley, and he did not confine himself to the truth, but made such exaggerations and added so many falsehoods, that from his account your father must have appeared a monster of infamy. This was doubtless very hard to bear, but he was enabled to bear it patiently and meekly. "He bore it like a lamb," was the expression of William Humphreys. The rest of the party were at last provoked beyond all endurance. Several attempted to silence him, and at last one spirited young fellow rode up to your father with a cocked pistol in his hand, and red with anger, cried, "Allow me, my lord, to silence that foul-mouthed knave ? a bullet or two will have more weight with him than our words." Your father took the pistol gently from his hand, and uncocking it, with a grave look, he returned it. He then rode back a few paces, and turning towards the troop, said, "I do beseech you, gentlemen, to let this man speak ; though he has added some misstatements, I would fain hope not from personal dislike to me, yet in the main his accusation is true, and nothing he can say is worse



than what I feel that I deserve. You may not have heard, at least some of you, of that crime which has embittered my whole mortal course. I hope I have repented of it, and sought for pardon through my Saviour's blood. I forgive that poor mistaken man all his bitterness, and wish him well with all my heart. He has done me, unwittingly, some service, for he has thus reminded me of the opportunity I now have of speaking a few words of warning to you all. You see in me, my comrades, one who was for many years the miserable slave of my own wicked passion. I was overcome and brought in bondage by my sin, and surprised by the evil one. I committed a frightful crime. It has been confessed, repented of, and I do heartily believe forgiven for Jesus Christ's sake." "Shall we gag the fellow?" said several of them soon after, the man still continuing his insulting abuse. "Heed him no more than the wind," said Lord A——. However, the man soon after seemed to be content with muttering and grumbling to himself; and at last slunk back into the rear of the company among the rest of his companions. Soon after this, the party fell in with a company of the troops under Prince Rupert's command. They were much fatigued, and both horses and men were resting upon the green turf of a little knoll by the road side. For a short time the prisoners were, I suppose, less carefully guarded. Your father had dismounted, and was leaning against his horse as the tired animal grazed upon the fresh grass. All at once a bullet came whizzing over the horse, and, alas! it was aimed too well; it entered your father's side just below his left shoulder. Almost at the same moment a loud laugh was heard,

and the man who heaped on him such cruel abuse, was seen darting into a thick copse-wood above.—I found your beloved father stretched upon the grass in the arms of our faithful William Humphreys. At first I thought he was quite gone. I said nothing, but as I knelt behind him, I gently wiped his cold forehead with my handkerchief. Either the soft cool cambric felt pleasant to him, or he knew the touch of his wife's fingers, but he opened his eyes, and turned them languidly upon me; and after looking with a dim yet intent stare in my face for some time, a glad and beautiful smile, a smile of delighted recognition, beamed over his whole countenance. I endeavoured to put on a quietness and calmness I could not feel, and I was graciously enabled to do so. I bent down over him and whispered my entreaties, that he would not suffer the surprise of my appearance to disturb him, and I told him that I had followed him, and for some days had been near him, and that the happiness of my whole life and of his revered mother would be increased by the consolation we should always feel at my being with him at that sad hour. He smiled, and put up his lips as if to ask me to kiss him: he was still too weak and faint to speak; just then, a doctor who had been sent for, made his appearance. He gave my husband a few drops of a cordial he brought with him, and for a time he revived, and was able to speak, though in a faint, very faint voice. No sooner did he thus revive, than I saw that he turned his eyes repeatedly from side to side. At length, I said: "Tell me, dear love, why you are so anxious? Whom do you look for?"—"I dread," he mildly said, "to see them bring back that poor

fellow. I dare say I insulted him by my haughty and overbearing conduct in past days, though I cannot now recall any particular offence I gave him;—but Jane,” he continued, with earnestness, “promise to me, as to a dying man, that should he be taken, you will leave no means untried, even to pleading with the king in person, to save his life.” I readily assured and promised him. “Think upon it, my Jane,” he said, “promise to yourself, most solemnly promise to your God, that you will not be overruled by the false reasoning of any one. Let not another stain of blood be fixed upon my memory, when I am gone. Nay,” he said, observing my mournful look, at the words, “another stain of blood,” “I will not say so, I will believe, I do believe, that there is no stain of blood upon me now, for the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life. I have been long seeking Him to save me from my sins, and from the curse upon them, and I seek Him now—and now,” he whispered, after a pause: “now, now He comforteth me, as one whom his mother comforteth.”—He clasped my hand most fervently, for a moment, and then his feeble fingers relaxed their grasp again. He turned upon me one long, long look of tender love, then gently closed his eyes, and remained for a considerable space of time in the same quiet position, his lips moving, and from time to time, a few faint words were audible. “Lord, thou hast mercy for the chief of sinners.—For His sake—through His merits, be merciful to me.” In another minute I was a widow—my children orphans—his mother childless; no, no, she is our mother too—she is not childless.

Since writing the above narrative, the mere fact of which really happened, at least so I have been told, many years ago in the family of a nobleman, the initial of whose name I have alone given, I have heard of other cases very nearly resembling that which I have thus brought before the public. One of a schoolmaster, who, in a moment of unguarded passion, struck a fine little fellow on the head with a ruler. Owing to the effects of his mad rage, first the life and then the reason of the child were long despaired of.\* Now my motive in republishing the journal of the Earl of A—— is, that the moral warning it holds out may, I think, be very useful. Those who are accustomed to the care and tuition of children—those men, I ought perhaps to say, (for I have generally observed an extraordinary degree of patience and forbearance in women,) must be well aware, from their own experience, how soon the stupidity or insolence of a child provokes them! and how soon, in the moment of irritation, the blow of the large strong hand may fall upon the delicate and youthful frame, with a violence quite unintended at the time, and afterwards deeply lamented.

The way in which even a gentle father punishes a child, where corporal punishment is in some extreme case judged necessary, is often unnecessarily severe. I have seen many a sensible mother turn pale and tremble, even when convinced that some bodily chastisement was needed for her child, when the father, even the kind-hearted and good-tempered father, has withdrawn with the little culprit.

Let the chastisement be given—it is often a species of moral cruelty to withhold it; but let Christian temper conduct that punishment which Christian principle may judge it necessary to inflict. And let all beware of lifting their hand, when in a passion, against a child, even to give the common, brutal box on the ear, which I have known to be followed by blood.

\* Another instance, exactly similar, has lately come to my knowledge.

THE LOWLY LADY.

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THE sad but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the aisles of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the coronet, glittering on the cushion of crimson velvet, and all the other insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone had drawn thither such a crowd; but a deeper interest was marked on every countenance; and the firm voice of the minister had faltered more than once, as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child, a little tender infant, who had died in its first unconscious helplessness. Every one thought of the father, standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and drew her red cloak closely round the infant on her bosom, as she gazed round upon the mournful pomp, and the little coffin, and the young nobleman—childless, and worse than widowed—O yes! worse than widowed! As he stood there, and followed with his eyes, the movement of the men then placing the coffin of his child in the shadowy darkness of the open vault below him, he felt that with a spirit comparatively at ease, he could have seen the corpse of her, so cruelly lost to him, carried down into the dismal vault. Anything would have been better for him, and for her, than

her present state. He did not mourn that the heir to his titles, his estates, his immense wealth, lay lifeless before him; he mourned because that heir had been the child of sweeter, holier hopes—now all, all blighted! He mourned at the thought of what that infant might have been, had the soft pillow, and the sweet nourishment of its mother's bosom yet remained to it. He mourned at the remembrance of what the lot of that infant had been; how its fair round limbs had wasted, and the heavy shades of sickness had passed into its calm blue eyes, and changed their laughing expression; and how the little forsaken one had pined away, as if almost from a natural sense of its loss. That church was a place of agonizing recollection to the young Earl of D——. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and, as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage, he could not help recalling the day when his beautiful and modest bride had clung, in trembling bashfulness, to his arm, when he had there, for the first time, called her his wife. "I am sick of all this idle pomp!" he said to himself, as he entered the wide hall of his own magnificent residence, attended by his train of servants, and met by the obsequious bows of the men who had conducted the funeral; "I am sick of all this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I were a poor, hard-working peasant, with some honest hearts to care for me, and love me. I am heartily tired of your great people!"

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Not many weeks after the funeral of the heir of the noble house of D——, a solitary wayfaring man stopped at the

turning of a little footpath, which led down the sloping side of the hill overlooking the village of H——. He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning, and had not yet found the place where he would rest for the night. "Here, at least, is a happy scene," he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. The men of the village were leaving their work in the fields, and returning to their cottage homes after the honest labours of the day. Some of the cottage doors stood open. He saw the father enter, and he was so near that, in the stillness of the evening air, he could hear the wife's words of welcome, and the sound of children's laughter. He sighed deeply, and he wandered on upon his way, scarcely knowing whither he went, and scarcely caring, but wishing to find a lodging in some quiet and secluded village. He passed over an old bridge which crosses the clear and shallow stream, and turned down a lane, the banks of which were overgrown with wild flowers and straggling bushes of birch, sufficiently high and thick to meet overhead, and form a perfect bower of grateful shade. He stopped before a neat cottage which stood at the end of the lane, at some distance from the village. The mistress, a young mother, with her infant in her arms, was standing at the door watching for her husband's return, as she told him, and she looked so good-humoured, that the Earl could not resist asking her if she could direct him to a lodging.

The woman pointed to a little path, not very far from the spot where they stood, which turned suddenly out of the lane into the wood overhanging the river, and directed him to fol-

low it through a large corn-field, and up a very steep sandy lane, and then for about half a mile over; but such directions are tiresome enough, when one is obliged to listen to them to learn one's own way, here they would be even more so. Besides, I am not sure the Earl attended to the poor woman, for he lost his way. He walked on, wrapped in his own melancholy thoughts, but soothed in every sense by the cool fresh air, the gurgling flow of the river, and all those distant sounds which, in the quiet fields on a fair calm evening, fall so sweetly indistinct upon the ear. But the sun had set before the wanderer woke up to the recollection of the purpose before him. He looked around him—he saw green and sloping hills, many stately trees, and the same calm river flowing gently below, but no house. At last, where the leafy shade was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, quaintly-shaped chimneys, opposed against the glowing sky. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the farm-house, which now plainly appeared among the trees, when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly. A high hedge of hawthorn alone separated him from the garden of the farm-house, and while he was standing in the lane looking towards the house, he saw through the thick foliage of the hedge-row—himself unseen—a young girl sitting on a green bank. He was struck by the sweet expression of her countenance, and by the modest and simple grace which seemed natural to her. She was weeping, and for a little while she continued weeping—only for a little while—then clasping her hands together, she raised her head, and her whole heart seemed to look up to heaven in her meek and steadfast gaze.



Still she sat there almost without stirring, except that, once or twice, she looked down upon the green grass, and her hand dropped, half forgetfully and half playfully, among the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance beside her, as if she was pleased with, but scarcely knew she noticed them. Just then the rich song of the nightingale burst upon the stillness of the evening, and stole away her ear; and though her thoughts seemed yet to linger on about the subject which had made her weep, she listened till at last she smiled; and so minute after minute passed away, and gradually she forgot all her trouble, and the only expression on her fair face was innocent gladness.

All this while, when she knew not that any eye, but that of her God, beheld her, the sad and wayfaring man was gazing tenderly and kindly upon her; and he felt his sorrow grew lighter, as he saw that one so young and gentle was also sorrowful; and he felt soothed and comforted, to see with what a meek and thankful spirit she smiled away her grief.

Perhaps an hour might have passed away (he scarcely knew) since the Earl had sunk into a reverie of old sad memories. Again he turned his steps towards the venerable farm-house. As he drew near, in the hushed stillness of the closing evening, a few words stole upon his ear, which he knew to be the words of Scripture. The lattice of the little bay-window above him stood open: it was from hence the sounds came; they were the sweetest he had ever heard! Who has not felt the charm of a melodious voice? But it was not now the mere voice that won the listening sense;

there was, if I may so express myself, heart in every low sweet tone; and the words they breathed fell upon the heart of the wretched man like the dew of heaven on the parched and thirsty ground.

The young girl was reading the Bible to her aged grandmother; it was her pleasant duty, and she never passed an evening without visiting that quiet chamber. Quietly her aged hearer listened; her venerable features wearing the calm happiness of a spirit where the peace of God abides. Lucy's sister listened almost as quietly, almost as reverently, as she stood beside her grandmother. Lucy knew not—how should she?—that another ear heard her with an attention more devout—that another heart, as it melted beneath the words she read, poured forth its blessings upon the reader.

The words to which he listened might lend a sweetness of their own, even to the harshest voice; for hard must be the heart that could resist their meek and most affecting eloquence: "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

Soon after the voice had ceased reading, the same face that the Earl had seen in the meadow appeared at the window. He would have felt disappointed at the sight of any other; for, as he listened, he had joined the face and the voice together. She that can read thus, thought the Earl of D——, may be a peasant's daughter, but whoever she is, she has the spirit of a true gentlewoman.

Let no one suppose that, in this fair country girl, we have met with any maiden of gentle birth, brought down to a low estate by the hard uses of adversity; nor any wonder of her native village, gifted with talents of the highest order. Oh, no! Lucy was none of these. What was she? a fair and happy maiden of low birth, if to be born of poor and honest parents be low birth; of no accomplishments or education beyond reading and—(let me remember)—yes, she could write. She read well, for her voice was so full of natural melody; and practice and genuine feeling, and, above all, piety, had made her very perfect.

But, surely, she was unhappy. The Earl had found her weeping when alone. Who does not sometimes weep when quite alone? No, I do not mean alone; but when in His presence, to whom all hearts are open, all desires known. Who that loves Him, does not love to lay the burden of his daily trials at His feet? And are we the less happy, the less cheerful, because that burden is sometimes heavy with our tears? Lucy had met with many trials; none, certainly, of a deeply afflicting nature, yet many which are the most difficult to be borne, trials to her temper and to her patience; but these were ever of a passing nature, and when once over, soon forgotten.

Lucy's features were not beautiful; but their modest, innocent expression, was better than beautiful. Her hands were not the whitest in the world, though delicately shaped;

their little palms might have been softer, but, if it might have been said of her, as of the fair and happy milkmaid, "she makes her hand hard with labour," it might have been well added, "and her heart soft with pity;" for they who knew her, say she was the kindest creature that ever lived. There was a feminine grace, an innate delicacy, about all she said and did, that fitted her, he thought, for any station. There was a freshness of feeling new to him, and a gentle winning courteousness of manner, which gave a peculiar charm to her character. But although she was one of Nature's own sweet gentlewomen, and unaffectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor uneducated country girl. There was one, however, who soon began to find new hope—new life, I might almost say, in the society of Lucy; one who, in spite of all the pride or aristocracy of his habits and his prejudices, began to feel it a privilege to be addressed as a familiar friend by the pure-minded maiden; who felt, in his inmost heart, the influence of her modest, cheerful piety; and paid her, from his heart, the homage of respect and love, that was the sweeter from being half made up of gratitude.

But, gentle reader! do you not tremble, tremble for the country girl, when I speak of the love which this high, proud lord felt for her, and declared not long after he felt it? You need not fear! when I speak of him, I may divide the syllables in nobleman, and assure you, that he was a noble man, in the unperverted sense of the word. The suit he pleaded, was that of chaste, honest love, and manly principle. He shrunk even from the thought, lest

his station in the vain, heartless world, should by any chance become known to Lucy. He wooed her as one in her own lowly sphere, and with delight he found, that he could be loved for himself, and with all the perfect devotion of a virtuous woman's heart.

He could not help smiling, when he made his proposals in due form, to the relations of his sweet Lucy; for they did not choose to have the child thrown away upon one who, for what they knew to the contrary, might be little better than a beggar, or a sort of (they did not quite say the word) "vagabond." They doubted, and questioned, and wavered, and questioned him again, till the Earl began to feel uncomfortable, and to stammer, and blush; and thus, in fact, to make them really suspicious: for he had quite forgotten to provide against this most probable issue of his suit to them.

"You see," said an old uncle, at last, who was the head of the family, and the best spokesman, "you may be a very good sort of a young man, and I have nothing to say against you; but you are, or at least have been, till now, when you're plucking up a bit, a poor, sickly, idle body; and, suppose you fall ill, or take to no kind of employ, and have nothing coming in of your own,—why Lucy's fifty pounds, and the hundred that I shall leave her, when, please God! I die, will go but a very little way. I tell you what," he said, "brother and sister," (turning to Lucy's parents, and looking very wise,) "don't be in a hurry to give your consent; Lucy, though I say it, is as good a girl as any in the land, and fit for a lord—yes!

I say it again, (though you seem to smile,) young man,—fit for any lord in the land.”

Lucy had been very busily plucking the withered leaves from a geranium, which her lover had given her; but now she turned round, pale and trembling, for she feared the effect of her uncle's harangue upon her father, who was apt to be as positive as his brother. She said not a word, however, for she had high notions of a child's respect and duty to a parent—she had learned them in the Holy Bible. She trembled, and her heart throbbed with agitation, for she cared not, if he whom she loved were penniless; but she felt, that without the consent of her parents (servants of God, and kind parents, as they both were), she could not marry him. She turned, as gentle loving daughters will, on all occasions, to her own tender mother, and she had not to speak,—her mother could read her looks, and she could not resist the tears which rose so suddenly into the soft eyes of her duteous child. Mothers, or wives, I meant to say, have a winning way of their own, particularly mild, submissive wives, such as Lucy's mother; and what with her own influence as a wife, and her own woman's wit, or (in truer words) calm good sense, it was soon agreed that Lucy should marry her lover on this condition—that the answers to a certain letter, to be written by him, for a character, &c., proved satisfactory.

In due time, to the very day, a letter arrived, directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were quite satisfied; and now Lucy, who had been, at

times, unusually silent, recovered all her cheerfulness; and went about the house singing (so her mother thought) like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford, for so he called himself, was married to his Lucy, and all the fair and modest girls of the neighbourhood were waiting round the church door, to fling basketfuls of flowers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

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He heard the blessing of many poor, aged creatures who lingered about in the sunshine of the church-yard, upon his humble, yet lovely bride. Every one who met them on that happy morning, smiled upon them, and blessed them.

"High rank, heaps of gold, could not buy such blessings as this!" he said to himself; "but my sweet and pious Lucy has won the love of every heart. These people, too, have known her from her childhood!"

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"Wipe away your tears, my Lucy," said her husband, "we will soon return to see your parents, and we will never part with our little cottage, where we have been so happy; but I must go to see this house of ours in my own country! and I am sure you would not let me go without you."

"Have you ever seen this house? and is there a large garden?" replied Lucy. "I dare say, as no one has been living there for the last two years, that the flowers have

been sadly neglected." As she said this, she looked fondly on the geranium which she was carrying in her arms, the only thing she had brought away from her cottage.

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"That is a grand place indeed!" said Lucy, as towards the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice; "but does our road lie through the park?"

"Not exactly through the park," he replied, "but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and the housekeeper for years; and I am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to show us any little attention in their power, and we have time enough, though the sun is getting low, for we are just at home."

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said.

"Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture, are very grand," said Lucy, "but my eyes ache with looking at them; I like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbour of honeysuckle so near the house?"

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length she said, "I wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy? A man should have a very humble spirit, and be a great lover of the Bible, and of his God,"



she added, "to be master here! They say that riches often make men forget their God! How dreadful it would be to be called away from all this earthly grandeur and riches, in a state of forgetfulness! Is the Earl of D—— a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free spoken to the poor?—Is he a married man?" she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face, and after a long pause.

"How many questions have you given me to answer, Lucy? Let me consider! Is he a good man? I believe he wishes, and he prays and tries to become a good man, Lucy, but I have reason to know that he has lately been taught to know himself, and that there is none that doeth good, no not one. He would tell you that he does not trust his righteousness, but the pardon of his unrighteousness, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Is he a married man? He married, not many months ago, a young country girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy."

"Poor thing!" said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

"Why do you sigh, my own wife?" he demanded. "Do you envy that poor country maiden?"

"Do I envy her?" she replied, in a voice of tender reproach; "what a strange question! Do I envy any one?" and as she said this, she drew more closely round her the arm which encircled her slender waist; "would I exchange my husband with any one?" she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face. "I sighed in pity

for the poor young lady (for a lady she is now), such a change is enough to turn her head!"

"Would it turn yours, Lucy?" he said.

"Perhaps it might!" she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner. "But is she really happy! Does she love him for himself alone?"

"My sweet Lucy," he began, and as he spoke, his wife thought that he had never seemed so tenderly respectful towards her: "My sweet Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions:—you smile! I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, you alone!"

"But first," said Lucy, very artlessly, "I must be lady here; you must make me Countess of D——!"

She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll: Clifford rose up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service: then, leading the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them all as their future mistress, the Countess of D——, his wife.

Lucy did not speak; she could scarcely stand; the colour forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend everything. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her; then, with an effort that was very visible, but

which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self-possession; and, raising her innocent face, she curtsied to the ground, and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which perhaps spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of D—— led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons and stately banners of the house of D—— above her: but, perhaps, of all the high-born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with a humbler spirit, than that Lowly Lady. It was a hazardous experiment that the Earl of D—— had made, but in the case of the young Countess, it succeeded. She had a mind of a superior order, and clear sound sense; and she had what is far better, high principle before God to support her in her altered position. "You look grave and sad, my Lucy," said the Earl, as she stood beside him leaning on his arm after the service was ended. They were alone in the chapel, for they had lingered there after the little congregation had departed. "Grave, but not sad," she replied. "I have been endeavouring to realise this sudden change in my condition, and to seek the gracious help of Him, who in His providence has ordered it. Surely He will not leave me while I look to Him, and seek to live nearer and nearer to Him. What should I do if He help me not? And you, my husband, you will still love me, and

help me to fulfil my new duties, as becomes your wife. It will be all very strange and difficult at first, will it not?—but you will bear with me, for no one was ever so kind to me as you. It is all still like a dazzling dream; but I must not be dazzled—and then—” she paused. Her eyes were fixed upon a tomb close to the spot where they were standing—it was that of one of the former Countesses of D——, a stately monument of marble, on which lay the effigy of her whose body had been buried in the vaults beneath. She read the inscription in silence; then laying her hand on her husband’s arm, and looking up in his face, with an earnestness which seemed to him to give an inexpressible charm to her youthful and delicate features, it was so eloquent with simple truth and deep feeling, she said, “It matters little whether we are rich or poor, of high or low degree, during this mortal life—the stateliest head must at last lie low in the dust. If we are the children of God, and the disciples of the lowly Jesus, we must walk by faith, and not by sight, and with all lowliness and meekness, learning of Him, and walking with Him, and He was meek and lowly of heart.”

## FULGENTIUS AND META.

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"Where is the wise! Where is the disputer of this world! Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"—1 Cor. i. 20.

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"He is here," said a young student to his companion;—"he is coming this way, and you may have a full view of his countenance;—remarkable it is indeed, and not easily forgotten by those who have looked upon it once." The young men were loitering beneath the shade of the tall linden trees behind the University of W——. The person whose approach they watched so anxiously, was the celebrated Professor Fulgentius. He advanced from the venerable cloisters with the pace and manner of one in deep thought; and as he passed along, the younger student gazed upon him with a stare of awe and reverence that would have raised a smile on the professor's face had he observed it. A loose, and closely-written leaf fell from the heavy folio Fulgentius was carrying: he observed it not till the younger student had sprung forward and presented it to him.—"Certainly," said he to his companion, "the features and expression of this man's face would have impressed themselves on my memory as not

commonly stern and cold, had I seen their whole character changed to kindness by the smile with which he received that fallen paper."

The university schools were already crowded when the students entered. Many foreigners of distinction were present; they had been drawn to W—— by the fame of the professor, and most of them had taken up their residence in the town, having remained there during the course of lectures Fulgentius was now about to conclude. The young students were not singular in their admiration. Every eye was fixed on him, as the professor entered the schools and ascended the pulpit from which he delivered his lectures. The first sound of his voice hushed the assembly into deathless silence, and those who heard its tones, and the opinions he expressed, wondered not at the effect of his eloquence. Clear, deep, and musical, that voice flowed on like a strain of fine harmony, so that the hearers hesitated within themselves which to admire most, the wisdom and research, nay, the striking originality of his reasoning, or the beautiful language in which his ideas were clothed. Fulgentius was eminently calculated to impress deeply, and to convince those who heard him.

His mind was of a high order among his fellow-men. He was not a mere book-worm, crammed with the ideas of others, and indebted rather to his mere memory than to mind for the knowledge he possessed. He looked upon learning of every kind, not as an end and object to be rested in, but as a means to be used for a higher purpose. He made use of his vast acquirements rather as an aid

by which his own powerful mind was better enabled to grasp the wisdom after which it aspired.

The personal form and countenance of Fulgentius agreed well with the character of his mind. The bold, yet classical, outline of his limbs and features; the expanse of his broad, yet thoughtful, brow; the commanding, yet graceful, dignity of his bearing and manner, made him appear at that time,—for he was then in the full vigour of manhood,—as one of a superior race of human beings.

The lecture was not concluded, when the flourish of trumpets at no great distance was distinctly heard; and the professor had scarcely ceased speaking, when a noble train of horsemen was seen entering the great gateway of the college, and slowly winding round the spacious court. The royal arms and banners of the house of — were recognized. The lordly cavalcade was a deputation from the elector of —, who had sent his portrait and a massive chain of gold to the Professor Fulgentius, in token of his high esteem and reverence; conferring on him at the same time, an appointment of great value and honour.

It was to a very different scene that Fulgentius was soon after called.

His only sister, not long a widow, had been attacked by a dangerous dropsical complaint, brought on by extensive debility of body and lowness of spirits; and she had sent to entreat that he would lose no time in coming to her.

And now, Fulgentius was standing in the large and favourite sitting-room of his family. He had already seen

his sister's attendant, and she was gone to prepare her mistress to receive him. Fulgentius had been absent from his native home for many years; and when last in that room, his family had been there, a cheerful, healthy party. Alas! the home of his childhood was strangely altered: an infirm and aged gentlewoman sat at his mother's ebony spinning-wheel, twisting and twining the flax with her long and withered fingers. His parents were both dead; his youngest sister had not long survived them. This feeble matron, a poor and distant relation of his mother's, was the only individual who had been spared in health to welcome his arrival.

He saw no alteration in her appearance. She was sitting almost as he had last beheld her; her white hair drawn back from her calm but wrinkled forehead, under the quaintly shaped Flemish cap she always wore: her form as erect as ever, clad, it seemed, in the same stiff, heavy gown of black silk, with the same double ruff, in which not a plait was out of order.

Fulgentius himself was changed, and she did not know him; for she had entered into the second childishness of old age. She looked up carelessly when he entered, and surveyed him when he addressed her; but she turned again almost immediately to her spinning-wheel, and he felt that she also was as one of the dead to him. In person, in form, nay even in dress, she was alive before him: but in mind and spirit she was among his departed relations. He looked round upon the room, and the sight of every object there increased his melancholy. A rich



flood of the mellow sunset-light poured full upon a group that Rubens had painted not many years before: a happy family group of his mother and sisters; and there it was, a frail thing of paint and canvass, the work of men's hands, surviving its original, as fresh and bright with the lovely mockery of health and beauty, as on the day when it was finished. Fulgentius turned away, for the tears had filled his eyes, and blinded them to the beloved forms before him. He felt more anxiously impatient to see the only survivor of the lovely group; yet the nurse had not returned. He could not resist seeking at least the door of his sister's chamber, and waiting there till he was admitted. He followed the steps of the nurse through the suite of apartments adjoining the one where she had left him, and was entering the last of the suite, a large saloon, through the half-opened door, when he perceived that it had been turned into a sleeping-chamber, and was occupied by his beloved Meta.

There he stood, fearful to move, or even to breathe, so deeply was he impressed by the scene before him. "Is it even come to this?" he said to himself. "Is she already gone, or is the last breath of mortal life escaping now?" He was aroused by the voice of the nurse, who had not observed his entrance at first. "You may come in, sir," she said, "if you will be so good as to sit down not immediately in my lady's sight. She will come to herself presently, though she hears and notices nothing just now. The joy she felt at your arrival was a little too much for her; but we are used to these fainting fits,

and find it best to do nothing but leave her to herself while they last; she always recovers without assistance."

A profound stillness prevailed through the apartment, and every object was shrouded in a softened gloom; for the heavy folds of a large crimson curtain had been let down before the bay-window, so as to exclude all the glare of daylight.

How very pale and altered was the calm, lovely face which had fallen back upon the cushions of the large easy chair on which his beloved Meta was reclining, without any sign or motion of life! How fearfully thin the small delicate hands, hanging down so languidly amid the loose folds of her white drapery, itself scarcely whiter than those still beautiful hands!

As the nurse had foretold, in a few minutes her mistress began to recover; she drew her breath deeply, even with low groans, as well as sighs; and at last raised her head, and said in a faint, but cheerful voice, "Is he here, nurse? I am quite prepared to see him; tell my dear brother to come to me at once." "He is in the room, madam," replied the nurse. "In this room?—Where?" she cried out, with a joyful tone. "My Everard! my brother, come to me!" He advanced softly, and bending down over her, kissed his sister's cheek and lips. Meta raised her arms, and folded them round her brother's neck without speaking; and then, as he knelt down beside her, she took one of his hands in hers, and looking up towards heaven, she offered a few words of thanksgiving, meekly, and in silence, that her prayer had been heard, and she

had been permitted to behold her beloved brother once more before she departed! She afterwards turned to her brother, and gazed long and silently in his face, even till a few tears stole from her large expressive eyes; but almost at the same moment a smile of exquisite sweetness played round her lips, and she said, "Your presence, my Everard, soothes and revives me more than I can tell you—you are come to remain with me till my——" she saw that he looked grave and very mournful; she said, therefore,—“till I consent to part with you; and I fear that will not be very soon! I wished to see you very much, my Everard,” she said to him, as the nurse left the room; “and I desired my nurse to leave me alone with you. I have much to say to you, I confess; but, weak and helpless as I am, I feel as if my strength would not entirely desert me till I have asked for advice and comfort from you. Do not be frightened if I should, once or twice, fall into one of those fainting fits, which are now so common to me, but remain quietly by my side, and you will see me recover, as I did just now, without needing any assistance.

“You looked so very mournful, my dear brother, when I was about to speak to you of my death just now, that I feared to distress you still more, and forbore to speak on the subject; but of what use is it for us to shut our eyes to that which will probably happen in a few days? My medical attendants, at my earnest entreaty that they hide nothing from me, have told me so; and my own opinion coincides with theirs. I feel that this poor enfeebled

body will soon be only fit for the silent chambers of the grave. You see me calm and even cheerful, my own brother," she continued; "and I am so at times, because, He who has brought me to this afflicted state, has graciously enabled me to be resigned to the dispensations of his righteous providence; but I have longed for your coming, not so much that I might see you once again, but that I might confide to you the fearfulness, the doubts and griefs, which, alas! press so heavily upon my poor heart. I look to you as a messenger of peace from God. You are His holy minister, my brother. You have been taught by His dove-like Spirit; and you will do His work, and help to raise a bruised reed."

Fulgentius listened with profound attention as his sister went on to detail to him her ignorance, her doubts, and fears; her need of instruction, of hope and consolation: but he knew more of books than of human nature. He heard, with extreme astonishment, language to which almost every poor village minister of the Gospel, who visits his parishioners in distress and sickness, is well accustomed. That infinitely Holy Being, who drew from the righteous Job the humble confession; "Behold, I am vile! I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes," had been pleased to wake her up to the real character of the human heart. She had begun to compare herself, not with the low standard of human beings like herself, but with that Divine Redeemer whose whole life on earth is set before us as the great exemplar of all those graces which shone forth in his own person as the son of man, and with which He adorns the

characters of his true disciples. She spoke like one "poor in spirit," and of a broken and a contrite heart. She knew that the hour of death and the day of judgment were at hand, and she was in deep sad earnest for the salvation of her soul.

Fulgentius was deeply read in every work of controversy; he was accurately acquainted as a critic, with the whole sacred text—his reason was convinced—his imagination had been excited; but his heart had remained all the while unaffected.—He had never known from his own internal experience, that it is "with the heart the Christian believeth unto righteousness," and that religion is to her true professors "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

He reasoned, and argued, and demonstrated, till he succeeded—not in edifying and consoling his beloved sister, but in perplexing her, and leaving her neither convinced nor satisfied. Yet still she listened to him with humble, yet sorrowful attention, and every now and then the large tears dropped heavily from her downcast eyes. She had never doubted as to the truth of the Gospel, though he was so anxious to convince her understanding on that point. She had lived as a Christian in name, but with little acquaintance with the Word of God, and, of course, as little with its peculiar doctrines; and now that she drew near her departure from mortal life, she deeply regretted her inattention and carelessness. She had searched the Word of God herself during her illness, but her time was growing very short; and she

needed, and wished for the instruction of some minister of our holy faith, who would simply set before her the way of salvation: not with the mere wisdom of words, not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but through Jesus Christ and Him crucified in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; in fact, she needed that teaching and that consolation which none but an experimental believer knows how to impart.

With deep anguish of spirit Fulgentius looked upon his beloved sister as she leaned forward, her fingers clasped, her eye upraised, and her whole countenance agitated by the expression of anxious, hopeless grief.

However, he answered not, but sat as one stupified and confounded. He, on whose instruction crowds of the learned and noble had hung in breathless attention, had not a word for a helpless, trembling woman, and that woman his own sister.

The learned and justly celebrated professor was a remarkable instance of one who is wise, profoundly wise in the letter of Scripture, but utterly unacquainted with the spirit of Scripture, whose religion is of the head, not of the heart.

But Fulgentius was a man of sincere and noble principle. The humbling situation in which he had been placed, led him to think of the cause of his failure. He discovered, after much deep and searching thought, that he was perfectly unqualified to administer to his sister the consolation she required.

The conviction humbled him to the dust, but he frankly confessed it, not only to himself, but to his sister. She

had become materially worse, even since the short period of his arrival; the hour of her departure from the body was evidently at hand, yet she was still unsatisfied and desponding; unwilling, and unprepared, to die.

It happened that, on more than one occasion, the conversation between Meta and her brother had turned upon a former friend of theirs, now a humble village pastor, residing at no great distance.

He was a man, in power of mind very inferior to Fulgentius, and when the latter was in his splendid career at W——, Herman was gaining more useful and practical wisdom, as the parish minister of an unknown country village. He had but one simple object in view—to seek the salvation of his own soul, and of the souls of his people. This object he had pursued in good earnest, with humble, but steadfast perseverance, with honest, manly zeal; and the effects of his preaching and his example, under God's blessing, had been witnessed in the holiness and happiness of his little flock. From all that Fulgentius had heard of this man, his simplicity, the earnestness of his religion, and how he was more skilled to raise the wretched than to rise, he felt that he was likely to be the very person suited to instruct and console his sister; he lost no time in asking him to visit her, and then he told her what he had done. "I will not deny," she said to him (her pale and wasted features glowing with joy), "that I shall rejoice to see him; that I had secretly longed to see him; for I am a dying woman, my Everard; and the awful relation in which I stand with

my God, ought to throw down even the dearest ties of earthly relationship, if they interfere with the one thing which is indeed needful to me.

"But I have another cause of rejoicing, my own brother; I see your own deep and heartfelt humility, your meekness and true affection, and how you regard, far above the gratification of every proud and selfish feeling, the glory of our God, and the eternal happiness of the sister of your soul; and I remember who hath said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Herman came, and when Fulgentius had brought him to his sister, he left him with her; but after he had quitted the room, he lingered about the door, nay, at last quietly took up his station there, that he might listen to what passed within. He expected to hear deep and learned arguments. He found, with surprise, what is called by the wise and learned St. Paul, "the foolishness of preaching."

The good country parson had brought the Bible in his hand; and when Meta laid before him her fears and her doubts, he opened the holy volume, and simply set before her the answers that God had written for her "learning, that she through patience, and comfort of the Holy Scriptures, might have hope." Afterwards he kneeled down and prayed, not with much wisdom of words, nor elegance of language, but as a sinner seeking his Saviour's pardon, his Mediator's intercession; as a humble and teachable child imploring his father's forgiveness and blessing. "And now, I would have you remember, dear lady," he said



to Meta, as he was about to take his leave of her, "it is a work not of nature, but of grace, to work out our own salvation;" and we must always ask of Him to help us, who is ever ready to work in us both to will and to do, of His own good pleasure. A Paul might plant, or sow the seed, an Apollos water; it is God alone who giveth the increase." For several days he continued to visit the dying woman, and God gave His blessing to the sound and simple speech of the village pastor.

Fulgentius saw the effect of the simple evangelical teaching of his friend Herman, in the calm, assured hope which now filled his sister's heart, with all joy and peace in believing. He saw that this hope was not derived from any wild and fanciful visions of enthusiasm, but rooted and built upon the plain and reasonable foundation of God's Holy Scriptures.

"Thanks be to God," he said, in one of the last conversations which he held with his beloved Meta—"thanks be to God that he has at last taught me true wisdom. I have sought wisdom in various ways, but, alas! only as many an enlightened heathen has done before me; I had passed over that sound and striking advice which conveys the instruction that we need in our search. 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given.' It was on my knees I should have sought it, and in the study of God's holy word; I might then have learned long ago, that 'the wisdom of this world is too often foolishness with God.'"

## AN ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.



A LARGE party of gentlemen were hunting in Windsor Forest. The chase had continued for many long hours, but the gallant stag had, at last, outstripped his pursuers, and got safe away. The hounds and the horses were almost tired out, and several of the hunters slackened their speed, and rode on quietly beneath the outspread branches of the forest oaks, enjoying the freshness of the breeze, and the cool and pleasant shade; while others, still eager for the chase, galloped off in various directions, in the hope of finding the stag.

It happened, that one of the hunters, who had been wandering on in thoughtful silence, supposing that his companions were following close behind him, suddenly discovered that he was alone. He looked round on every side, but saw no one; and, when he shouted loudly, no one answered him. Though he did not remember to have been in that part of the forest before, and had certainly lost his way, he thought that he could have little difficulty in finding it again. He accordingly pushed forward in what seemed to him the right direction, but was again stopped, by finding a little girl alone and weeping, in the midst of the wide forest. Notwithstanding her mean and

tattered dress, her whole appearance was striking and uncommon. Her slight limbs were finely shaped, yet brown as those of an Indian girl; and her long hair fell about her neck and face, in a hundred little spiral curls, as black and shining as the plumage of the raven. The poor little girl seemed to be very unhappy, indeed; for she was crying, as if nothing remained in the world to give her pleasure; and though the sun was shining brightly in the fair blue sky above her, and the sweet air was kissing her dimpled cheeks, and playing in the light curls of her hair—though flowers, which she loved at other times, were growing all over the green grass at her feet—and though she herself was often the gayest and wildest in her light-hearted glee—yet now, neither the sunshine, nor the sweet air, nor the flowers, had any charm for her. The gentleman spoke kindly to her; but she heard him not, and did not cease from weeping. He rode close up to her, and spoke still more kindly and softly; and then, fearing that the poor child was frightened by his tall, noble horse coming so close to her—for she drew back quickly—he dismounted, and, holding his horse by the rein, went up again to the poor little girl to find out what made her so miserable, and, if possible, to comfort her. He was a kind and tender father himself, and well used to the troubles of little children. He had a pleasant, affectionate way with him, and though he spoke rapidly, his words and tone were very gentle.

“Take your hands from your face, my good little girl,” he said, “and listen to me; you cannot hear me while you

go on crying so. Tell me what is the matter, and what I can do for you. Why are you alone, all alone, in this wild, lonely place? Where is your mother and father?"

The little girl had left off weeping so violently when she heard the gentleman speak so gently to her: and, though she had not taken her hands from before her face, she had removed, first one, and then another, of her small fingers, and peeped out with her bright black eyes upon his benevolent face; and though her little bosom still heaved with agitation, and short quick sighs had succeeded to her unrestrained weeping, she had listened with attention to what he said. But at the mention of her parents, her grief burst out afresh, and she sobbed aloud, as one who refuses to be comforted.

"I have no father, and no mother," she said, at last—"they are both dead; but I do not cry about them. I have a dear grandmother, better to me than a mother, and she is dying too—she is going away from her poor Anny, and I shall never, never see her again."

The gentleman felt very sorry for the little girl, when he learned the cause of her sorrow, and he desired her to tell him where her grandmother was, and said that he would be kind to her, and do all in his power to make her well, and to comfort her.

"Grandmother is here," said the child—"I mean she is close by;" and, without saying more, she led the way, as if she expected the gentleman to follow her. He did follow her. After tying up his horse to a tree, he followed the steps of the little girl, who, every now and

then, looked back to him, with a face full of thankfulness.

They had not gone more than twenty yards, when they entered a little open space, or glade, among the trees; at the further end of which, under a thick and spreading hawthorn, the gentleman beheld a low, wide tent. A girl, some years older than his young acquaintance, was kneeling, busily employed in breaking sticks, and thrusting them into the fire, that had been lighted upon the turf, over which a large black pot was suspended from three cross sticks. The girl rose up when she saw the gentleman and her little sister approach: she also looked very sorrowful, and thanked the gentleman for coming to see her poor dying grandmother. She told him that they were gipsies, and that the rest of their party had left them for a few days, only an hour or two before her grandmother was taken with a fit. She and her sister scarcely knew what to do; but, at last, their grandmother had come a little more to herself. She had not been able to leave her grandmother, but she had sent her little sister Anny twice to the town, to beg the doctor to come and see the poor sick woman. Yet she could not get anybody to come; and now her grandmother was growing worse again, and had lost her speech.

The gentleman went up to the tent. Close to the entrance, her miserable bed spread upon the bare ground, lay the poor old gipsy. Her face was turned towards the inside of the tent, and she was as motionless as one

already dead, except that, now and then, she moved her dark and shrivelled hand backwards and forwards, feebly picking and pulling at the coverlid, as dying persons often do. The gentleman stooped down, and spoke a few words to her, but the aged woman seemed not to hear him. However, his eye was attracted by a torn and dirty book, which lay open upon the pillow of the dying woman, and he had the curiosity to see what book it was.

"Ah, sir," said the elder girl, "I believe there's a deal of fine reading in that book; and my grandmother set great store by it, torn and soiled as it is. While she could use her eyes, she used to be spelling it over and over again; but now, she says, the letters are all dark and dim before her sight, she cannot see them. I wish Anny or I could read a word or two to her, but we have never had any learning."

The gentleman said nothing, but, taking up the book from the pillow, he sat down on the green turf close to the head of the dying woman. The book was the Bible. He chose some of those beautiful passages which are easy to be understood, and at the same time, full of hope and comfort to the sinking and fearful heart. He read of the tender compassion of the Father of Mercies to His guilty creatures, in giving His own Son Jesus Christ to die for them, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life!

It seemed as if the words of the Scriptures sounded more distinctly in the ears of the dying woman, than any other words; for she turned entirely round, and opened

her dull eyes with a vacant stare: she endeavoured also to speak, but could only make a faint uncertain sound, in which no word could be distinguished. Then she drew her hands together, and clasped them as if in prayer; taking that way, it seemed, to show that she was quite sensible to hear and understand what was read to her:—and the young girls drew near, and kneeled down quietly beside the bed, listening also to the sacred words of life, and feeling a sort of happiness in their sorrow, as they looked upon their beloved parent, now as calm as a sleeping infant—except that tears stole down her hollow cheeks; but any one might see that they were tears of joy, for all the while a smile was on her lips.

Suddenly the sound of trampling horses was heard, and in the next moment several horsemen came riding through the wood; one of whom galloped up almost to the tent, when seeing the gentleman there, he instantly dismounted, and taking off his hat, stood before the tent, without speaking a word, for the gentleman had looked round as he heard him approach, and motioned with his hand that he must not be disturbed. Before, however, he had closed the book, many other horsemen rode up, with looks of alarm on their faces, for they brought with them the gentleman's horse that had broken loose from the tree to which he tied it; and they said they feared to find he had met with some accident or other.

The gentleman only smiled, and spoke very fast, as-

suring his friends that he was quite well; and going up to his horse, patted him, and led him farther away from the tent to mount him again. The two girls had looked and listened with astonishment, while all this was going on: but when the younger of them saw that the kind gentleman was about to remount his horse, she feared that he would go away without saying anything more to herself, or her sister, or her poor dying grandmother: and she sprang forward and caught his hand, and said in a low timid voice, looking full in his face as she spoke,—“Don’t go away, kind gentleman, don’t leave us yet—we shall all be very sorry when you are gone.”

Before the gentleman could make any reply,—nay, before the little girl had finished speaking, one of the party took the little girl by the arm rather roughly, and said, “Go away, child, you are very bold to take these liberties with his Majesty.”

The little girl knew not what “His Majesty” meant; but if she had known, she need not have been much alarmed, for her kind friend smiled and nodded to the other gentleman, and said, “No, no, let her alone, she is not a bold little girl; we understand one another, and are very good friends—are we not, dear child?”

Anny blushed with pleasure and gratitude, and turned a sidelong glance from her soft eyes upon the other gentleman, as much as to say, “You see I was not wrong to take his hand, for he is very kind.”

The elder sister, however, knew what was the meaning



of the words which had no power to awe her little Anny ; and she came up to her sister, blushing deeply, and looking very shamefaced, said in a loud whisper, "Anny, Anny, you must not be so free with him. It's the king."

The little girl started, and then seemed to consider within herself, withdrawing, almost unconsciously, her small hand ; and then, without raising her face, she ventured to turn one awe-struck look at him, to whom she had spoken so familiarly. "Yes, yes, dear child," he said, "it is the king ; but the king is your friend, quite as much your friend as the gentleman who found you crying just now, and did all he could to comfort you. And the king has a great deal of power ; and though he cannot raise your grandmother from her dying bed—for only the King of kings," he took off his hat as he spoke,—“only the King of kings, the Lord of whom we have been reading, is able to do such great things ; still your friend, the king, will do all in his power to help you. He will send a doctor to see your poor grandmother as soon as possible, and she shall wait for nothing we can get her. Good bye, little girl, good bye. The doctor will soon be here ; and remember, I shall take care of you and your sister when your grandmother is gone to heaven."

## THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

DONA FRANCESCA looked in her husband's face, and smiled. "You will not have to chide me here for weeping at the thought of Italy, my own beautiful Italy," she said. "Here is a sky as deeply blue, as cloudless; and trees are here as rich in graceful foliage, and this air, which feels like a fan of downy feathers on my face, has rilled the delicious fragrance of an orange grove: I'm sure it has, I know the scent at once—though long years, long at least to me, have passed since I have seen an orange grove."

Francesca's voice was very sweet; often as her husband had been charmed by its sound, he thought its silvery tones more sweet than ever. "I did not like to say too much of this fair home of ours," said Don Leon, "for I feared that my fond and early associations might colour the scene too highly. Yet this terrace! my Francesca, I have sometimes told you of this terrace, and its dark over-arching cedars; its thickets of roses, where the nightingale sings first and latest: the orange grove, which, as you rightly guessed, is near at hand, and—"

"And," said Francesca, interrupting and yet continuing his words—"and the long sweep of this lovely bay, where

the grey mountains slope upwards at once from the shore, and where, as in my own Italy, the myrtle hangs almost over the clear waters of the sea. Yes, my husband, I remember well your beautiful descriptions, and my doubts and banterings, when you said that Spain could match with Italy. You did not like to say too much of this fair home! Why, Leon! don't you remember that I used to tell you, whenever you said any thing about it, that no land but Italy could answer to your glowing descriptions. But you were right, my Leon, my own brave Leon, quite right, as you always are. Don't be so very grave, so gravely Spanish here. There is no occasion, now we are in Spain, to wear your Spanish gravity, as you have done in other places, fearing, it seemed, that you might not else be taken for a Spaniard."

Don Leon smiled, and said he could not help his looks, his Spanish gravity, but that his heart was glad when she was with him; and then Francesca took her husband's arm, and they ascended the broad marble steps to a loftier terrace, and so went onward through another grove towards the palace. She would have lingered also on that upper terrace, for the air, though not less soft, blew there more freshly and more freely; and her eyes sparkled as they cast a hurried glance over the quiet bay, for the golden sunbeams of the morning fell thick upon the rippled waves, and blazed upon the gilt and painted galley which had brought them from the more distant vessel to the shore.

"It is indeed a lovely scene, my sweet and gay Francesca," said her husband, replying to her speaking looks: "and

we will often come hither, often gaze together upon this glorious prospect, and drink in this pure fresh air." Then, drawing her arm again within his own, he led her onward, her beautiful hair blowing about in the wild sportive wind, and the rosy freshness of health and exercise glowing on her cheek and parted lips.

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Dona Francesca was gentle and quiet; her gaiety was always that of a very feminine spirit; there was no levity about it; she was only gay in those delightful seasons when to enjoy is to obey. There was a deep and serious thoughtfulness upon her brow, when Don Leon found her one evening sitting in their ancient library. She was bending down over a volume, which lay open before her: resting her cheek upon her hand. "I have been thinking," she said, as her mild and earnest gaze met that of her husband,—“I have been thinking, perhaps more deeply than usual, and asking myself many questions. There are some, my Leon, that we must answer together.”

“Is this not always the case, sweet one,” he said in a voice as gentle and as serious as her own, “when you search the pages of this inspired volume? Have we not often agreed that we cannot read this book as we read other books?—for every now and then its words pierce like a sword of fire, even to the heart.”

“And sometimes,” said Francesca—“nay, Leon, you have told me often times the same—they fall as the dew falls upon the parched and drooping herbage.”

"But these questions, which we must answer, my sweet wife?"

"We must answer them," she continued, "to Him who searcheth the heart, who knoweth our most secret thoughts. And they are—they are these," she said:—"First of all—Are we not too happy, my Leon?"

"Too happy!" he repeated; "can any one be too happy in this uncertain world?"

"Yes, too happy!" she again said—"too happy to be in a state of safety. You know, Leon, that I am not naturally mistrustful; I have ever seen the bright side of every object."

"I know it well," he answered; "and I do therefore wonder the more to find you speaking thus."

Francesca made no reply at first, but pointed silently, with her finger placed upon the page, to the words she had been reading in the Bible: they were these—"I do also see the ungodly in such prosperity; they come in no misfortune like other folk, neither are they plagued like other men."

"Does this not apply to us?" said Francesca, modestly, the pure colour deepening in her cheek as she spoke. "We love each other tenderly, devotedly. We love all God's creatures; but do we love their Creator and our Creator, their God and our God,—are we not ungodly? And yet I think we should not say, 'we *do* not love Him now,' but rather, 'that we *have* not loved Him till very lately,' nor have we ever known and loved this Holy Bible, His own most Holy Word."

"It is our chief treasure," said Leon; "and yet how little we thought, when we came into possession of this rich inheritance, that one unknown and unnoticed volume\* would be soon more precious than our heavy coffers of gold."

"Far more precious," continued Francesca, "than those caskets of diamonds which you opened before me, dearest, when you first brought them to my dressing-room, and were a little, a very little disappointed, because I did not look upon them with the childish delight that you expected to find in me, or when I complained that the ropes of orient pearl which I wore to please you at court, were as cumbrous as they were beautiful. How worthless do all the precious things of the world begin to appear to one who has found the pearl of great price! You will smile, my Leon, but our very prosperity as to the blessings of this world, has begun to alarm me, since I have studied the Holy Bible, as to the safety of our spiritual concerns. I am uneasy, lest the things of time and sense should be occupying that place in our hearts, which the things that are eternal, and of God, should fill alone. Had you come to me a little sooner, you might have found me trembling, and in tears, before my God, for I had found the place where it is written, 'what is a man profited if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul!' Now I am sure the desire of gaining has never possessed my heart, but I am also sure that I have had scarcely a thought beyond the enjoyment of God's gifts, bestowed in such abundance upon us. I have not held them with a stew-

\* The Bible was the rare Spanish Bible of Bonifacio Ferrer.

ard's hand, nor have I estimated them as a pilgrim should his wayside pleasures.

"I have not had a wish ungratified, but I have received the goodness of the Lord rather as my right than as a favour from his gracious hand. Our dear child, are we not blessed in him? Many parents whom we know, are childless. God has dealt most graciously with us."

"He has, indeed," said Leon, "and henceforth we will not forget him, my Francesca. If he has distinguished us among our fellows, we will strive to love him more than others."

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Doña Francesca sat in her favourite saloon, waiting for her husband, and wondering at his long absence—an absence longer at least than usual. She had ordered a table to be spread with cooling fruits beside the fountain in the marble hall, for there the refreshing atmosphere was delightful during a sultry day. The hall was connected with the saloon where Doña Francesca was sitting, by an open corridor. Had a stranger entered that magnificent apartment, and seen the lovely and smiling lady with her noble-looking boy, he would have agreed with Doña Francesca that there were few more blessed with worldly happiness than herself.

"You look not like yourself to-night," said Doña Francesca to her husband; "you are not estranged from me, I am quite sure of that; but something has happened. What has happened, my own Leon, to make you look so melancholy?"

"Send Alfonzo to bed, dearest," he replied, looking mournfully on his little boy; "is he not up later than usual?"

"A little later, dear Leon," she replied, "for I wished him to see you before he went to bed—but he disturbs you, and perhaps your head aches. Come, Alfonzo, nurse is only in the ante-room." The little boy was taken away.

"I have seen a sad sight to-day," said Don Leon; "I did not tell you where I was going, but I went on purpose to be present at the Auto de Fe, at Seville, this morning. It was a fearful and humiliating sight, Francesca. There was one of our own rank, a man whom I had known and loved since I was a boy, a Ponce de Leon; you may remember him, for Don Juan was with us soon after I brought you to Spain. Your heart would have ached had you seen him to-day. His manly form, clad in the horrid sanbenito, and the coraza\* on his noble head, both painted over with flames and fiendish figures, an extinguished torch in his hand, and a halter round his neck, while a friar walked on either side of him, talking to him of that mercy in heaven which they denied him on earth. Doctor Juan Gonzalez suffered also. Perhaps there was not a finer preacher in Andalusia; and he went forward with so firm a step, and a countenance so calm and cheerful, that one could see he had made his peace with God. Two of his sisters were with him, doomed to the same horrible death; and he often turned to them with looks and words of cheerful encouragement, and began at

\* The cap worn by the condemned.



last to sing some holy psalm, but his inhuman persecutors thrust the gag into his mouth. I feared, from their pale faces and heavy downcast eyes, that his two sisters would have yielded to the influence of mortal fear and made their recantation; but on their arrival at the place of execution, they seemed to be suddenly inspired with new strength, and bore their cruel fate like true heroines. But why should I tell you more of these frightful persecutions—for persecutions I must call them; the great crime of the poor sufferers is, that they take a view of our holy faith somewhat different from that held by the Roman Catholic clergy; and, to say the truth, unwilling as I should be to separate from what I have ever considered the true church, I feel disposed, since we have begun to search the Holy Bible for ourselves, to pass no heavy censure upon the followers of this new learning and their bold leader, Martin Luther."

"I have heard but little of the new opinions," replied Doña Francesca; "but of this I am certain, that I would rather give up our teachers, should there be no other alternative, than the Holy Scriptures, which it now seems they would take away from us."

"Tell me, dear Francesca," said Don Leon, "for it has not occurred to me till now to ask you, have you taken away our Spanish Bible? I left it on the table in my own dressing room this morning—I left it open, and when I came in just now it was not there."

"It is surely there," replied Francesca. "Not an hour ago I was in that very room, hoping to meet you on your first entrance (for you know I often meet you in your dress-

ing-room), and the Bible was lying as you left it. I will go at once and look for it."

"You will not find it there," he replied, as they left the saloon together. The Bible was not found. The servants were questioned about it, but they either knew nothing or would tell nothing. Don Leon and Doña Francesca returned to the saloon; but the countenance of the former was even more troubled than it had been before. "Alas!" said he mournfully, "our time of trial may be close at hand, Francesca; are you prepared to meet it, or shall we seek in any way to avoid the coming storm?"

"Should there be any honest way of escape from persecution, we might flee by that way; but if not"—she hesitated, for her eyes fell upon her husband.

"Well, my Francesca," he said, "if not, we must pray for faith and for patience; were those the words you would have added?"

"I hardly know," she replied, with a trembling voice and a faint smile; "and yet I think I am prepared for any trial and for any danger to be shared with you."

"But if we should be called to trials that we may not share together, my sweet wife, let us think even of the worst, and let us from this moment be prepared."

"My husband, my own friend," said Francesca, calmly, "you must not blame me if I differ from you now. You seem to me to bring forward dark forebodings, and then to call them preparation. Does our heavenly Father require such a frame of spirit in his children? Does he not rather say in His blessed word—'Be careful for nothing, but in

everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God ; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ ?' The events which may happen beyond the present hour, will be ordered by Him whose love is equal to His wisdom. Why speak of being prepared for heavy trials ? I am quite sure, my Leon, that he will do all things wisely and well ; and, as for the future, if we are called upon to suffer, His strength will be made perfect in our weakness. Is it not true that when he sends afflictions to his children, He sends also the strength to bear them ?"

Doña Francesca had scarcely spoken the last few words, than she turned very pale ; she placed her trembling hand upon her husband's arm, and whispered, "There it is again," pointing with her finger towards the hall.

"Tell me what alarms you thus ?" he exclaimed ; "give me some explanation of this sudden terror."

"I will, I will," she said ; "but come with me first. There is some listener skulking near : I am certain of it. I saw his shadow plainly by the moonlight."

"We will see his face," said Leon, snatching up the lamp and springing forward. In the corridor, between the hall and the saloon, where they had been sitting, stood a tall dark figure ; he did not stir at their approach, and as the lamp flashed full upon his face, his cold but steady look met the angry glances of Don Leon. "Who are you ?" he demanded, "and by what authority have you entered these

apartments? Speak at once, or take the consequences upon yourself."

"I may answer all your questions," replied the stranger, very quietly, "by a few words. The Holy Office has called for your presence this very night; you will go with me at once."

"This is not to be borne," exclaimed Don Leon indignantly, and almost fiercely. "You have been meanly listening to us in this, our own chamber. Our Bible has been stolen by your sacrilegious hands, I know it has, he said; for his eye had fallen on the silver chains attached to the sacred volume. They were held, it seemed, very carelessly by the inquisitor, and the Bible hung suspended from them. He received no answer, but the monk walked slowly to the door and opened it. In another minute Don Leon and his wife were surrounded by the familiars of the Office.

"Alas!" he said in a voice of low, deep agony; "I must leave you, Francesca! It is useless to think of resistance."

"You will both be conveyed to the Holy Office," said the inquisitor.

Doña Francesca, who had stood before like one lost as to speech and sense, on hearing that they were to go together, and not, as she had dreaded, to be separated, uttered a cry of delight, and threw herself into her husband's arms. They remained for some minutes locked in one tender and loving embrace. Then Don Leon, throwing his arm around her, signified his readiness to depart. He led her gently forward, and was about to lift her into the covered carriage which

stood waiting at the door of the palace, when she was suddenly torn from him, and carried off to a separate conveyance. His efforts to free himself, his frantic air, were those of a madman; but he soon lay resistless, bound hand and foot, and the gag in his mouth.

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A terrific storm came on with the closing shades of evening, the pale and forked lightning playing with a wild lustre upon the iron window-bars of a low but spacious dungeon, in which many female prisoners were confined. The pealing bursts of thunder had alarmed them all—all but one fair and delicate lady. She was sitting apart from the others upon a low seat or rather niche, which had been hollowed into the rocky wall. Her wrists were crossed one over the other, and her hands hung listless down; her head had drooped upon her bosom, for overcome by fatigue and grief, she had at last sunk into a quiet sleep.

Few would have recognized the fresh and beautiful Francesca in that pale and wasted creature. She had suffered much from torture on the horrid rack, but far more from the sentence which that evening had been declared to her; it was, perpetual separation from her husband, and imprisonment for life.\* She was now like one stunned and stupified by the mere weight of her grief. She was scarcely conscious that they had put upon her the *zamarra* or vest of yellow cloth, (the sort of *sanbenito* she was condemned to

\* See M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Spain, for punishments even more unjust and dreadful.

wear); and when the morning brought the pleasant sunshine into her dungeon she noticed it not, she heeded not the bells that tolled from all the churches, nor the crowded procession of the Auto de Fe in which she walked among the poor wretched prisoners. Once or twice she looked about her, but her eye met not the only object which it sought. If Leon was there, she saw him not.

Another trial awaited Francesca. During her imprisonment she had often entreated to be allowed to see her child; the request had apparently received no attention. On her return to the prison, she was put into a carriage, and taken to a convent about three miles from Seville, a friar of the Office accompanying her. On their arrival they were at once shown into the convent parlour, to which the little Alfonso had been also brought: the child was in the arms of a strange nurse, when Francesca appeared. Notwithstanding her unusual dress, Alfonso stretched out his little arms to her, and she was permitted to clasp him to her bosom, and to cover his face and forehead with kisses. Francesca had not expected this indulgence, and for some little time it quite overcame her. Laughing and weeping by turns, she addressed her dark and silent companion. She awoke at once to new life, and poured forth her warm and eloquent thanks, and blessed him from the fulness of her heart. He, however, noticed her not, nor even raised his cold glances from the missal which lay open on his knees. At length becoming calm and composed, she sat gazing, with smiles, and in silence, upon her young and beautiful child. Her smiles died away as she became more and more thoughtful—died away

so entirely, that the child after staring at her with astonishment for some minutes, stroked his little hand over her pale and sunken cheek, and then, putting his arm fondly round her neck, laid his head on her bosom, and sighed deeply. The door of the parlour, which led to the interior of the convent, opened, and the lady abbess entered, accompanied by a Spanish lady of high rank, a near relation of Don Leon. Doña Aña de Segura was a strict Roman Catholic herself, but she was really grieved for the distresses of her friends. It was chiefly owing to her entreaties that Francesca had been permitted to see her child; but she had promised to exert all her influence with Francesca, and to work upon her feelings by means of the child, to bring her to recant her heresies. She left no way which she could devise untried, to convince or to win over Doña Francesca, and she was ably seconded by the abbess. The heretic, as they deemed her, listened to them attentively, and replied to them gently; but after all their arguments and all their persuasions, they found her even more unmoved than when they began to address her.

"It is useless," said Francesca, meekly, as the two ladies stood before her, silent, and evidently mortified at their want of success: "I have counted the cost of all I am forced to give up, in order that I may keep a clear conscience before God; and I only grieve and vex you, my kind friends, for kind you are, notwithstanding your harsh words. I have heard all that you can say, and am rather strengthened than otherwise in my determination to suffer persecution, as I see no honest means of escape,"

Doña Aña was a proud and virulent woman, of superior talent: she had persuaded herself of success, and in her self-confidence had pledged her word to others, that she would convince Francesca of her errors. She had been gradually working herself into a violent rage with the poor feeble prisoner: she now overwhelmed her with reproaches and bitter invectives, she snatched the child roughly from its mother, and when she implored her to give him back to her arms, losing all command over herself, Doña Aña struck her a violent blow. The more gentle abbess now interposed, and even the inquisitor raised his eyes for a moment on the extraordinary scene. Doña Aña had no sooner struck the unoffending Francesca than all her anger turned against herself. She threw herself at the poor mother's feet, she put the infant into her arms, and, bathed in tears, she knelt before Francesca, and entreated her forgiveness. Francesca's smile and voice were saint-like in their heavenly sweetness, as she bent down to raise the penitent woman, and kissed her forehead and her cheek, and looking upward prayed that God would bless the kind and sympathising friend who had brought her infant to her once again. At length the inquisitor closed his book and rose up, coldly desiring Francesca to accompany him, unless she had determined to recant her errors. Francesca quietly prepared to go with him. She looked, however, at her child, with a look of such heart-broken wretchedness, that Doña Aña, weeping as she spoke, renewed her entreaties.

"Do not torture me any more, my kind, kind friend!"



said Francesca, in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper.

The inquisitor turned to the abbess, and without the least emotion either in tone or countenance, he said with a look of cold but decided authority, "Take the child from her."

The abbess approached, but the child, as if aware of what was intended, threw both his arms round his mother's neck, and clung to her with a look of alarm. Doña Aña now threw herself at the feet of the monk, urgently entreating him to allow but a little longer time, if nothing more. "The time is already expired," he coldly replied. But here Francesca spoke: "You *will* wait," she said, with a look and manner of such calm dignity, and with so firm a voice, that even that stern inquisitor was awed by its authority.—"You *will* wait, till I have embraced my child for the last time. He shall not be taken from me—he will obey me when I bid him—my sweet Alfonso," she said, drawing the child closer and closer to her bosom, "kiss me, and then go to those kind ladies without saying a word." The little fellow seemed to understand her at once, by the obedience that he showed to her words; he kissed her, and when she led him to Doña Aña, he made no resistance. Once or twice she passed her hand over his soft hair, and her lips moved in prayer. She kissed his forehead, his cheeks, his eyes, his mouth, and pressed him once more to her bosom; she then left him with a countenance as calm as it was grave and sorrowful.—The monk had opened the door and passed on; Francesca was passing through the door-way, when Doña Aña sprang forward

and seized one of the passive hands of Francesca, and entreated her to stop,—she rushed past her, and stood in the way, holding up the lovely child, and as she presented him, she said, “Can you consent to part with him for ever,—never, never to see him more?”

“Hear me for the last time,” said Doña Francesca, gasping for breath as she spoke: “I have neither will nor power in myself—in pity let me pass! It has been said by Him, who will help me, who is with me now, ‘He that loveth son or daughter, more than me, is not worthy of me.’ For His sake let me pass——”

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Nothing was ever clearly known of the fate of Don Leon de Valera, Marquis of Jamilla, or of the gentle Italian lady, Doña Francesca, whom he married. Their rich possessions were seized upon by the state. A year or two after their condemnation, a rumour was in circulation that Don Leon had been seen in Germany, and about the same time a portrait of Doña Francesca was set up in the most public part of Seville; copies of this picture were also sent to several of the frontier towns, and a high reward was offered for her apprehension. Some said that Doña Juana of Portugal, the king's sister, had secretly favoured the escape of Francesca. Their son, the young Don Alfonso, was stolen from the convent about the time that the rumour of his parents' escape was mentioned, it was supposed, by a band of gitanos or gipsies, who had been seen about the walls of the convent garden.

## ANNE OF CLEVES.

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*Disciple.*—"Say where is peace, for thou its paths hast trod!"

*Master.*—"In poverty, retirement, and with God."

*Inscription on the tomb of Thomas à Kempis.*

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"Your highness must be tired of this long sitting," said the painter, laying down his palette and brushes, and making a low obeisance to the Lady Anne, "but never," he continued, "have I found a lady so patient and considerate as yourself, under the wearisome restraint which painters must impose upon those who sit to them."

"In truth, good master Holbein," replied the lady, with a good-humoured smile, "the restraint is rather a pleasant entertainment to me. You have been in many countries, and have a blunt but lively manner of describing the ways of foreign courts. I will not conceal from you, that I am half angry to find you finishing that portrait so speedily; I would fain have heard somewhat more of the stately court of London, of the king, and the nobles there. However, our present parleys are over, and you no doubt will be many leagues on your journey to the court of Henry of England, before this hour to-morrow.—"

Come forward, ladies," said the princess, addressing herself to several of her attendants; "pass your opinion on the picture before I see it. Fear not to discompose good master Holbein: he is too perfect in his art to mind a woman's censure: and, having finished his work, no remark of ours would prompt his humour or his pencil to desire or effect a change."

A young and simpering dame came forward first, mincing in her steps, and tossing back her head, and looked upon the portrait with half-closed eyes, and then she vowed and wished there was but half the truth in the tongues of other men, as in the pencil of good master Holbein; and then she wondered to herself to find so fair and so exact a counterpart of her most fair and gracious mistress. And then another and another came, and all agreed that the portrait was wondrous like. Some were mere flatterers; and some, from simple love to their kind mistress, were pleased to find so bright a picture of a face they loved.

"I differ from you all," said the Princess Anne, who had now risen from her chair, and stood before the picture. "I tell you honestly, master Holbein, that you may be a wondrous fine limner, and a man of genius in your art, but with your pencil you are a mere courtier. I had hoped from your bluff, downright speech, that you were made of better stuff; but you are like the rest about king's houses, a most egregious flatterer. Look you here. See what a fair and comely damsel! Nature must set to work afresh to make this ill-favoured face and form of

mine like yon bright limning. I have been used to a very different portraiture when I have looked upon myself. Stand beside me, opposite this mirror," said the lady, motioning the painter to one of the narrow pier glasses which adorned the walls of the saloon. "Here, master Holbein, here is the true picture, and here I look in vain for the soft and rose-like bloom of yonder cheek; nor could I bite my lips to such a dainty red as you have given me; methinks those eyes in shape and lustre are very different from mine: in short, I am plain and awkward, and built by nature like a serving-wench, while you have made me fair and delicate enough for what I may perchance be destined to become, a monarch's queen."

"No art of man, my Lady Anne of Cleves," replied the painter, half out of humour with her downright and plain-spoken honesty, "no art of man could ever match with the poorest specimen of that great master-hand, who not only moulded the human frame into such excellent proportion, but breathed the spirit of God-like life and animation into——"

But here he suddenly broke off his speech, feeling, perhaps, that he was, both by nature and by habit, too unskilled to maintain any argument by the mere trickery of glozing and specious words; besides, he could not choose but feel in his heart a slight conviction that the Lady Anne was right, and that he had rather obeyed the Lord Cromwell's commands, than the promptings of his own eye and hand. Therefore he bluntly stopped his ears to the words which were visibly trembling on the lips

of the lady; and ere she could give them utterance, he said, "By the permission of your highness, I take my leave forthwith, to seek an audience of the duke, your father, and then will on to England with all reasonable speed."

"Go, if you please, good master," replied the lady; "but take this as my parting charge and counsel. If you bear that fresh and graceful limning to the English Henry, go with it yourself, and tell him with an honest tongue, that she who sat for it is but a homely body."

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Alas! how circumstances met together to surprise the head and heart of the artless Lady Anne into vanity on the subject which scarcely concerned her before—her personal appearance.

"There must be an infatuation about them all!" she said, when she was told that the many strangers who suddenly appeared at her father's court, and came on various trifling pretences, were gentlemen from England, drawn to Cleves by the fame of her beauty; and all ready to carry back their report of it to the court of England. Other pictures, besides that of Holbein, had been painted, although the princess had not sat for them. Some were taken by stealth, and others copied from a portrait not long before painted for her father by Lucas Cranach. These visitors to the court of the duke had been chiefly sent by the Lord Cromwell, others by the king himself, and some had even gone thither of their own free accord.

All, either by letters or by speech, on their return, gave such rapturous report of the singular features, matchless beauty, and princely perfections of the Lady Anne of Cleves, and brought such fair proof in the portraits which they showed, that their high praise was but the unadorned truth, that the fastidious King Henry had determined to demand her in marriage: his political relations urging him also to the same alliance.

At last, the preliminary treaties between the Duke of Cleves, and Henry of England, came to a conclusion, and the Lady Anne was formally apprised that her hand was to be given in marriage to King Henry the Eighth. Presents of great cost and splendour were brought for the princess, and a fleet of fifty sail, under the command of the Earl of Southampton, then Lord Admiral, was sent to convey her with much state from Calais. The Lady Anne arrived there, and the Lord Southampton, after his first interview, wrote to the king in England, in high commendation of her beauty.

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"Methinks the time wears heavily enough," said King Henry, as he strode up and down a small chamber in the palace at Rochester, where the Lady Anne of Cleves was expected to arrive that very day, on her way to Greenwich. "I like not this imprisonment; but Dan Cupid orders it. Kings as well as baser men are led captive by the urchin. Ha! ha! Sir Anthony! Is it not so?" said he, stopping right opposite his companion as he spoke.

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The haughty monarch was just then in a vein of high good humour, pleased with everything, and everybody; and still more pleased and satisfied with himself for such unwonted condescension.

“See you here plain proof, Sir Anthony, with what a fond and loving, jealous care, I do attend my matchless Lady Anne! I have brought gifts even in my own hands for the fair creature. See you here, among my other gifts, I have not forgotten those that shall veil from bold and curious eyes my ladye-love.—I know not if she wear such gear; if not, her ivory neck had best be hidden by this partlet ruff. And when I have sunned myself in her bright beautiful face, my hand shall veil her features with this muffler. I will not have her stared upon by any vulgar eyes, till she is openly showed as bride and queen to the Lord King of England.”

The chamber where the king and Sir Anthony Browne were closeted together, was a secret apartment, adjoining the gallery in which the Lady Anne of Cleves, and her female attendants, were to dine and rest on their way to Greenwich. The upper panels of the oak wainscot of this gallery were all filled up with rich and curious carving; but at the farther end, there were several panels in which the carved wood was cut quite through; and yet so skilfully had this been done, and so well was every open crevice blinded by a dark transparent canvass behind, that none who looked upon the panels from the gallery could have thought how clear a view was thus afforded to the inmates of the little secret chamber beyond. Here it was, in this secret chamber, all spread with



quilted carpeting, so that the heaviest footfall was unheard, that the impatient king kept his watch: and ever and anon he approached one or other of the veiled panels to look and listen for some sign of Anne's approach. At last a loud shrill blast of trumpets from the street below, startled the monarch from the seat on which he had thrown himself and sat playing with the partlet and muffler, and a fair golden cup which he had brought.

As Henry stood gazing into the gallery, a sweeter gush of flutes and psalteries came flowing along the passages; and soon after, the light sound of female voices. She entered—other ladies with her and before her, but the king recognized her at once; and yet he looked again on every female face, and watched to the last, the very last of all the train that entered, then scanned her steadily with his intense looks, and stood astounded. Again he turned at the moving of the door—it was only that one of those, whom he had already seen, had gone to shut it close. Yes, yes, she was the looked for Anne of Cleves. There was no mistake; he knew her from Holbein's portrait, not that it resembled her, but that the large coarse-featured, graceless creature, bore a strange and most unpleasant likeness to the pleasing picture. She leaned upon no arm, though so many attended her, but walked heavily and slowly into the gallery, and looked about her with a smile on her wide face, and spoke some low, strange-sounding words to her ladies; then sat herself down before the chimney, and put out her feet to warm them at the glowing fire; and such large clumsy feet were they, that Henry looked down upon his own and thought them small.

All this time the king spoke not a word, but stood without stirring or speaking. But when he turned away from the panel, Sir Anthony saw that his countenance had fallen to a black sullen mood. He let down, with his own hands, the double folds of a thick curtain which hung above the panel, and then stepped on tiptoe over the floor, as if he feared that even then some sound might betray them.

"Hist, hist! Sir Anthony!" he exclaimed in a loud whisper, with the same black frown upon his face, holding up his head, as if to enforce more decidedly a profound silence. "Summon my fellows to the private entrance. I must away forthwith to Greenwich by the road I came. Let not a breath betray that I have seen her. As for those," he added, as the glance of his attendant fell upon the presents he had brought; "there let them lie—or, no, give them yourself, Sir Anthony, if it must be so," and he sneered. "If it must be so, give them in my name, but with as small a show of kingly kindness as may be."

His journey back to Greenwich had in no way changed the wrathful humour of the king. Hastening instantly to his own apartment, he desired that a private council of his chief friends and advisers should be called to attend him. They came, and found the king reclining, or rather lounging, on his couch, with his eyes fixed upon Holbein's portrait of Anne of Cleves. One after another was announced, and entered and stood around him, but he did not turn his head, nay, he scarcely seemed to notice any in particular, in the few haughty words he spoke. "Ha! ha! my Lord Cromwell!" he exclaimed in a seemingly careless, but scoffing

tone, as the lord vicegerent entered, "so much for your boasted beauty; 'tis a kind policy to act as you have done, and praise but tamely; then no high expectations could be raised, and beauty would not surprise, as it has done this day. 'Tis a good custom, too, that painters have to daub a coarse face rudely on the panel, to prove a foil to the original and most rare loveliness. Holbein has painted her as one would paint the sun: the pictured form is bright, but when I gazed upon the living wonder, I was well nigh dazzled into blindness."

Cromwell would have answered, but at that moment, the Lord Admiral suddenly entered the room in his rich riding dress, as from a journey.

"You have seen this fair young creature," said the king abruptly, and bending forward with a hand on each knee, and a look of much animation. "How like you this woman, my lord? You received and attended her at Calais; do you still think her so personable, fair, and beautiful? we pray you speak, if only to confirm your letter, good my lord."

"In sober truth," replied the Lord Admiral, looking somewhat confused, "the noble princess is not fair, but brown," and here he hesitated, as if he knew not what to say. The king looked him in the face searchingly and thoughtfully awhile: then turning from him, he rose up, and approaching nearer to the portrait of the Lady Anne, "Alas!" said he, musing as it seemed, in his mind, with his eye still fixed on the picture.—"Alas! who shall men trust? We promise you we see no such beauty in her as hath been showed us of her, either by pictures or report; and we are ashamed," he add-

ed (throwing a stern glance on the assembly as he spoke,) "that men have praised this woman as they have—I like her not. My Lord Cromwell! if I had known as much before, as I do know at present, I tell you what, she should not have come into this realm of mine. Have you no remedy to offer me, since you have brought me to this hateful plight? You told me of a fair and graceful woman;—you should have bid me wed a Flanders mare.—I'll neither woo, nor wed her."

"Most gracious Master," said the lord vicegerent, in a very humble tone, "I cannot speak the hearty grief I feel at this sad consummation of your hopes; I have been deceived also by the lively report of her exceeding beauty; but the news you bring, (for it is news to me, who have not seen the lady,) can find, I fear, no remedy."

"It seems to ask for no long deliberation on your part, however," cried the king, wrathfully. "Your disappointment, truly! how shall it rank with mine? Have you to marry with this Flanders wench? But I tell you with no longer deliberation than your own, that I will find a speedy remedy; I will return the lady whence she came, and hold no further parley on the subject. She shall go back unwedded, let the consequence be what it may."

Much argument was used, and more entreaty, before the king would change this sudden purpose; and even then, when he seemed to yield at last to their reasonings, the truth was, that his own hot blood had cooled as he sat silent. He seemed as if he listened, but his mind was all the while planning, debating, and deciding for itself.

"Yes, yes," he said at last, "our political relations may not be despised. The whole body of the league of Smalcald would take the slight which I should seem to put upon the Duke of Cleves, as affront and insult offered to themselves," and smoothing his look and his tone, he continued—"my lords, you know full well, how I have ever preferred the happiness of my people to anything like my own, my selfish gratification. I am ready again to sacrifice myself. The master and the father of the realm refuses to indulge his will and inclination. Set your minds at rest. We feel as you do; we have gone too far in this matter, touching our marriage with this clumsy Fleming, to recede with a good grace. Therefore, the nauseous medicine which is to benefit the body, shall be swallowed by its royal head. Hear, however, what we do solemnly protest, that notwithstanding we now give consent, and will forthwith be linked in marriage with this lady, we feel within a deep-rooted and unconquerable aversion to the same."

Thus the conference was ended, and more quietly than the council had at one time expected.

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The Princess Anne had left her native country with deep sorrow in her heart; for she was forced to turn almost from the death-bed of her father, to the rejoicing, and the stately pomp attending the preparations for her speedy marriage. She was also called to a sad parting from every individual of her family, perhaps no more to meet them on this side the grave. She was called to depart, probably for ever,

from her own country, and the home of her childhood, to seek her home among a strange people, to become the wife of one who, she could not help confessing to herself, was famed to play the tyrant better than the husband.

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The splendour and state that surrounded the Princess of Cleves from the moment that she was met on her entrance into Calais by the Viscount Lisle, the governor, astonished her; and she was equally affected and delighted by the hearty and unaffected kindness of the English, as soon as she appeared among them. For fifteen days she remained at Calais, detained by contrary winds, and all the time she lodged there, goodly jousts and costly banquets, were made for her sole solace and recreation. Then, attended by the noble fleet, she crossed the Channel, and landed at Deal. On her whole progress from Deal to Dover, Canterbury and Rochester, till she arrived at Greenwich, the first nobles and dignitaries of the land came forth to welcome and attend upon her.

The Lady Anne could not resist yielding to some natural gladness of heart at the reception she met with, and the attentions she received from her new countrymen. She felt it would be wrong and most ungracious to think of her own domestic sorrows, and wear a mournful face when every face of those around looked joyfully and kindly upon her. I should not be grateful to my heavenly Father, she thought within herself, were I to receive all this welcoming with a churlish spirit. How little she suspected the insults that

awaited her, and that she had been drawn from her country and her family to a strange land, only to be exposed to the most heartless indignities from the man who ought to have been her protector and her friend !

Preparations\_ of extraordinary magnificence had been made for the arrival of the Princess of Cleves in England ; the king rather added to, than diminished their splendour, as if he would have hidden the repugnance of his heart under the show of an astonishing heartiness of joy.

The princess received him on her knees, flinging herself down upon them as he appeared. Nothing could be more ungraceful than her large coarse form in the attitude of kneeling. Henry looked very grave, but her eyes were modestly turned on the ground ; and, with as gallant a courteousness as he could command, he stepped forward to raise and salute her. He spoke, also, many gracious and flattering words ; but here a new source of disgust and disappointment awaited him. The Lady Anne heard him with a stare of astonishment, and, after a short but dead silence, replied, but with what appeared to him a jargon of words, as uncouth as her looks.

" Her Highness," said one of the ladies in attendance, " does not yet speak the English tongue."

" And no other language ?" said the king.

" None," was the reply, " but that of her own country."

The king could not therefore converse with her, except through the medium of an interpreter. Such, however, was the diligence with which she applied to the study of the English language, and so great the facility with which she

acquired it, that in a very short time she was able to converse with much readiness.

On this first interview with the king, the Lady Anne was above the affectation of concealing her feelings; but she could not help that the pure feelings of a kind and grateful heart should be exhibited by coarse, ungainly features, and a clumsy form. Her own good sense had taught her to rate at their proper value all mere outside appearances. She felt that, ugly and clumsy as she was, she was by no means deficient in warmth of heart and soundness of understanding. The sentiments which have been since so happily expressed by Shakspeare, might have been applied to the person of Anne of Cleves:—

“It is the mind that makes the body rich;  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?”

Notwithstanding the turbulent and brutal ferocity of his manners at times, King Henry could appear, when it pleased him to do so, a most gallant and courtly gentleman. He was seldom known to expose himself in any public assembly; and now he had determined to veil his deep and rooted feelings of disgust to the Lady Anne, under the smoothest courtesy of outward manner. Still the marriage was delayed a little while, though the reasons for the delay were studiously concealed from the public.



The repugnance of the king to the Lady Anne, had determined him to attempt the last and only way in which an impediment could be raised to the marriage. There had once existed a contract of marriage between Anne of Cleves and the Marquis of Lorraine; and it was thought by some, that this pre-contract might be urged as an obstacle to the union of the King of England with the Lady Anne. But this objection was soon removed, when it was certified that, although in the peace made between John Duke of Cleves and the Duke of Lorraine, the young Princess Anne had been promised to the son of the latter duke; yet, that afterwards, the contract was annulled, and that this was registered in the chancery of Cleves. This being certified, no just hinderance to the marriage could be found, and so the poor deluded lady was married to the king.

I must refer my readers to the elaborate and circumstantial account of Hall, for the details of the marriage between the King of England and the Princess Anne of Cleves; for the exact description of their costly dresses, and the noble and gracious appearance of the bride and bridegroom, and all the state and circumstances of the ceremony.

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The queen had no beauty, no accomplishments. Her demeanour and manners were entirely without grace or elegance. She possessed neither wit nor imagination. Her mind and her person were of the same character, utterly commonplace. There was about her even an appearance of

stupidity, her features being coarse, and capable of very little expression; but with all these faults—imperfections they might seem in the eyes of a world which is too apt to value the surface of things, and to neglect and pass over entirely what is, in fact, of more real worth—the new queen possessed three invaluable qualities—good principles, good sense, and a sweet temper; and the time had arrived when her real character was to be put to the test. Not a day passed without some costly entertainment: pageants and mummeries, and dances, besides many sumptuous feasts, followed one another in quick succession. The queen had no particular enjoyment in any such diversions, but she saw those around her pleased, and she tried to be pleased also.

At one of these grand entertainments, the queen had felt inclined to be thoughtful and melancholy, for it was given on the day when she had taken leave of all but a very few of her foreign attendants. They were gone, and she had never felt so desolate since her arrival in her new country, and the ways and customs of those about her had never seemed so strange; but she was very humble, had a poor opinion of herself, and learnt to think of the will and pleasure of others before her own, and in the denial of self, had discovered much of the secret hidden from so many—the secret of content. Thus she got rid of her troubles almost as soon as she became sensible of them. "Every one is kind to me," she said to herself. "The whole country seems to smile upon me, let me at least be thankful!" And thankful and kind, unaffectedly and heartily kind, she was to every one. How much better was such an honest, grateful spirit, even in a coarse

and homely garb, than half the smooth and smiling courteousness we meet with in the world !

The king was standing beside his bride at the entrance of a music room, where a concert was to be given that evening.

"Does your grace sing?" said the king, taking a lute from the hands of a little page who was passing, and just touching the strings with his fingers.

The queen turned at the sound of his voice, and smiled with pleasure as the clear tinkling of the instrument met her ear. Henry smiled too, for it suddenly occurred to him, that his dull unsightly partner might excel in music. With the most graceful manner he courteously placed the lute in her hands. The queen took the lute in so awkward a way and held it so clumsily, that the interpreter's assurance was scarcely needed, to inform the king that her highness was entirely ignorant of every kind of music. However, the king quickly shook off all signs of his disappointment, and calling to the youthful page, who was then celebrated for the exquisite melody of his voice, he gave the lute to him, and bade him sing to the queen the sweetest song he knew.

The king led her grace to a seat, and the little page gracefully bending till he kneeled on one knee before the queen, sung at once the following words :—

#### A WINTER SONG.

The sun hath lost its lustre,  
The sweet bird sings not now;  
No crimson roses cluster  
Upon the leafless bough.

The azure streams are frozen,  
The azure skies are gone ;  
But dove and I have chosen  
This season for our own.

I turn from earth so mournful,  
To Anna's joyful face,  
And find the red-rose blooming  
In that far sweeter place.  
The deep blue of the heavens  
Smiles in her downcast eye,  
And her slight throat imprisons  
The sweet bird's melody.

Queen of a thousand bosoms

\* \* \* \* \*

The song had been addressed to the queen, and intended as one of the many compliments with which her appearance was to be greeted ; but it was evident that the writer had only seen the picture of Anne of Cleves. The king, charmed with the voice of the boy, bent down attentively to catch every word of the clear and melodious articulation ; but during the second verse he half rose from his seat, while his face was darkened with the crimson blood, and as the page was beginning the third verse, the king bade him be silent with a frown, and take his lute and himself away. The little fellow trembled and turned his affrighted gaze on the faces of the king and queen alternately, and the latter pitying his alarm, turned at once to the king, and entreated that, for her sake, the little page might be pardoned, whatever offence he might have given.

Now while this scene was passing, some very observant

eyes were fixed upon the king and his ill-fated queen. In a small cabinet or closet, adjoining the saloon of music, there stood a group of ladies, all attendants of the royal bride.

"I warrant me," said the Lady Rochford, (for she was one of the observers,) "his highness is in a gracious humour to-night! How pleasant to the eye is female loveliness!"

As she spoke thus, she held the fan of feathers in her hand, before her mouth, to hide the light tittering laughter which accompanied her sage remark.

This bad and artful woman had already discovered the dislike of Henry to his new queen, and had begun to hope that he who had already got rid of two wives with so much ease, might find but little difficulty in obtaining a separation from a third. Perhaps the thought might have crossed her mind more than once, that the monarch's fancy might fix upon some fair attendant of the queen's, as it had done before! She was always ready to wear a dimpled smile in his presence; and being a lady of the bed-chamber to the queen, she was often in the king's presence.

"Her highness wears ever a kind and gracious smile upon her countenance!" said a young and artless maid of honour.

"O yes!" replied the Lady Rochford, (and the fan of feathers was again raised,) "and we may soon learn to dress ourselves by the new and graceful fashions of a certain refined and elegant court. Methinks I see

myself in a gown cut round and short, without a train, according to the Dutch fashion, and a strange mis-shapen cap upon my head, my long hair streaming to my waist!"

As she spoke thus, the large and expressive eyes of a young lady, who had not spoken, seemed to turn involuntarily to a mirror before her: and doubtless the contrast was made between the Dutch mode of attire, the strange cap, the short gown, and the graceful coif of azure velvet, embroidered with silver and edged with gold, surrounding her dark and beautiful hair, parted in shining waves upon a forehead as delicately, softly white as ivory, and the dress of dark ruby velvet bordered also with a delicate pattern of gold embroidery. The contrast was observed also by other eyes than those of the young and graceful dame herself. The glance of the king turned from his consort, and rested in one long and steady gaze upon this young gentlewoman. She was strange and new to his sight, and yet she was not; but he had never noted her before as he did then, had never noted those large and lustrous eyes half veiled by their white lids, that full and glowing lip, and a hundred other beauties which claimed his attention.

For a while the object of his admiration seemed quite unconscious of his earnest gaze. She stood with her eyes fixed on the ground, the round and taper fingers of her right hand playing with a ring on the third finger of her left hand. As the Lady Rochford spoke to her she smiled, but seemed too lost in thought to make

reply. At last her reverie seemed broken, and she raised her eyes, only to meet the full and ardent gaze of the king.

A deep blush instantly suffused the lady's face, and her eyes were again fixed on the ground; but not till they had met those of the king with a tender, timid, but expressive glance. He rose up at once, but suddenly checked himself, and resumed his seat, and the young gentlewoman, leaning on the arm of the Lady Rochford, left the closet where they had been standing, and passed to the farther end of the saloon. But more than once during the evening the king observed a soft and side-long glance turned timidly upon him; and once when she stood beside the queen, and near himself, he heard the low deep sigh that seemed to steal unconsciously from her bosom. Once more that very evening, the fair young gentlewoman met the gaze of the king. He had missed her from among the bright and smiling company that attended the queen: and as, half searchingly, half carelessly, he stood at the entrance of the little cabinet where she had first attracted his notice, he beheld her sitting there alone, an open volume in her hands.

She was reclining upon a pile of heaped-up cushions, and so deep in thought, that she heeded not the presence of the monarch. How beautiful she looked! her soft downcast eyes almost veiled by their dark lashes. Her book was disregarded, she had forgotten to turn over the leaf, which still rested half-turned beneath her snowy fingers. "Is it of me she thinks?" whispered the vain

and foolish Henry to himself. "Is it for me that sigh is breathed? Ah! it is some pleasant day-dream that thus has stolen her thoughts from that unheeded volume, for surely a smile begins to part her lips, and dimple her bright cheek. I will hear words from those same lips," he murmured to himself; but scarcely had he entered the little cabinet, and scarcely had the lady risen in blushing confusion at his entrance, than the heavy step and the loud harsh words of his Flanders bride gave notice of her near approach, and the graceful and blushing lady was left, for once at least, to blush unseen. The king turned to Sir Anthony Denny, with whom he was speaking, and asked the name of the young fair gentlewoman. She was the Mistress Katherine Howard, niece to the Duke of Norfolk, and cousin to the gallant Earl of Surrey.

At last the king was sick of keeping up the show of love and courtesy in public, to the woman he had invited from her own country, and her own kindred, to become his wife and to share his throne. He determined to disregard opinion and appearances, and get rid of this unoffending lady at once.

A low and greedy spirit of selfishness seemed now to have gained entire possession of Henry, glaringly displaying itself, either in the most heartless sensuality, or in a vanity at once pitiable and ridiculous. Most bad men find a flatterer in their own deceiving and deceived hearts, ready to excuse to them every iniquity they commit; but this wretched tyrant possessed not



only that bosom traitor: alas! his fellow men seemed leagued together to flatter him into the commission of enormities, and then to flatter him into a high conceit of himself. A separation from the queen was planned on and put into execution at once, as preparatory to a divorce, which he determined to obtain.

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The morning sunbeams were sparkling in the light ripples of the stream, and the playful breeze fluttering in the flags and streamers of a gilded barge, when the queen and her ladies in waiting descended the board steps on the bank of the Thames.

There was no lack of pomp and formal splendour on the occasion, and the king himself, and several of his nobles, attended her. Unusual pleasure danced in the round eyes, and circled over the broad fleshy visage of the monarch, while the bashaw-like jocularly of his voice was heard loud above every other. The courtiers all smiled, the ladies simpered, the simple-hearted queen was delighted too, and laughed aloud several times at her own awkward stumbles. Once she was nearly falling, and her whole weight came upon the arm of the king. In an instant his countenance darkened, but another moment's recollection restored his good humour, for he bethought himself that he was then about to get rid of the burden for ever. The queen looked round in his face, just as it cleared up again. She ventured for the first, and (as it proved) the last time, to press her husband's hand ere she relinquished it, and to say in a few

words of articulate English, "May I hope to see your Highness shortly at Richmond?" The king gave, seemingly, no heed whatever to her question, but spoke with anxious warmth about her health, and expressed many fond wishes for her recovery. He did not pause for a moment till he had conducted her to the barge, and seen her seated with her ladies around her: they were no sooner seated, than to the sound of loud and joyous music the splendid bark floated away. Henry stood for a while silent, his eyes fixed upon the river, and once or twice he lifted his jewelled cap from his brow, in return to the courteous salutations of the queen and her attendants. Then suddenly seizing the arm of Sir Anthony Denny, he walked quickly away, saying, as he went, in a low but joyful voice—"And so farewell to the Flanders mare! a long and glad farewell! if for ever, I care not. Hey! Sir Anthony. The woman is a good fool, however, and I wish her well. Let her be anything to me but my wife. Her husband I never was, at least by my own free will, nor will be ever while I have a will. My people, good Sir Anthony, would have me wed, being their wish to see me happy; and they were as greatly disappointed as their master, I verily believe, when this huge Flemish damsel came among them. I shall give heed to their wishes. I shall be like the young gallant clog that breaks away in noble wantonness from the colt that cumpers him, and when I wive again, as soon as I may, I'll choose a maiden from my own fair dames of England. They'll love me for the compliment. Know you of any one, the loveliest of her fellows? Ha! you smile! Marry, you have discovered

that already new havoc hath been made in the first heart of the land! You shall know my secret, brave Sir Anthony! and keep it wisely, as I know you will. Bear this fair chain of virgin gold, bear it forthwith to Mistress Katherine Howard, and bid her wear it on her virgin bosom, telling her that her sweetheart will sup with her to-night at the Duke of Norfolk's; and wear this little jewel on your finger, that so you may not have a bootless errand."

The king was true to his appointment at the Duke of Norfolk's, and there his attentions were, for the first time, directly pointed towards the beautiful Katherine Howard. The guests admitted were but few, and the party was altogether a select one. There it was that the fair lady appeared at once in the most bewitching character to the king. Her expressive eyes beamed with all their usual tenderness; but now the king had spoken to her, (and, indeed, he scarcely spoke with any but herself,) her manners at times, had become even playful, though they were never, for a moment, otherwise than feminine. She seemed determined to charm the king with the delicate display of those qualities which he had looked for in vain in the honest-hearted, but ungainly, Anne of Cleves. Katherine Howard possessed, indeed, a large share of womanly tact, or, (as it would have been called in those days,) woman's wit: she comprehended, almost at a glance, the peculiarities of the person she had to deal with; and having done so, she knew exactly the sort of looks and words to use towards that person. She knew how far to go with safety, and where to stop with credit to herself; and, added to all this, she could throw over all she

did and said, a veil of apparent innocence and simplicity, the most unguarded. The weak and self-flattering Henry, (for weak on many points he had certainly become,) was the very person to become the dupe of such a woman. Supper was not served as usual in the great hall of the Duke of Norfolk's palace; but, at the king's desire, in a more private saloon, sometimes used as a banqueting-room. This saloon was the last of a long suite of apartments, and though less ornamented than many others, was very magnificent. Its walls were hung with a new and splendid manufacture, which no description can do justice to—an arabesque pattern of leaves and flowers of gold on a leathern ground of the richest, brightest blue. The lofty ceiling, of the same colour, was also ribbed with arches of gold, and from the centre of every arch hung chains and lanterns of massy gold and crystal. The doors and windows on the south side of this saloon were then all thrown wide open, upon a sort of terrace garden, overlooking the Thames, the garden being laid out in formal parterres, and bordered all along the low terrace wall, next the river, with a thick hedge of sweetbrier closely clipped. In this chamber, blazing with lights, and fragrant with the rich and musky wines, and the rare foreign fruits, that had been provided for the banquet, sat the king. He had thrown off for a time, all that overbearing and bashaw-like haughtiness which distinguished his usual manner; and he sat, or rather reclined, along his low and cushioned bench; his arm was thrown carelessly over the back of the chair in which the fair Katherine Howard sat gracefully erect, and smiling softly as the

monarch every now and then took a grape from the purple clusters in her white and dimpled hands. The loud voice, and loud jocular laugh of the king, resounded through the apartment, and he had familiar words and pleasant jests for every one present. Nay, even those who were weak enough to be drawn into a like familiarity with his own, met with no discouragement.

"The moon looks wondrous bright, sweet mistress mine," he said, turning to Katherine, "and the scent of the sweetbrier and honeysuckle through the open casement, remind me of my youthful days, when I loved to walk by moonlight in a fair garden, but never with a fairer, sweeter maiden than she that now sits beside me. What say you to a stroll in the clear moonshine?" and, as he said this, he rose, and lifting up the golden wassail bowl that stood before him, he pledged it to his noble host. The duke, who rose at these words, and received the bowl, returned the pledge to his beautiful niece, Mistress Katherine. "Those little wrists," said the king, (as the massive bowl was given to the delicate hands of Katherine Howard,) "those little trembling wrists will never bear the weight of that full, heavy bowl;" and saying so, he gallantly offered his assistance, pressing his hands, as he did so, on those of the blushing, smiling lady; then courteously saluting her opposite neighbour, he passed over the bowl to him.

Soon after this the king rose, and on his rising, the little company rose also; and several besides the king and his fair companion entered the gardens overlooking the Thames. The night was indeed very calm and beautiful,

and the moonbeams fell from a cloudless sky upon the broad river, "gliding at its own sweet will," in the still hours of midnight.

"This is, indeed, a fair night!" said the king, in what was meant to be a soft impassioned whisper; "and the rare sweetness of those flowers comes over my senses, as thine image, my own sweet Katherine, comes over my heart."

"Does your Highness, then, love flowers so well?" replied the lady in a sprightly voice. Henry did not answer just at once; he was busily employed in gathering a rose from the light arches of rose and honeysuckle, forming a long bower above their heads. The unwieldy monarch did not manage his little act of gallantry very gracefully, for he broke down a long branch of the rose-tree in endeavouring to gather a single flower, and scattered a shower of the heavy dew over the head and neck of his fair companion. At length, however, the flower was detached, and, as he presented it, he said, "It was from the gathering of a rose in yonder Temple Gardens, that feuds, and strife, and bloody war did spring; but may this rose, my own fair Katherine, be the token of love and sweet affection. I know not in the dim light whether it be York or Lancaster; it is enough to know that it breathes a rare sweetness:" he endeavoured to give a gallant turn to this speech, but could not.

The lady took the rose, and as she raised it to inhale its delicate perfume, she gently pressed it to her lips, fixing her large soft eyes as she did so, full on the countenance of the king, but saying nothing.

"Ha! what have we here?" said Henry, as they proceeded: "what temple, or grotto, or naiad's hall, is this?"

"Tis a fancy of my cousin Surrey's, and a favourite retreat of his," replied Katherine, as they entered the graceful building of which they spoke. It was a small pavilion, built in the Italian style of architecture; the side next the garden was merely a porch, or small colonnade of slender Ionic pillars, delicate and fluted, and of snow-white marble, on either side of which were blank walls, almost hidden by bay and laurel, and the dark cypress. The interior of the building was a single circular room, into which the porch opened, the sides were supported by slender pillars of cedar, fluted like those of the porch, and between the pillars deep silken draperies fell almost to the pavement, suspended under a broad frieze of sculptured ivory, round the upper part of the wall, by cords and rings of silver. The ceiling was a dome of cedar, divided into panels, the carved frame-work of which was filled up by stained glass of a deep sky-blue. A silver lamp hung from the centre of the dome, throwing a clear but gentle light over the whole room.

"This is the pleasantest part of this fanciful bower," said Katherine Howard, touching a spring that was hidden in the silken folds of the hanging. Suddenly one side of the pavilion opened widely: the wall and its graceful draperies vanished, and through the pillars, that were left standing as before, the broad shining expanse of the river appeared. The lady led her royal companion into a marble balcony overhanging the Thames.

Here they stood together, leaning over the balustrade, till the king began to be troubled by a quick husky cough, brought on by the damp atmosphere. He was somewhat too old, and too obese, to enjoy moonlight tryst by a river-side; and leaning heavily on the arm of his fair companion, he stumbled back into the pavilion. Katherine touched the spring, and the sides shut in again. There were several couches placed round the room, and in the centre a broad table of Norway oak inlaid with ebony and silver. This table was covered with books, (some lying open,) and several kinds of lutes and other stringed instruments of music.

"What is this?" said the king, bending over the table, and taking up a volume that lay open. "Ha! ha! poesie, gentle poesie, I see! My gallant cousin of Surrey, I meet thee here again! Ha! pleasant words enough!" and he read aloud, for his cough was no longer troublesome.\*

"O lady gay, in glittering garments drest,  
Enrich'd with pearl, and many a costly stone;  
Thy slender throat, and soft and snowy breast  
Circled with gold and sapphires many a one;  
Thy fingers small, white as the ivory bone,  
Arrayed with rings, and many a ruby red;  
Soon shall thy fresh and rose-like bloom be gone,  
And nought of thee remain, but grim and hollow head.

"O woful pride! dark root of all distress!  
With contrite heart our fleshless scalps behold!

\* Henry was mistaken: the words he read are those of Patrick Johnston, (much altered,) in a poem entitled "The Thre' Deid Powis," or in modern language, "The Three Deaths' Heads."



O wretched man! to God meek prayers address :  
Thy lusty strength, thy wit, thy daring bold,  
All shall lie low with us in charnel cold:  
Proud king, 'tis thus thy pamper'd corpse shall rot;  
Thus, in the dust thy purple pomp be roll'd.  
Mark then, in peel'd skull, thy miserable lot."

The king read no more, but flung down the book, looking dark and savage. The wily lady marked the change, and catching up a lute, she said with a winning tone, and a still more winning smile, "Shall Katherine sing to her royal and gracious master?"

The king threw himself on one of the couches; and the lady standing before him, sang with a voice of liquid sweetness, and to a very low and plaintive air, the words that follow :—

## SONG.

Seek not my love; my foolish voice may falter,  
Blushes may crimson this pale cheek of mine;  
Heed not my sighs—Ah, no! I cannot alter;  
Seek not my love—I never can be thine.

Take back thy gems—it is not for thy splendour .  
Thou wouldst be loved, by this poor heart of mine;  
Plead not thy suit in tones so sadly tender;  
Ask not my love—I never can be thine.

Break not my heart.—As soon the lowly bramble  
Weds with the oak—nay, let me not repine.  
But might I love!—Ah! whither do I ramble?  
Seek not my love—I never can be thine.

Frown, frown no more, and I will cease to tremble.

Sweet are the smiles that in those bright eyes shine;

Thou hast my heart—'tis useless to dissemble—

Seek not my love—it is already thine.

“Ha! what is this? what is the matter? how art thou wounded, my sweet Kate?” said the king, observing a smear of blood upon the little white hand, from which he had scarcely taken his eyes since she began singing.

“’Tis nothing, nothing, I assure your Highness,” she replied, laughing lightly, and holding up her dimpled finger; “’tis but a scratch from the sweet rose you gave, and the touch of the strings has made it bleed afresh.”

The king took the little hand, and pressing it between his own, he raised it to his lips. Drawing a ring set with a single emerald of unusual size and lustre from his little finger, he drew it on one of hers; he tried it on several of her fingers. “Nay,” he said, “it is too large for all; but keep it, if you wear it not; keep it, as the gage of one, who will soon bring thee another ring, and claim thee as thy wedded husband, lovely Katherine.”

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“They call me ill,” said Anne of Cleves, as she lifted up her head from the book she was reading, and turned her eyes round upon the hangings and furniture of the pleasant chamber where she sat, and then forth upon the prospect from her window. “They call me ill, and I

have never felt so well, nor so light in spirit, as I do feel this day, never since I left my native home. I have done for a while with wearisome state, and pomps, and pageantries,—and the king could not have shown me a greater kindness than sending me to this quiet dwelling-place.” The poor queen was sitting alone at the wide oriel window of her favourite chamber in the palace at Richmond, looking out through the open casement at the beautiful landscape before her. The sound of loud and angry voices in the ante-room aroused her; and as a few of their words caught her ear, she rang the golden hand-bell that stood upon the table beside her. Her old attendant, the Countess Ulrica, entered, her brow knit, and her thin cheek flushed with anger. “How is this?” said the queen, gravely: “I have forbidden these raised voices, and I must be obeyed: my commands are not very grievous. My good friend, you will bid those angry tongues be silent.”

“Your Grace should know the reason of our anger,” cried the ancient lady, interrupting her mistress. “It is beyond belief and endurance too. They say the Lady Rochford, whose excuse for not coming hither with your Grace, was grievous illness, is in excellent health, and has been so from the first; and that soft artful creature, Mistress Katherine Howard, is spoken of as the supplanter of your Grace in the king’s affections.”

“I do not wish to hear—I will not hear these reports,” replied the queen; “remember, I forbid the mention of them. There is peace in the quiet ignorance of such

idle rumours. Let me be at peace, kind, faithful Ulrica."

"Nay, but your Grace should have more care for your dignity, than to bear thus tamely such affronts."

"Do these affronts of which you speak," inquired the queen, very calmly, "touch the poor dignity of my station, or the unsullied dignity of my womanly honour?"

"Never was the faintest breath of calumny breathed upon your good name," cried the countess; "how could such phantasy visit your Grace's brain?"

"Then," said the queen, even more calmly, "I cannot feel that there is any call on me for aught like a show of resentment. I think but little of all mere worldly dignities; I have ever worn them most gracelessly: they cumber me. My very person suits them not. Others beside myself have discovered this," here she smiled, "and I have found out their discovery, for I am not blind, (though perchance I may say but little.) I use my common sense, and observe much."

"But let me speak yet this once. Let me tell you what the people say only this once."

"No, not even this once," replied Anne firmly. "My kind, good, faithful friend, you must oblige (I will not say, obey) me—I must hear no more reports, no more suspicions. Not a doubt, not the faintest surmise must be brought hither. In this quiet retreat, I would fain be quiet too."

The ancient lady stood silent for a few minutes: the recollection of some insult to her mistress passed suddenly over her mind—

"No, I cannot submit so easily. It is unbearable!" she cried.

"Tell me," said the queen, smilingly, "who is the person called upon to submit and bear it,—you or I?"

"O, your Grace is the person most deeply offended," said the countess, very drily, pettishly drawing herself up, and bridling.

"Then allow me," said the queen, "as I am the person concerned, to judge for myself how much I may please to bear?"

"Of this I am assured," exclaimed the countess, "that no human power would ever be strong enough to endure it. That's all I have to say—no human power."

"Then," said the queen, with a sweet mildness, "we must all learn to pray more constantly for a higher than human power to work in us to will and to do, not as we vainly wish, but according to the good pleasure of the Lord our God. I have suffered much from having more eyes than my own to see withal, and more ears than my own to hear withal. Many things that I did never suspect have been discovered to me, and many that I did suspect, but could not choose to confess, even to myself, I have been forced to know. I am convinced that the spring and source of your anger with me, is love and true fidelity, Countess Ulrica; but when I tell you that your complaints, your suspicions, your kind, warm-hearted indignation, (however just,) make me unhappy, will you not allow me to remain in my deluded unconsciousness? Pray then, keep a discreet silence from henceforth.—Pity me as a poor foolish

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dupe, if you will," she added (observing the expression of scorn that the countess strove in vain to conceal), "pity me if you please, but be also mercifully silent."

At this moment one of the queen's attendants entered, announcing the arrival of several of the high officers of state from the king, and demanding humbly, but in the king's name, an audience of the queen.

"Ah! said I not it would be so?" exclaimed the Countess Ulrica. "I knew that it would come to this. I knew—"

The queen turned round, and with a look expressive of a grave, calm surprise, checked at once the garrulous indignation of her ancient attendant.

In a few minutes after, four commissioners from the king were ushered into the state-chamber. The queen was already seated there, under the royal canopy, two of her ladies standing by her side, and the whole room filled with her attendants, male and female. As one after the other, they were presented to her, she rose, and when the letter from the king, with the royal seal, and signature affixed to it, was unfolded and read aloud, she rose again, and continued standing till it was finished. Henry, in this letter, requested her to allow the four commissioners a private conference with her on matters of the deepest importance.

By the queen's desire, seats were placed for the four commissioners; and retaining only the two ladies at her side, one of them the Countess Ulrica, both of them her confidential friends, she expressed her readiness to enter at once upon the conference.

The crafty Stephen Gardiner, perhaps the best fitted of the party for his errand, thus addressed her : " His royal and most excellent Highness, my beloved master," said he, " with an entire and perfect admiration for your Grace's virtues, and a tender reverence for your Grace's person, hath bid us make this honest confession of the state of his heart. He finds not in himself aught beyond a brother's affection towards your Grace, and therefore he appealeth to your noble generosity, and would have your gentle hand as willing as his own to loosen, nay, to dis sever entirely the marriage bonds that hold you linked together at this present. They are to him, and doubtless to your Grace, too much of a constraint, and he finds that in his own secret mind, he did never give his free and willing consent to them."

Having thus opened the subject of the commission, the Bishop of Winchester informed the queen, that her marriage had been judged null and void, both by the law of God and the law of the land ; and then the Lord Chancellor told her, that the king would, by letters patent, declare her his adopted sister, and give her precedence before all the ladies of England, next his queen and daughters, and make over to her an estate of three thousand pounds a year, and that she had her choice, either to live in England, or to return home again.

There was a pause in the discourse : the queen returned no answer ; she sat very still, her eyes fixed on the floor, her elbow of her left arm resting on the cushioned side of her seat, and her fingers restlessly touching and clasping a bracelet of large pearls around the wrist of her other arm ; at

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last the chain burst asunder, and the glistening pearls flew off and fell on every side.—“Nay, let them lie, good sirs. Let them lie there, ladies,” said the queen carelessly, to those who had begun to gather up the scattered pearls. “And let me answer,” she added, raising her head, and though her eyes were filled with tears, speaking with a spirit and dignity that astonished every one present; “let me answer this most astonishing communication. My lords!” she said, “you seem but little abashed by the subject of your commission. I envy you that calm composure. One would have thought—” she paused—“but no! you are merely messengers from the king, and do but bear his message.” And here she again relapsed into deep thoughtfulness, and large tears, which she did not attempt to conceal, streamed over her face. The pause continued some time; at length Gardiner spoke again, and even more smoothly; “But what may be the reply of your Grace?”

“There can be but one reply,” she said, indignantly, “let him be free—let his marriage chain be broken—I will grieve as little as—as when that costly bauble broke asunder. I will cheerfully and thankfully receive this proffered boon;” but here she hesitated. She seemed to strive and commune with herself, and gradually the expression of her countenance changed. “I have been wrong to speak so vehemently,” she said, meekly, “but the sun shall not go down another hour on my anger. What demands have you? Tell me at once, for I see by your countenances, that there are still demands to be made.”

“His Highness,” said the Earl of Southampton, “bade



us express his fears, or I might say his friendly anxiety, lest any misunderstanding should arise between your noble brother and himself, and——”

The queen could not repress a smile slightly scornful, at first, but as she spoke, changing into frank and cordial sweetness—“Let him dismiss all fear,” she said, “that I would move aught like dissension, or sinful strife, between my brother and himself. I would be the first, since it is his royal will, to give the duke, my brother, news of my separation from the king, according to my free wishes, my own hearty consent.”

The letter to the Duke of Cleves, and the queen’s consent and approbation of the sentence of divorce, were both written and given under her hand, that day; the queen saying meekly, “she should obey the king in everything he desired her to do.” She gave it also as her decision, that she should accept the offer to reside in England, and remain there, perhaps not desiring to be sent back as one disgraced, to her own country.

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When the queen, now indeed a queen no longer, had passed through the long gallery leading to her own more private chambers, she stopped before the door of that apartment, in which she spent so large a portion of her time, and turning to her ladies, several of whom had followed her from the ante-room of the hall, where she had received the king’s commissioners, she requested them to leave her for a time—

"and even you, my kind and faithful friend," she said, laying her hand upon the arm of the aged countess, who did not seem at all disposed to stir, "and even you," (she spoke with a tone of tender affection,) "must leave me for a time—I must be alone—I need to be alone," her now trembling voice betraying that she had been, and still was deeply agitated. "I must be quite alone with my God," she added gravely and solemnly, but in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper.

She entered the chamber alone, and the door closed upon her. About two hours after, the sound of the golden bell summoned the countess to her mistress. As the old lady entered, she looked narrowly around the apartment, and she saw that the door into the small oratory, which had been fitted up for the queen at her own desire, was open. She guessed, and guessed rightly, that the Lady Anne had been passing there the time of her close and secret retirement.

The Lady Anne now appeared perfectly calm, and even cheerful, and the calm cheerfulness of her voice and manner had that heavenly sweetness about it, which can only proceed from communion with Him, who giveth such peace as the world cannot give, and who hath said to his beloved disciples, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." As her beloved and faithful attendant entered the room, the Lady Anne said, very quietly, "Will your ladyship be so kind as to open the cabinets in my dressing-closet and elsewhere, and take from them all the jewels and other costly gifts which I have received from the king since the first hour that I received the proposals of his alliance with me and my family. I would return them all,

not in a spirit of sullen and thankless resentment, but as a sister might send unto her brother."

The ancient countess stood aghast with astonishment. "Is your grace beside yourself?" she said at length; "The crown jewels are not here!"

"I do not speak of the crown jewels of the Queen of England," she replied, "but there are many others that I cannot keep; and, dear countess, I will, on second thoughts have all the costly baubles put up in my presence."

The countess had a power of words at her tongue's end, but the queen rose up at once, and ringing her hand-bell loudly, others of her ladies instantly appeared. To them she gave the same directions; and accompanying them to her dressing-closet, the jewels and other presents of the king were packed up, and sent by trusty hands to the king: the Lady Anne writing to him, at the same time, a short letter, every word of which breathed forth the meek forgiveness of her spirit.

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When all this was done, the Lady Anne took the arm of the indignant and astonished Countess Ulrica, and bidding her other ladies to entertain themselves for some hours, even for the rest of the day, as they pleased, she retired with her old and much-loved friend to her usual sitting-room.

"And is this," said the countess, almost before the door was closed, "is this all the notice to be taken of the succession of unprovoked and most undeserved indignities that have been heaped upon your Grace?"

"Before we enter into any farther discussion," replied the Lady Anne, "I must call your attention to the message we have received, the directions that have most graciously been given to us on this subject."

"How? where?" said the troubled old lady, looking about her. "Your Grace cannot have heard in this moment from the duke, your brother, or from—"

"From neither," said Anne of Cleves, gravely, and with her usual quiet and natural manner. "There is no mystery, my dear friend; you will find the message, the letter of directions there," and she pointed with her hand to the little oratory, the door of which was still standing open. "Will you be so kind as to bring hither the Holy Bible? you will find it lying open in that prayer closet. And now," said the Lady Anne, as the countess laid the Bible on the table near where they were seated, "will you turn to the first epistle of St. Peter, and read aloud from the nineteenth verse of the second chapter to the end of that chapter."

The old lady opened the Holy Volume slowly, and evidently with unwilling fingers; and then she bent down her head, and seemed to pore over the letters, as if she could not see them. The Lady Anne knew that the only blindness she suffered from was a little ill-temper, when she heard some low mutterings about her eyesight, and the badness of the print, she stopped at once the harsh low tone in which the beautiful and blessed words of Holy Writ were escaping from her lips. She rose up, and taking the Holy Book from the hands of her companion, said, with a fixed and sorrowful look, "This will not do, dear madam! I myself will read

aloud, and may God send His grace and His blessing along with the words of His message, into our hearts." She read the following words:—

"For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye are buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again: when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously: who His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness."

"These, indeed, are the words of that blessed Christ," continued the Lady Anne; and turning to the fifth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, she read one verse: "I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

She shut the book: "Now," said the queen, meekly, "what am I to do? Here are the directions we receive from the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort. Can we set aside those words? Shall we wish to do so? The all-wise God has written them. He knoweth best the way to soothe a troubled heart, by emptying it of all resentment and unkindness, and filling it with holy forgiveness

and with love. Dear, faithful Ulrica! I am perhaps too apt to keep my thoughts to myself, but with you I can have no reserve. I tell you seriously I am now in a state of sweet contentment. I have been enabled to realize in my own experience the consolation of those blessed words of our Lord, 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled.' "

The aged countess had been weeping before the Lady Anne turned to address her more particularly. She now rose from her seat, and would have thrown herself at the feet of her beloved mistress: "I am a bad and malicious creature," she said, "and I ask pardon humbly, O most humbly, for my sinful thoughts and my resentful words. Bless you, God bless you, my humble forgiving lady, my child, my own meek-spirited, forgiving child," she added, as the Lady Anne tenderly raised her, and kissed her repeatedly with much affection. "God bless you and keep you still in this same lowly blessed mind. I was present at your birth, and nursed you as a mother, when she that bore you died. I had looked upon this day as the most miserable day in the whole course of my long life. You have taught me by the grace given unto you to regard it as a most blessed day, a day never to be forgotten, for I have now learnt to see that your true happiness and glory are not on a throne, nor in the homage of public admiration, nor in the honour that cometh of man."

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It was about a year and a half after the unjust and insulting divorce of the king from the humble-minded Anne of Cleves, that she was sitting as usual in her favourite apartment. Several of her ladies were at needle-work at the further end of the chamber and in the ante-room, the folding doors of which were standing open. The Lady Anne herself had put down her work, and taken up one of the many volumes that lay upon the table before her. So entirely was her attention absorbed in the work she was reading, that she noticed not the entrance of the aged Countess Ulrica, nor the whispering which immediately followed among the ladies. At length the aged gentlewoman, finding that her mistress was still occupied with reading, and being as anxious to communicate her news to the queen, as to her ladies, came up to the table, and moved first one book and then another, as if in search of something.

"Do you look for anything, madam?" said the Lady Anne, gravely; "not for a book, not for any book, I should think," she added, and she smiled as she said so.

"No; it is not of much consequence," replied the countess, throwing down the book she had touched. "Has your Grace heard the news just come from London?" she added eagerly, unable to keep down any longer her real motive for disturbing her mistress.

"Indeed I have not," replied the Lady Anne, "nor am I ever anxious, as you know, for news of any kind."

"This very morning," said the aged countess, "the new queen and the Lady Rochford were, for their many shameless and profligate practices, beheaded publicly on Tower Hill."

Anne of Cleves started and shuddered with horror as the words came to her ears. She covered her eyes with her hand, and sat trembling and in silence for some minutes.

"Poor wretched ladies!" she said at length, "their fate has been horrible indeed! Would that I could have saved them from that cruel, cruel death! Have you heard, madam," she said, weeping, "have you heard aught of their dying hours? Were they penitent? Did they pray to God for pardon?"

"I have heard nothing beyond what I told your Grace," answered the countess.

"God have mercy on their souls!" said the Lady Anne. "Thank God! Thank God, I never wished them ill! Thank God, I have prayed for them, and blessed them many times!—Ladies," she added, "see that my chaplain is in the way, and let divine service commence in the chapel with as short delay as possible. I shall be at my place in the chapel gallery forthwith."



## A VISION OF CONSCIENCE.

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"In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! And at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see."—DEUTERONOMY xxviii. 67.

"I once did heare of a great foreign lord, who was haunted by a most strange phantom, the presence of which was so dreadful, that it drove him for the time to madnesse. Some folke would say that the nobleman did only see himself, or that his conscience did appear before his eyes in a human shape. Therefore, young men, I would admonish you, in the words of the learned Master Burton, to bethink yourselves, that, 'after many pleasant daies, and fortunate adventures, and merry tides, this conscience doth at last arrest us.'—As the prodigal son had dainty fare, sweet musick, at first, merry company, jovial entertainment, but a cruel reckoning in the end, as bitter as wormwood."—*Old Book*.

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I HAD been ill, well nigh unto death. I awoke to consciousness many long hours before I could speak. I knew not at first where I was, but gradually the mist-like confusion that hung over my memory melted away, and the events that preceded my illness, came out in distinctness before me. Where was I? lying on a bed in a strange chamber; an old man sat by the window, a book, which I knew to be the Bible, lay open before him; I had seen him more than once kneeling by my side, and heard him praying for me. It was

early morning and summer time : the sweet fresh morning air came in through the open window. He rose up, and came and stood at the foot of my bed, and looked at me ; but I had closed my eyes when I saw him raise his eyes from his book, and he supposed me, probably, still unconscious. I saw that he was a minister of religion, the pastor of that alpine valley, but I was a miserable unbeliever, and cared not to be otherwise. I was falling into a doze, when the sound of singing awoke me : it was the morning hymn of the pastor's family. Some of the words borne upward by those sweet clear voices, came distinctly to my ear. I lay thinking on those words, which told of heaven and heavenly things—of that glorious Being, whose presence fills the universe, who, in His wondrous love for a fallen, guilty world, gave His own Son to suffering and to death. I knew not how it was, but, in spite of myself, I was soothed, softened, and my thoughts drawn upwards. I turned my head on my pillow, and saw—it was the first time the phantom appeared. I raised my head to stare at that countenance ; eagerly, anxiously I stared—confused, perplexed, and then convinced, quite convinced. I sunk back again, the eyes holding my eyes enchained by the fascination of their deep, searching, stedfast gaze. At last I closed my eyes, and shut out the vision ; but when I opened them again, the phantom was still there. Calmly and sadly he gazed upon me. Ill and pale he looked ; but now he drew closer, and bent down his face over mine. I started up, but the face was still close to mine ; and when, exhausted with the effort, I dropped back on the bed, it was bent over me,

just as before. I raised my hand to thrust it away, but the phantom face could not be thrust away—it was even as the thin air. I shut my eyes, but then I felt a damp and icy breathing all over my face. I resisted no longer; a voice, in every tone my own voice, spake to me from lips that seemed also mine. I cannot remember the multitude of words which were poured out in ceaseless confusion into my ears, till my every sense was maddened—nay, till at last I lay wholly stunned and senseless. Sometimes the voice was loud with rage—sometimes the phantom placed its hands upon my shoulders, and bent its face so to mine, that I could feel it draw up the breath from my lungs, and stop their motion; and then it whispered its low, deep curses, till my heart felt blistered by them:—sometimes the mouth would open widely, and a loud and insulting laugh come peeling and rattling down the throat, till I raved with fury—then again the countenance would become calm, and beam all over with smiles, and sweet gentle tones would scarce part the lips; but every word that was spoken, would be to describe some shameless event of my infamous life; and then, if my rage burst out, the face would smile, the voice whisper even more calmly—calmly—calmly, aye, till the smile became a sneer—a cold, bitter, heartless sneer. I fell at last into a heavy sleep, exhausted with the suffering I had undergone. When I awoke again, I almost expected to see the face that seemed mine, but was not my own, bent over me. It was not there, but night had come on, and the pale, silvery moonshine streamed into my chamber. Some kind hand had placed on the sill of the window a vase full of

flowers: the fresh, cool air bathed all my heated face, and brought with it the pure fragrance of the flowers. All was silent around me. I rose up in bed, and looked round the chamber—the face was nowhere to be seen. I laid down my head, and a shower of tears gushed from my eyes. My senses were soothed, but my soul was not. The voice that was mine, and yet not my own, spake as a friend speaks, who is fearful to disturb one: “I am here,” it said, “you shall not miss me long.”

The door of my chamber opened, and the good old pastor entered; he knelt beside me and prayed. The simplicity and force of his words arrested my attention. He appealed to God as the searcher of the heart. He addressed Him as the Father of Mercies, as claiming the heart of His child. He offered up fervent thanks to God for having given His own Son to save sinners, even the chief. He prayed earnestly for repentance and forgiveness in his name, even the name of Jesus Christ, our divine Redeemer. He prayed—but I did not. My heart was still cold and hard; but surely those prayers have been heard and answered.

I left the pastor's house when I was strong enough to bear the journey to Italy. My illness had greatly changed me. My former health seemed gone: I was an altered man, and some said that I was mad. I was not mad—but the sins of my former life had taken fast hold on me. The phantom was with me at all hours, though invisible to every eye but mine; I was never at rest, for during his absence my existence soon became one agonizing dread of his appearance. He would bring before me, with minute exactness, every

scene of my past life, which I would have given worlds to have forgotten forever. He was always, as I had been, the infamous hero of the scene, acting every look again with a truth that harrowed up my soul. If he did but beckon with his finger, I could not refuse to obey him. I rushed into all kinds of dissipation, but he accompanied me; and everywhere I saw his hand on my arm, and the face that was mine, yet not my own, close to my face; and I could never for the time persuade myself that we were not observed. At last, I could bear it no longer. I fled to solitude, the phantom went with me. Once, when walking on the shore of the Mediterranean, far from any abode of man, with a broad barren heath on one side of me, and the boundless ocean on the other, I perceived a little boat rocking to and fro on the calm waves. Two men were in it, and struck, I suppose, by the richness of my dress, they landed, and attempted to rob me. I mastered them both; and, scarcely knowing what I did, leaped into the empty boat, and raising the little sail, put out to sea. I sailed on, far from the sight of any shore, and began to hope that I might die upon the wide desolate waste of waters. I saw with delight the dark clouds gathering in heaps about the horizon, and coming up against the wind—I saw them spread over the whole sky. The sea rose in mountains beneath me, or dashed the little boat into chasms of black and horrible depth. The lightning rushed in streams of pale and forked fire from above; the thunder crackled, and roared in peals, which I thought would split the world around me; but the death I longed for was not nigh. The storm cleared away, and the little

bark floated calmly on the quiet waters. I began to think that the phantom had quitted me, but all suddenly I beheld a hand grasping the side of the boat, and then the phantom climbed up leisurely into it, and sat down beside me. For days we drifted about upon the waveless sea, with a sky of dark and cloudless blue above us; the phantom all the time sitting in silence beside me, with his eyes fixed on me—never turned from me. At last his presence was so insupportable, that I sprang overboard. I was not drowned: I know not how it was, but the boat again came between me and the waters; and the phantom again grasping the side, climbed in, and sate down by me. He broke silence then, and said, "Despair, but not death!" As he spoke, I felt the whole surface of the sea sinking under me, and with the sinking of the smooth shining waters, the boat sank also. Lower and lower, deeper and deeper it sank, till at a great distance, a ridge of black rocks was gradually revealed, enclosing the waters on all sides. The boat itself sank not an inch in the sea, but the waters continued slowly sinking, till the dark rocks had risen like Alps around us; nay, even till I could look up, as from the bottom of a narrow well, and see the stars glittering as at midnight. The phantom laughed at the consternation I betrayed. "Hell is deeper!" he shouted loudly; and his words were echoed over and over again from the black and stupendous rocks which enclosed us. I knew nothing more, till I found myself lying amid the shattered planks of the boat, upon the shore of a foreign land. I started up, for a man was lying close beside me. I was, for the moment, all bewildered, but the body lying by

my side moved ; it was that of a living man ; he stretched out his limbs, as one awaking from a heavy slumber, and yawning, as he slowly thrust away the thick long hair which had fallen over his eyes, he looked full in my face, and said, "I cannot sleep." I recognized at once the voice, the face, which were mine, yet not my own. I had been cast upon the coast of Africa, and for more than two years I was obliged to labour beneath a sun like molten brass, as a common slave. I suffered every hardship. In the town where I lived, at one time the plague raged with dreadful virulence, and though I caught it not, I crawled about, almost exhausted, as the attendant of the dying wretches around me. I was indeed forced to bury their loathsome and putrid carcases in the scorching sand, till I often dropped half senseless beside the graves : I, an Italian nobleman, who had been in my own country delicately fastidious. Who would have recognized the once admired Lorenzo di G—, in the wasted and squalid object that lay half suffocated by the stench of the corruption I had been burying ? Medical men may account for the fact better than I can, but certain it was, that I never caught the disease, which polluted even the common air of that filthy African town. Will you believe me, when I assure you, that the years I passed in that degraded slavery, were certainly happier to me than many before or after that period ! You will guess the reason—I never saw the phantom but once—once when I had fallen down under the waggon in which I and another slave had carried out some bodies to be buried. My companion had fallen dying beside me, and as I was lifting from the waggon a sack, which contained

a poisonous corpse, the old canvass burst; and, missing the weight which had slipped from the sack that I held, I rolled back over the body of my companion. He caught at me with his last dying clutch, and held me so tightly, that I began to lose that daring recklessness of all mortal danger, which had been so long my master feeling. My fears were soon driven away, or rather absorbed in stronger terrors. The sand between me and my dying comrade heaved, the hand of the slave quitted its clutching, the sand heaved again, and rolled and parted till a body appeared above the surface, with its face upwards; the body turned on its side, and the eyes that were mine, and not my own, opened widely upon me, and closed not till I had risen up—till I was even more reckless of life and death than I was before.

I had found means to acquaint my family with my situation; and I was released and sent back to Italy, on the payment of a large ransom. Again I returned to society, but not to the profligate companions with whom I had before associated. I was still little changed at heart, but I threw the veil of decorum over my public conduct. I furnished my long deserted palace at Naples, with simple magnificence. I hung the walls with the finest pictures I could purchase. I bought a valuable library, and devoted much of my time to reading. I soon gathered around me every intellectual luxury which my immense fortune could command. My palace was the theme of universal admiration; my past excesses began to be forgotten in the contemplation of my present manner of life. My family, every one knew, was one of the noblest in Italy. My person (for I had entirely recov-



ered my health) was then strikingly handsome. I say this not from any feeling of vanity—I was always too proud to be vain. I soon found that my alliance was courted by many of my noble countrymen; but I thought not of marriage, till I beheld a young foreigner, an English lady of rank, who had come to Naples for the recovery of her health. I beheld her for the first time sitting in one of the marble porticoes of my own palace, and my heart whispered to me, with a tumultuous enthusiasm, that she should become the mistress of the abode she thus graced with her presence. The Lady Gertrude L—— had accompanied her father and some Italian noblemen to see a celebrated picture by Correggio, then in my possession. She had been somewhat fatigued in ascending the beautiful eminence on which my palace stood, and had sat down in a portico overlooking the glorious bay. I had never beheld so lovely a being. As I gazed upon her, I could almost have persuaded myself that she was some perfect statue of Parian marble. Her delicately slender form—her white garments, flowing over the marble pavement—her exquisitely lovely hands, clasped together and resting on her knees—her sweet modest face, bending downward. But there needed not the deep dark blue of her eyes, the wavy hair, many shades darker than that which is called light brown; there needed not the pale rose-colour of her parted lips, to tell me that I beheld no statue. I saw those eyes turned with the full gaze of their soft lustre on me—I saw the rich, eloquent blood flushing her cheek and lip as she spoke to me—I heard the voice which gave new sweetness to the musical accents of my own

sweetest language. The Lady Gertrude was not displeased with the attentions which from the first moment of our meeting, I never ceased to pay to her.

Not many months had passed away when I beheld the gentle lady sitting again under that marble portico which looked over the bay of Naples, and I heard her whisper to me that I was the dearest object of her affections on earth. She was my wife.—And was it possible, you will say, that I could be happy? I was not happy; but since my return to Italy, I had seldom seen the phantom. He had not left me, but I had almost begun to believe that I had been the victim of some mental delirium, and that the being I so dreaded had no actual existence. He had only absented himself, to bring more poignant agony on his return. One evening my wife had retired to rest at an early hour, owing to the still delicate state of her health. I sat down near the open lattice of her chamber, and having seen her sink into a gentle sleep, I took up a volume of Dante, and began to read. I had read but for a few minutes, when a voice spoke to me loudly. I looked up, and beheld the form that was mine, and yet not my own, standing erect before me with an attitude and look of insolent defiance. “Come with me, I need your presence,” he exclaimed, still more loudly; and I looked up to him, with my finger on my lips, pointing at the same time with the other hand to the bed on which my wife lay sleeping. “Oh! do not fear,” replied the phantom, in a voice even louder than before, “I shall not disturb her—you know that I do not intrude on any other but yourself. We are one,” he added, as, unable to resist his commands,

I followed him from the room. He led me on in silence, and we had scarcely passed through the wood of myrtles behind my palace, when I found myself on the road from Florence to the village of Pankow. The phantom was at my side, but horror-struck at perceiving whither he was leading me, I stopped and stood still, resolutely determined not to proceed a step farther. To my astonishment, the phantom did not notice me, and his figure was soon lost among the trees beside the road. My determination was soon changed, when I heard loud and repeated shrieks; they proceeded from the direction in which the phantom had disappeared; they were so piercing that they thrilled me through and through. I passed swiftly onward among the trees, and soon entered a little verdant plain, partly overshadowed by lofty trees. The moonshine then made the spot almost as light as it was during the day. A considerable part of this little plain was fully revealed, and I saw that the herbage beneath my feet had been crushed down, apparently by the weight of some burden which had been dragged with difficulty over it. Years seemed to fly back, and to restore a time which it tortured my soul to remember. I stopped again, and would have turned back, when the shrieks, which had ceased for a little while, burst out again close to me; and amid them I could distinguish the sound of my own name. I turned—Ah! how can I describe the scene! A tall man stood before me—he looked around on me with a horrid glance, as if furious at the interruption of my presence,—I saw my own face—I saw my own arm raise, a stiletto was in the hand. I sprang forward—I flung myself upon the murdering fiend—

with all the strength of my powerful limbs I wrestled with him. But as we both paused for a moment of breathing time, with a calm sneer, he said, "It is useless to use all this violence,—do you not know yourself? He laughed aloud, and those wild frantic shrieks were only less appalling than that wild laughter. All this lasted but a few moments—I fled away—but ere I had left the plain, the shrieks had stopped me again—what could I do but turn back? The same dreadful sight met my view: I rushed forward again, and again found myself in the place of the fiend, with my victim dying beneath my hands. I tried to escape again, but I strove in vain. I was forced by some irresistible power, to stand close to the murderer, who once turned round, looked full on me, and said very calmly, "We are one." I was forced to see myself commit over again the horrid murder which I had in fact perpetrated about seven years before, at that very spot, on the victim of my wicked jealousy. All that in the blind mad fury of my rage, I had before scarcely perceived, all that I remembered not till I beheld it repeated, every look, every gesture of my fury did I behold acted over again by that form which was indeed mine—but I saw it all in cold blood—I saw—no, no—I can write no more of it.—And all the while, the eye of Him who died upon the cross to save my soul was fixed upon me.—Oh! as I write, I can scarcely believe that I have been what I was! O branded and miserable Cain, my fellowship is with thee!

When my wife opened her eyes, she beheld me still sitting near the open lattice, with the volume of Dante

in my hand; but dark clouds had gathered over the moon, and my features were not visible.

I believe that my gentle wife never discovered the cause of my wretchedness. Her health was so extremely delicate, that the bare idea of her being acquainted with the state of my heart was anguish to me. Had she known that the stem round which she had entwined so closely, to which she clung with every fibre of her devoted affection; had she known how deadly, how cankered that stem was, surely she would have withered there at once!

Ah! I can never forget my holy and humble Gertrude. I had long ceased to pray for myself, but when I beheld my young and timid wife alone in a strange land, with a husband who was too vile to be allowed even a corner of this fallen world; when I beheld her perfect and confiding faith in me, I shuddered at her danger—I prayed for her, though I did not then dare to pray for myself. I have lain prostrate on the ground in prayer for her, heart-broken and speechless, for I seldom presumed to address with words the Being whom I had forsaken. I could not weep for myself, but for her my eyes would become rivers of tears. Her calm unsuspecting affection, the mild humility, the simple truth of her character, the heart that was so evident in all her conduct, endeared her to me—I had never met with such a person before—yet from the moment that I called her mine, one thought had been present with me—that I should lose her. Gradually, every power within me had been drawn over to this thought, and hung riveted upon it. The nourishment

of every hope I cherished was drawn from the presence of my wife with me. For a time I almost forgot the phantom. Had he appeared, I sometimes thought I should have scarcely heeded him. The dreaded time drew nigh; my wife was about to become a mother. I seldom quitted her side, and if I saw her cheek change colour, if I perceived a slight expression of pain on her lip, I was wretched. How often would she take my fevered hands in her own, and look up in my face with her calm sweet smiles, and tell me not to fear for her! Her looks, her words, were but another pang for me. I could only see in her a victim, a fair innocent lamb about to be sacrificed. On the evening before the birth of my child, I was, as usual, in the apartment of my wife. She had never appeared to me so cheerful, so healthful, so entirely a creature of hope. I could not help frequently gazing on her, and saying to myself, "It is impossible that she can be suddenly taken from me. It will need months to break up, to disunite all that intermingled life of mind and body."—My Gertrude seemed on that evening to open all her heart to me. With modest and confiding tenderness, she spoke of her plans for her child. She told me how she longed to go with her husband and his child, to her own green, happy England. She spoke of the days of her childhood. All her conversation seemed to breathe of hope, till suddenly observing my grave countenance, she stopped, and the tears rose into her eyes. She wept very quietly for a few minutes, and then said in a softer and sweeter voice, without raising up her meek head, "Do not think, dearest, that I have

forgotten the blight which may fall upon all my earthly hopes. I do not think a day has passed since I first looked forward to the time which is now so near, no, not a single day in which I have not prayed fervently to be prepared for a sudden call to another world. I think my prayers have been heard, for I only prayed that God's will might be done with me, and I prayed in His name by whom alone we can come into the presence of our Father. Nay, my own husband, you must not be thus agitated! Indeed, I am never less melancholy than when I speak of my religion, my hope, my peace I should call it. All my cheerfulness flows from that one purest source.— I am rather wearied now," she added, "and would sleep a little while; but first," she said solemnly, "dear Lorenzo, do kneel down beside me, as I cannot now kneel myself, and offer up a short prayer for me. I shall be calmer and happier, as I hear your voice." I could not reply to this entreaty. I was silent, and my wife said timidly, "I fear my request has displeased you, but I am sure you will forgive it. I have never breathed the wish till now." I felt my heart melt with tenderness and shame, as I silently pressed my cheek to that of my gentle Gertrude, and then knelt down close beside her. Had I been alone, I think I could have prayed without difficulty for her; but I now was as one deprived of speech; I could only cover my face with my hands, and weep like an infant. "Nay, my beloved Lorenzo!" exclaimed my sweet wife, and stooping down, she kissed my forehead,— "I was wrong to distress you thus. Rise up: your tears will ascend to heaven for me; they

have a better eloquence with God than the best words. Oh! my heavenly Father,"—as she spoke she raised her soft eyes toward heaven,—“what a happy wife I am!” I rose up, humbled in soul, humbled to the dust, feeling the deep bitterness of my own heart, my face all crimsoned with shame. I felt then ashamed of even the height of my figure. I felt that, worm as I was, my head was too near the throne of Him whom I had insulted and despised. I heard something move behind me in the dead silence: I looked round—the fresh evening breeze had merely overset a little crystal vase too full of flowers. Again I started, for I thought I could distinguish the phantom approaching from the farther end of the chamber. I gazed steadily—I had merely seen my own shadow on the wall.

My wife slept for some hours very calmly; but before she awoke, I observed her whole countenance change, and at last she started from her sleep, and cried out with the pangs which had already overtaken her. I called hastily to some of her attendants who were in the ante-chamber; and resigning my place to her nurse, I stole softly from the room. Hour after hour passed away, and I was at times obliged almost to rush from the ante-chamber, to conceal from my wife the bursts of passionate grief which overwhelmed me. At last I heard them move about quickly in the chamber. I distinguished low and shivering groans: once I heard the voice of my wife: “Oh, do not think of me!” she cried faintly, “save my child!”—“Think only of your lady,—of saving my wife!” I called



out with a low but firm voice. At that moment a piercing shriek thrilled through my whole frame. I heard only, "She is safe!" and rushed wild with joy from the room. I soon returned again; I stole on tip-toe into my wife's chamber, she seemed asleep, her face was turned towards me. The nurse looked at me, and raised her hands, as if to say, "There is but little hope." I gazed again on the pallid and exhausted sleeper. She awoke, but seemed too exhausted to notice anything. I told her in a gentle whisper who was near her, and something like a smile faintly flickered over her features, and disturbed their fixed repose. I whispered to her again. I laid my face close to the pillow. On my knees I remained I know not how long, watching for a stirring of life upon her face. Sometimes I thought I could perceive a light breathing between her lips, a twinkling in the lustre of her half-closed eyes. At last I touched her lips with mine; they were cold and stiff. My child had lived only a few minutes.

Many days had passed over me before I awoke from this last affliction; awoke in soul, I should say, for to all appearance I suffered little. I gave orders for the funeral of my wife and child with a calmness that astonished those about me; I followed their lifeless bodies to the grave; I gave directions to an artist of great celebrity for their monument. I sketched the figures which I determined should be placed over the tomb: my wife in almost the same simple attitude as when I first beheld her sitting in the portico of my palace, except that her little infant was lying in her arms. I paid an immense price to the artist, on the condition that the

monument should be erected in a few weeks. I saw the tomb finished, and placed above the bodies just as I had directed, with the few words, "*Thy will be done,*" graven deeply into the cold hard marble, and I was satisfied. I then determined to leave Italy. I gave a general order that my palace in Naples, and all my other property, should be sold. I had locked up the chamber of my wife as soon as they had removed her beloved corpse; and having arranged everything for my departure, I resolved to spend my last evening in that apartment. I ordered that every visitor should be refused admittance to me, and I then entered that dear chamber. The very air within it seemed still to breathe of her presence. It seemed yet fragrant with that delicate purity which had been as peculiar to her person as to her mind. The loose dress of white muslin which she had last worn, lay as when it had been carelessly thrown off, on a low sofa. I remembered that she had been sitting on that same sofa the evening before her death, that she had risen from it as I appeared. I sat down there and wept for the first time since I had lost her. My tears seemed to freshen the feelings of my grief; every little circumstance which had been half-obsured, half-forgotten, in the late dull and stupified state of my mind, now came forth in vivid colouring. I continued to weep, and to press the light dress which my Gertrude had last worn, to stop my tears. While sitting there, I discovered a small volume lying beneath one of the cushions of the sofa, and I recollected that I had often seen it in the hands of my wife. The book was lying open, as if it had been just laid down. I was struck by the peculiar

richness of the binding: the sides and back were covered with green velvet, thickly bossed with pearls and rubies, and its clasps, of pale virgin gold, were also studded with valuable gems. I expected to find some rare and richly ornamented manuscript, some painted missal; I was disappointed, for the volume was a small plainly printed English Bible. I hastily turned over the leaves; on the title-page my wife had written, with an unsteady hand, these words,—“My last prayer will be that my husband may regard this book as his best treasure—it has been ever mine. From the grave, from another world, I beseech him to search this message of God himself. O let him not dispute over this sacred volume, but pray in a childlike and teachable spirit for the knowledge of himself, of the truth, of eternal happiness, and let this prayer be offered in the only prevailing name.”—“For your sake, my blessed love,” I exclaimed fervently, “I will read this little volume! It shall lie next my heart, which your image will never leave.” At that moment the phantom stood before me, and the book dropped from my hand. He spoke to me, but his voice was deep and sorrowful. I looked upon his face, it was, like my own, all bathed in tears. “You must wander with me again,” he said. “It may seem very cruel to take you from this chamber on the last evening you may ever behold it, but you must follow me.” I strove to remain, but he laid his hand upon my arm, and I rose up. Yet once again I turned and pressed the folds of my wife’s dress to my lips, and took up her little Bible from the floor—I hid it in my bosom and followed him. He led me, in a moment, to a well-

known and infamous house near to the Italian Opera, at Paris. I had not entered that house before for many years. We passed through several chambers blazing with lamps, and furnished in a gaudy and extravagant taste. They were crowded with persons of both sexes, who had been too well known to me ; and, as I passed along, they stopped me, till I was sick and wearied with their disgusting and indecent conversation. I passed onward to another chamber, in which I could distinguish voices loud in some furious dispute. I looked round, but the phantom had quitted my side. I entered the room. Two young men were standing on either side of a gaming-table : I heard the dice rattle as I entered the room ; but I had scarcely advanced a step ere their flashing swords were drawn. One of them was soon struck down, and with his dying voice he called on me by my name, he held out his hand to me as I approached him, and said, "My poor friend, I forgive you." At once I recollected the death of a young French officer, who fell by my hand in that very chamber. I stood, all lost in thought, beside the dying youth, when a voice whispered loudly in my ear, "Fly, for it is near day-break." The phantom was beside me, and he pointed to a clock in the apartment, which at that moment struck three. We fled together. It seemed as if but a few minutes had passed, and I was ascending the grand staircase of the old gothic castle which my father had inherited in right of my mother in the Appenines. The phantom led me to the door of my mother's apartment. I heard the voice of my father striving to comfort some person. I opened the door very gently, and entered imme-

diately, but no one noticed my appearance. My mother lay at the point of death. I strove to speak, but I found that my voice had left me. I knelt down at the foot of the bed, and tried to draw aside the folds of the curtain. I could not touch it. My mother called feebly on my name: "Oh, if I could but see my poor Lorenzo—my poor lost child!" I crept round and knelt by the side of my father, and tried to say, "Am I not here?—do you not see me?" But I was not seen, nor heard. Yet my dear mother's lamentation continued.—"Oh, my son!—come to me, my son; your wickedness hath broken my heart, but come to me that I may forgive and bless you." I went up close to the bedside, and strove again to speak, to say, "I am here," and I bent down my head, and expected to feel her gentle hands on my head in blessing me, and to hear the words of blessing from her gentle voice. It was in vain. All suddenly the large clock in the ante-chamber struck three: my mother started at the sound, and, as the last stroke died away, she expired. My poor father fell senseless on the ground: I hastened to raise him, but had no power. I strove again to call for assistance, but could not speak. The phantom came from the other side of the bed, and led me to a large mirror. I saw that my form was not reflected in it. "You should have remembered," said the phantom, in a solemn voice, as he led me from the room, "you were not present when your mother died."

I mentioned the old gothic castle which had belonged to my mother's ancestors. During our childhood we had been accustomed to pass some months there in every year. I

was particularly attached to a small circular room in one of the venerable turrets; the sides of this chamber were lined with slender pillars of gray marble, which, as they reached the roof, expanded into a fan-like pattern, and formed a sort of vaulted dome, enriched all over with delicate gothic tracery. The door of the apartment opened at once upon a green and sloping lawn, shaded by gigantic cedars and chestnut trees, and watered by a little stream that flowed from the mountains behind the castle, through the whole extent of those magnificent gardens.

The phantom led me from the castle by a little wicket which opened into the gardens, and then disappeared. The morning was brilliantly fine, and I wandered about among the old trees and flowering shrubs, deeply pained and yet pleased with the many early associations which crowded into my heart. I had repeatedly passed the turret which had been my own favourite retreat. The door stood partly open, but I could not dare to enter, and I turned back frequently after I had approached it. At last my foot was on the threshold, and I found myself in the room. Every thing about that apartment appeared as if its inhabitant had left it but a few minutes before. Some books had apparently been just taken from the old ebony stand, the print of finger was visible in the slight shade of dust upon their covers. A little bunch of musk roses, with the morning dew trembling upon their leaves, lay beside an old embossed watch, which I had prized very highly in my boyhood, and which clicked loudly in the silent room. But what chiefly attracted my attention, was a paper, on which

some person had evidently been writing a few minutes before ; for the pen, with the ink yet wet in it, lay resting upon the pages of an open volume. I looked down upon the paper ; the ink was yet pale in the letters ; and the hand-writing was—my own,—at least what mine had been when quite a youth.

#### THE LONGING.

Through the cold brooding mists that fence  
This dreary wilderness,  
Could I behold some outlet hence,  
Mine were true happiness ;  
I see the fruitful hills above  
Clad in eternal green :  
Oh for the pinions of a dove,  
To seek that blessed scene !

I hear the harmonies that spring  
From that sweet home of rest,  
And the soft winds do hither bring  
The odours of the blest ;  
The gleam of golden fruit I view  
Mid the dark trembling shade,  
And many a bright and glorious hue  
Of flowers that never fade.

My raptured spirit pants to stray  
In that celestial light,  
To drink the freshening airs that play  
O'er yon broad peaceful height ;—  
But I am stopt—my shuddering soul  
Stands on that fearful shore  
Where floods of mighty waters roll,  
And thundering billows roar.

A bark is tossing to and fro,  
But all unmanned is she;  
Hark, through the sails the breeze doth blow!  
Come, board her fearlessly!  
With firm belief, yet humble spirit,  
Brave thou this enterprise!  
Cry for *His* strength whose sons inherit  
The realms of paradise.

I well remember the morning when I had translated those verses.\* I had been particularly struck by the spirit, the sentiments which had inspired them—sentiments which I had since joined with the worldly in striving to laugh to scorn. I sat down in the chair which the young writer seemed to have just quitted: and my tears dropped slowly on the paper, as leaning my head upon my hands, I began almost for the first time, to look back over my past life with a despair no longer reckless. "What," I said within myself, "what if this dreaded phantom be sent with a merciful design! Surely I am not the mere sport of malicious powers; for I have been led back, as by design, back again, as it were, step by step, through my infamous life. The phantom hath traced back the course of the now polluted stream even to that place when the waters were comparatively pure!" Here my meditation was interrupted: I heard voices in the chamber above, which had been my bed-room from early childhood. I ascended a few steps of the narrow and winding stair; I was drawn even to the highest step by a voice which I knew at

\* From Schiller.



once to be my mother's; not the low, trembling voice which I had lately heard in the chamber of death, but the rich, clear, joyous voice of my mother when she had been young and happy, when her only child had not cut up even to the root all those hopes which can rejoice a mother's heart. I looked through the crevice between the door and the door-post, for it was not quite closed, and I saw a young and noble-looking child kneeling at the feet of a lady, who was indeed my mother as I had first seen her. The little palms of the child's hands were pressed lightly together, and he was repeating, with a countenance of grave yet untroubled innocence, the prayers which his mother had taught him. Word by word I heard the voice of the mother and of the child so sweetly intermingled, so dependent the one on the other for every syllable that was spoken,—I could not choose but kneel too, and repeated also every little word till I had breathed forth all that simple and most affecting prayer, which had never passed my lips since my childhood. The voices of the mother and her child stopped, the prayer was finished; I saw the boy offer his lips to his mother's tender kiss; I heard her murmur the child's name—it was Lorenzo. The scene passed from before me. I was again in the chamber where my wife had died. I no longer sat yielding to my grief; I knelt down humbly, and, drawing forth from my bosom the Bible which my wife had bequeathed to me as her best treasure, I prayed for my own guilty self. I had no want of words to pray with, for a perishing

wretch does not wait for words: "Lord Jesus, teach me how to pray!" I cried, and I was taught.—I will not speak of that night, the same in which I first beheld you; I cannot give a clear account of what my feelings then were. Even now, my beloved friend, my eyes have had but their first anointing; and, like the blind man in the Gospel, whose sight was restored by the most blessed Son of Man, "as yet I see men as trees walking."

You have requested me to write you some history of my past life. I can only give you this strange and incoherent account. It will, perchance, seem to you as the wanderings of a madman; but I have not been mad. The later events of my life you are well acquainted with. I shall even bless the providence that brought the kinsman of my wife to Naples. I was then about to become a wanderer on the earth, for it seemed to me that no man cared for my soul. You were surely sent by God to teach me that simple way which hath been a stumblingblock to many. Oh! my friend, you have been the blessed means of restoring me to what I may well call happiness, after the continued agonies which I have endured for so many weary years! You convinced me that it was possible for my conduct to be even more offensive to God, by adding to my other crimes an obstinate and impious despair. You besought me, even with tears, not to doubt the power and willingness of my God to forgive me. You led me to the foot of the cross, and bade me look up to Him who suffered there

for the sins of countless sinners, who is now pleading for them in heaven. You did not contradict me when I declared that my crimes were of a deeper dye than those of any human being, but you proved to me that I might increase them by resisting the free offer of pardon through my Saviour's atonement; and you defied me to prove how that blood, which had been poured out to wash away the pollutions of every human heart that would seek to be sprinkled by it, had not virtue to cleanse me, a single individual, even till my soul was whiter than snow.

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All about me has seemed to undergo a gradual change, and the presence of the phantom is no longer dreadful to me. He still appeareth often, but not to terrify, not to wither my heart within me. I have learned to bless his appearance, for he now cometh rather as a friendly monitor. In the hour of danger, of temptation, of trial, I see his look of agonized entreaty, I hear his solemn voice of warning, deploring my past guilt and pointing to those mercies which have blotted out the sentence of condemnation pronounced against all sinners. His form I still recognise, but it seemeth like one that is transfigured, and the garments that he wears are white and glistening.

Here I conclude. You say that you must return to England. My true friend, I would go thither also. I

would no longer defer my departure from Naples; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

THE STORY OF FIESCO.

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"How justly am I punished for being such a proud, such a happy bride!" said the gentle Countess of Lavagna to herself. "How deeply did I feel the triumph, which I did not show, when the dream was realized, the sweet and dazzling dream, that Fiesco loved me! Alas! I have loved him too well! I have only felt my existence in his presence! and now I had but just begun to lose the awe which mingled with my love for him—the timid, trembling awe of a girl's love, in all a wife's fond, free affections.—Yet all my happiness seems breaking up! Fiesco is changed—wherefore, I know not; how, I can scarcely tell; only this poor heart feels the change. Only feels it, did I say? Do I not know it? for he is not here.—Where is your master?" said the young Countess, turning suddenly to her nurse, who at that instant entered the room: "has not my Lord returned?"

"Ah no, my sweet one!" replied the old and loving nurse: "that is, he is not now at home. He came in soon after yourself, but only to change his dress for gay and masquerading garments, and went out, unattended, even by a single lacquey."

"And left he no message for me? How could you see him depart, without using the privilege which my love has given you? Dear nurse! had not your woman's wit a word to keep him?"

"I made bold to speak to him," she answered; "to ask when he would return—what message he would leave with me. He stared at me, as if his thoughts were wandering at first; but at the repeated mention of your name, a soft and gracious smile came like light over his countenance, and he bade me bear a thousand loves to my sweet lady."

"But his return!—spoke he not of his return, nurse?"

"No, sweet one! not a word did he say. I would have asked again, but he was gone while the words were on my lips."

"Well, nurse! good night!"

"Good night! Why, my own child! you are not undressed yet! Shall I send your maidens to you?—or, let me stay to-night; for you seem sad and thoughtful, and might not please to bear the gaze of young and careless eyes."

"Dear nurse! good night! I need no help at present, I shall not go to rest just yet; indeed I could not rest. Yet stay awhile. Take away these glittering baubles—they lie heavy on this aching bosom. Untwist these jewels from my hair. Why am I thus bedizened, unless in mockery of an aching heart? Nurse, dear nurse, how kind you are! It is sweet to rest my head upon your bosom—it has been often laid there."

"What is the matter darling?" said the nurse, looking down fondly on the soft downcast eyes of her beloved lady, and smoothing the beautiful hair on her brow with her wrinkled hand. Leonora did not answer just at first; but when she did reply, she gently raised her head, and said, almost playfully,

"Perhaps, dear nurse!—I can scarcely tell, myself, what I have to complain of; and, if so, I am sure I ought not to trouble others with my fancies." The old nurse was discreet enough to see that her mistress did not wish to be questioned.

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The Countess of Lavagna was standing alone in an ancient church, and her eyes were fixed upon an old monument. It was the tomb of a former Count of Lavagna, a brave and gentle warrior, who had been killed in battle a short time after his marriage. The figure of the young nobleman, carved in white marble, lay upon the tomb. His young widow had erected the monument not long before her death, for she had died within the year of her widowhood; and her own tomb had been erected at the foot of her husband's.

"I was wont to pity thee," said Leonora. "I was wont to come hither, and feel that I could have mourned with thee, young and melancholy lady! deprived so soon of thy dearest earthly treasure! but now I almost envy such a lot. 'Tis better to mourn the highminded, honourable dead, than to bewail, as I do now, the lost glory of the

living. I almost wish this aching heart of mine was freed from the wretched vanities of the unsatisfying world."

For a little while the gentle lady stood in deep thought, leaning upon the marble monument of the young and widowed Countess of Lavagna: then she remembered, that it was not merely to bewail her own troubles, and the weakness and sinfulness of her own heart, that she had entered the sacred edifice; but to pray for patience to bear the trials of her lot, and faith to walk meekly and resignedly with her God. She rose up from her quiet prayers refreshed and comforted in spirit.

The door of Fiesco's *own apartment* was partly open. Leonora, as she passed by, pushed it a little farther open, and said, playfully and gently, "May I come in?" No answer was returned; and, peeping into the apartment, she repeated her question. Fiesco had thrown himself back on the couch where he had been sitting, and was fast asleep. Lightly and cautiously she stole across the room, and, bending down over him, she kissed his forehead. Still Fiesco did not wake: he was too wearied to feel so slight a disturbance, as the gentle voice, and the light footfall, and the soft lips of Leonora. She sat down opposite her husband, to wait quietly his awaking; and, as her full gaze rested on his countenance, she thought within herself, "Can this be the most thoughtless witting in Genoa? Can that broad, thoughtful brow, those deep-set eyes, those lips so closely shut, and so expressive of decision and firmness, can they be the expressive features



of Fiesco's real character? Is it possible that such a man should be utterly given up to frivolous and wanton pleasures?" Just then, a frown knit the brow of the sleeper, and his lip and nostril were slightly curled with an indignant and haughty scorn. He struck his firmly closed hand upon the open pages of a book that lay upon the couch beside him, and a few muttered words escaped from his lips. The book fell, and, as Leonora took it up, the title met her eye.

"You have been reading the Orations of Cicero," she said, as Fiesco awoke, offering him the volume as she spoke.

"Have I?" he said, carelessly taking the book, but appearing a little confused. "You mean, my Leonora, that I have not been able to keep awake over this same dull volume."

Leonora Cibo had become the wife of Giovanni Ludovico Fiesco, Count of Lavagna, soon after he came into possession of his paternal inheritance. His family was one of the oldest and most noble among the nobles of Genoa La Superba, as that city of beautiful palaces has long been named. Not long after his marriage, to the astonishment of all, Fiesco became an altered being. The quiet manliness, the deep reserved thoughtfulness of his character, left him suddenly. He became, to all appearance, madly devoted to the pleasures and follies of the most profligate society in Genoa.—Some thought he was an infatuated gambler: others looked upon him as the dupe of some shameless woman; and his name was coupled with the

names of many ladies high in rank, but light and wanton in their demeanour. Some few, and these utter strangers to the gentle, lovely Leonora, expressed their fears that he was disappointed and wretched in his marriage, and that the wife of his choice made his home unhappy. Leonora herself said nothing, made no complaint, bore every indignity with an undisturbed sweetness; but she became meekly and quietly sad, though she smiled and spoke as usual.

"Will you not stay beside me a little while, my Fiesco?" said Leonora, as, leaning on his arm, they ascended the marble staircase of the Doria Palace. "'Tis to please you that I come, and yet we are as strangers to one another, whenever we appear together. Do I tease you, my beloved husband?" she continued, observing that Fiesco's head was turned away. "Do I tease you? Forgive me, if I do; and I will be silent."

Fiesco had not heard her first question; but he recovered, with a smile, from his deep abstraction. "Tease me! (he repeated her words) you charm, you delight me, at all times."

"That smile of exquisite sweetness, and the most tender affection," she said to herself, "it is, it must be genuine. It was his own true-hearted and peculiar smile."

But in another moment the doors of the splendid saloon were thrown open by the servants who attended them; and Fiesco had quitted her, he was at the side of a vain and beautiful woman, and one distinguished for her boldness and levity, though of rare beauty, and of high rank.

Leonora herself was soon annoyed by the familiar and offensive attentions of Giannetino Doria, the nephew of the venerable Andrea Doria, then the first man in Genoa. Giannetino was an ill-educated, vulgar-minded man, long the sworn enemy of the Count Fiesco; but now, to the astonishment of every one, his friend and intimate associate. This Giannetino did not attempt to conceal his admiration of the lovely Countess of Lavagna.—Deeply pained and disgusted with his insolent familiarities, the chaste and modest Leonora could not help turning her eyes once or twice, almost unconsciously, towards her husband. She saw the gaze of his dark, proud eye, fixed for a moment, full and sternly, on Giannetino, but only for a moment: the most calm and careless smiles succeeded.

"Dear husband," she said to Fiesco, when she was alone with him afterwards, "how could you leave me so the whole evening? I cannot expose myself again, indeed I cannot, to such attentions from Giannetino Doria. Are you not indignant at his insolence?"

"Am I not rather charmed at his exquisite taste?" replied Fiesco, smiling.

"At any rate, my Fiesco," said Leonora, "I shall take care not to put myself in the way of such insulting familiarities again."

"Really," cried Fiesco, "you judge poor Giannetino a little hardly. I find little to complain of about him."

"Is that your true opinion, my Fiesco?"

He stared at her a moment: then drawing her gently towards him, he playfully twined a long ringlet of her

luxuriant hair around his fingers, and kissed the downcast lids of her modest eyes, now swelled with tears.

"Yes, yes!" he answered, "it is my true opinion, sweetest wife; but why do you weep?" for now her tears fell fast.

"For the simplest reason, my Fiesco," she replied, fixing her tearful eyes with an appealing look, upon his countenance; "I weep because I am unhappy. My heart is full of grief whenever I behold my husband, the first, the noblest mind in Genoa, as I have this night beheld him. I must speak, if only to remind you of talents of no common order, that you seem to have forgotten, and of your station in this our beloved Genoa. Does not the state demand your services? Do you not live as if you had forgotten all this, my husband?"

"My fair and eloquent monitor," replied Fiesco, archly, and coaxingly smiling and speaking, "are these the subjects fit for ladies' lips?"

"No, not for ladies' lips; but for your lips, your mind, your heart, Fiesco."

"It must be very late; 'tis long past midnight," remarked Fiesco, his countenance and manner expressing only careless unconcern. "We must to rest, my Leonora. I will send your women to you, as I go to my dressing-room. You are pale with much fatigue."

"Not with fatigue, Fiesco," she said, sighing deeply as she spoke: but he was gone, and her words, if not unheard, were quite unheeded.

"I scarcely thought to see you here," said Paolo Pansa; he was sitting in the library of the Lavagna Palace; "but I am glad to see you, Count Fiesco. I have been wishing to tell you that your levity has not made me your dupe. Those very smiles upon that face of yours, are as out of place as the gaudy weeds in which your limbs are fancifully clad. Do I not know that, even from a youth, your countenance has ever worn a grave, deep thoughtfulness. Young as you are, the lines of thought are deeply graven there. You never studied aught in attire but a manly simplicity. Why is the eagle in the peacock's plumage?"

"Perhaps," said Fiesco, carelessly, "I am as others have often been before me; as many a dull and mopish boy has become when he has escaped from his tutor, and left off poring over books. Perhaps I am tired, heartily tired, of your lessons, with all due deference to yourself, my dear and honoured tutor. Forgive my yawning, but the sight of you brings to my remembrance the old worn-out story of freedom, and the public voice, and the rights of free-born men. Pshaw! it makes me sick! I was once like you, most honoured sir!—a lover of the fabled follies of old Rome. I have done dreaming and doating about heroes: Leonidas, the Spartan; Themistocles, of Athens; and Tully, your favourite, the sweet and forceful orator of Rome; or the stern Cato:—which is worshipped now? What are you reading? Ha! the Life of Socrates; 'tis rather fine."

Pansa closed the book, and, looking Fiesco in the face, not sternly, but very calmly and searchingly, he said: "I

remember, among the fables of old Rome, Fiesco, the story of a deep and crafty fellow, who played the fool till he persuaded all men he was witless, and then burst forth among them like a fire-brand. His name was? What! you have forgotten, or care not to remember. Am I to interpret that upraised eyebrow, and that smile of unconcern, into such language? Well, well, 'tis an old story that you have studied to some purpose, Count of Lavagna: naumes, we know, are nothing; but the plot of Brutus has not been forgotten with his name. Nay, nay, do not look offended. If you wish your secret to be safe, tell me to be silent; but do not think to dupe me. Do not mistake your friend; I ask no confidence. I wish to know nothing that you would not freely tell me, quite unasked; but, my friend, (my child, I had almost said,) can you seriously imagine that I am to be deceived like the crowd?—I who have known and studied you so long? I who have watched over you since your early childhood?—There is a secret, is there not?"

"There may, and there may not be," replied Fiesco, rather haughtily.

"That is," said Pansa, "you own the fact, but do not choose to take me into your counsels."

"I did not say so," replied Fiesco; "but ——" and he hesitated.

"Nay, my friend," exclaimed Pansa, "you need not hesitate, as if you thought it right to weigh well the advantages of making me a confidant or not. I tell you plainly, that I should decidedly refuse that confidence were

it tendered. I wish for an answer to one question, and I have done. I expect your fiery spirit will take it as an insult; but for that I care not. Are you seeking any selfish end? Answer me this question."

"I had struck down almost any man, at such a question," said the Count of Lavagna; "but to you I answer at once: I have no selfish end in view, but one as grand and glorious as an ancient Roman's."

"I will not doubt your word, my son; but beware, lest in this secret plot of yours, in which you evidently make so many dupes—beware, lest you are making yourself the greatest. You know I always had a rough, blunt way of speaking; and, therefore, you may bear with me while I tell you I like not your affected friendship with Giannettino Doria, a man you hate. I saw you arm in arm with him a few days since. I saw you coming with him from the Doria Palace this very morning. I saw you take his children, his motherless children, in your arms, as if you loved them. There may be policy in this, and many other ways of yours that I have lately noted; but there is a lack of honesty that I cannot endure."

"Stop, stop, I entreat you," exclaimed Fiesco, in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper, his cheek becoming of ashy paleness, and his eyes glaring in their deep sockets. "'Tis well that I respect those snow-white hairs. I shall go mad, if you continue speaking such stabbing words."

"There's no occasion for all this violence, boy: no, no, not boy," said Pansa, checking himself, and looking with affection on his pupil. "I meant not to insult or hurt

you. Not boy, except in one sense, except when I address you as my son; for as my son I ever must regard you."

A servant entered here, announcing to his master that the Signors Verrina and Calioigno were waiting below.

"I will see them presently," said Fiesco.

"And as I," said Pansa, "wish to see neither one nor the other, (for, to tell the truth, I have no opinion of them,) I shall take my leave. This door will lead—will it not Fiesco?—to the apartments of your wife, the loveliest and the sweetest gentlewoman in Genoa."

"Leonora always sees you with delight," said Fiesco, throwing open the door for Pansa; "and you will find her in her favourite room, or on the terrace, looking towards the sea."

"Those children!" said Fiesco to himself, when left alone; "he touched me there. I felt a villain when I kissed those children! A woman passed and said, 'That man's a father;' and Giannettino, whom I hate, smiled with such fond, paternal love, that all my hatred turned, for a moment, back upon myself. I felt myself no father, but a low and treacherous villain. If ever the great enemy of man entered my heart, it was when I kissed those children."

For many minutes he walked up and down the library, deep in thought; and he managed in those minutes, to find arguments and excuses enough to satisfy himself. "I am justified," he said, "thoroughly, certainly justified, in using any means for such an end! Calioigno, Verrina, my good friends, you are most welcome!"



"Your fête will be magnificent to-night, Lady," said Paolo Pansa, as many days afterwards, he entered the apartment where the Countess Lavagna was sitting.

"My fête!" replied the lady, looking up with a stare of astonishment: "I never had less idea of a fête, or felt less inclined for one, than on this evening. I have been reading in this my favourite saloon, with no sound but the light splashing of that little fountain in my ears. Open the lattices, Bianca: since the sun has left us, the light breeze may enter at its own sweet will. Shall we remain here, by the margin of the fountain, or shall we go out upon the battlements where the cool wind blows freely? My fête will be magnificent indeed!" she said, and smiled. "See how the large and full-orbed moon is rising! Out of the heaving waves she seems to come like a broad golden urn of light; and now she pours her lustre back into the sea, and leaves a quivering and lengthening line of light, while she glides upwards, brightening as she rises. Thousands of stars are sparkling overhead, and that deep azure dome, that rising moon, those glittering stars—they make the splendours of my fête."

"I did not like to interrupt you, sweet Lady, in your description of such splendours as I would have you love, for they are splendours fresh from the hands of our high and great Creator; but tell me, did you not expect me?"

"I always welcome you with much delight," replied the lady.

"Still you did not expect me?"

"I am the more pleased to see you."

"But you knew not of my coming?"

"Nay, then, indeed I did not," said Leonora, smiling, "if you will have me answer bluntly."

"I have a billet, Lady, from the Count, your husband, inviting me to meet his gentle wife and himself; and I was about to blame you for bidding me to such a crowded entertainment, when I find you almost as unconscious as myself of the preparations going on below."

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"Have my orders been obeyed?—are none permitted to go forth?—have any offered to do so?—are the guests many?" These questions were asked in a hurried voice, by one who stood at the entrance gate of the Lavagna Palace, muffled up in a large dark mantle. The porter knew his master's voice, and answered with low and rapid words; but the Count Fiesco stopped not to hear them: he had hastened onward into the palace with a band of armed men, which had passed through the gates just as he stood speaking to the porter.

In less than half an hour he was again before the palace gates. "How many have entered now?" exclaimed Fiesco. "It is well!" he replied, as the number was told him; and, springing forward, he flung to, with his own hands, the massy gates, and drew the bolts, and summoned, at the moment, a close guard of soldiers. "Let no one pass,"

he cried. "Keep fast the gates: they open not but at my order."

"And now, my guests! my friends!—my noble gentlemen!" said the Count Fiesco—he had entered the great banqueting hall, by a small door at the upper end:—"there is scarce time for particular salutations; but I must address you all as a most courteous host. You stare about you with astonishment, finding no banquet spread, but on all sides armed men. Still the welcome that I give you, is a more honest, hearty welcome, than ever silken lordling gave at his most gorgeous feast. You have known me, latterly, as a fool, a profligate! a most contemptible and senseless fellow! The time is come when I must throw off the mean disguise. I do so as entirely as I fling off this clogging mantle." He threw off his mantle as he spoke, and stood before them, clad from head to foot, in close and glittering armour, every limb and his whole body covered, all but his graceful throat and head, and they were bare. "The time is come," he exclaimed, "and Genoa must be freed from the tyranny of certain of her nobles. An hour hence, and Genoa will be free. Behold the fête to which I have invited you! That fool, Giannetino Doria, would fain be master of this Genoa—of our free and beautiful Genoa. I have with me written proofs of his intrigues and treacheries, and at the proper season you shall see them. He feels, and he has cause to do so, that I will never submit to his insolent ambition. He would willingly remove me out of his way; and he has sought to do so. He has tried poison, and the assassin's

dagger, but in vain; for I am here to lead you to the downfall of his whole faction, and himself among them. Be free, and follow me. I go to raise our lost Republic from its ashes, to build up again the noble edifice in strength and glory; the blood of Doria will cement it well. My plans are well and deeply laid! and, believe me, I know not what it is to fear on this occasion. My friends, I love and honour you. I would make you my comrades in this grand design. I have three hundred armed soldiers within these very walls. My well-manned fleet is floating in the harbour. The guards, both at the Palace and in the Port, are in my interest. Fifteen hundred of our poor mechanics watch for my signal to fly to arms. Two thousand of my vassals, and two thousand soldiers, furnished by the Duke of Placentia, are at this moment entering the city; and all this has been done with a most perfect secrecy. Not the slightest suspicion of my proceedings has got wind as yet: I have foreseen and obviated every risk, though many a perilous risk have I encountered. But the glory, my brethren, the glory that will be mine this day, must be shared by you."

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Fiesco hastened to the apartments of his wife.—Leonora sprang forward to meet him. "I am half fearful," she said, "and half bewildered. Not an hour since, they brought me word that many guests had arrived, in most superb attire, to a fête; a fête and banquet in this very mansion. Our friend," she added, turning to Pansa, "re-

ceived an invitation to pass a quiet evening with my beloved husband and myself. I have not known, my Fiesco, what I should do to please you, the wish to please you being my highest object. The nurse came bustling in, not long ago, affronted that I had not told her of our festivities; then wondering at the plainness of my dress, and bidding me attire myself at once. I sent her to my dressing-room to please her, with orders that my jewels and rich dresses should be laid out in readiness. Others of my women came soon after, saying, the courts below were full of armed men. I sent one back, bidding her seek thee, and request thy presence; but she returned at once, and told me that the doors which led into the courts below are all fast locked. I have been most impatient, my Giovanni, or I might, perhaps, say, more uneasy than impatient. Had you come but half an hour ago you would have found me standing alone upon the battlements, and looking down upon the shadows and dim sights below. I looked in vain for you, and as I turned away, my foot stumbled upon the scabbard of a sword. You will smile at my foolish fearfulness, Fiesco, but I have yielded to some dark forebodings. It is the scabbard of your sword, my husband. How came it there? Where is the sword it sheathed?" "I will tell you some hours hence, my sweet Leonora. I had forgotten where I threw down that useless scabbard, when passing from the armoury this morning. I came from the armoury just now, and through the little door that opens on the battlements. The other doors are locked, as you

have found out already." "Fiesco," said the Countess gravely, "there is no masque, no feasting here to-night—this is no masquing suit," she added, as the gleam of his armour met her eye, beneath his loose mantle. "Fiesco, my Fiesco! here is the sword, the naked sword without the scabbard! Tell me the reason of all this? Why are those soldiers here? Say, is there danger to thy person?—are they come to seize thee for some offence thou never hast committed?—has word or look of thine been construed as an insult against that ancient foe to thee, that would-be tyrant, Giannettino Doria? Speak, for suspense creates a thousand fancies that you may smile at, but that make me wretched."

Fiesco had stood gravely silent while his wife addressed him; his countenance was grave and full of thought, and his attention seemed all fixed on her; but every now and then, his restless eye glanced on his friend and former tutor, Paolo Pansa. As he entered, he had placed a written paper in the hands of Pansa, and when the latter had perused it, and come forward, Fiesco said—"One word will do; your promise not to leave her,—your promise to attend to all I ask."

"It is given," said Pansa, slowly, and thoughtfully, and then added, even more deliberately: "most faithfully that promise shall be kept; but ——"

"I have no time, not for a moment, for your remonstrances; you have promised, I ask no more.—And now, my Leonora, my noble, lovely, injured Leonora!—injured, for I have wronged you by appearing what I was not,

and what you could not love; hear me," he said, and his look of tenderness, and his voice of winning sweetness, contrasted strangely with the stern clank and glitter of his armour—he had now thrown off his mantle for the last time)—his naked sword was in his hand, for which he wore no scabbard, and daggers in his girdle:—"Hear me, my noble wife: you see me as I am, as I have ever been, under my witling's garb. You see me fulfilling your own wishes, fired with a noble ardour for great deeds, determined to avenge great wrongs. Hear me, when I declare that I have ever loved you above myself, and second only to mine honour. I have loved the print of your small footsteps in the common dust, before the brightest glances of those eyes you thought I basked in. Your words of censure, had they been unkind, (and they were never yet unkind,) would have been sweeter to my ears than the best praises of an angel's tongue. I have now no time for explanations, my sweet Leonora. Fear not for my safety—fear nothing. After one little hour I shall return." He took her hand and pressed it to his lips. He gently drew her towards him, and kissed her cheek, and then her lips, with one long fervent kiss. Leonora could not speak; her whole countenance was changed; her whole frame trembled with a strong hysteric agitation.—Her lips unclosed, as if to speak; and still she did not speak. Gently and pityingly her husband led her to his friend. "With you, my honoured friend, I leave this treasure above all price," he said, in faltering accents.

"Wait, wait a moment," cried the distracted lady; "all you tell me perplexes me, confounds me. Why this haste? Sit down, my husband; let me sit beside thee, and let me hear enough to calm my terror; to stop the throbbings of this heart, that feels as if it would burst my bosom. Stop a little while, not to gratify aught like a woman's idle curiosity; only in pity stop, in gentlest pity!"

Fiesco took the trembling hands that were so piteously extended to him, in his own. "All depends," he said, "on doing what is to be done, at once; there is no danger but in loss of time. I must not wait to tell you more than this. Within an hour, the influence, the tyranny of the Dorias, will have ceased for ever. Within an hour Genoa will be free. Within an hour, when I take this hand, 'twill be to hail thee, not as the loveliest only, but the first lady in Genoa the Magnificent. No, no; look not so sad, and so affrighted still.—There is no danger to your husband, lady, but in delay, and trifling in your chamber. My tarrying here perils my life, for I am losing time. My going forth guards me, preserves me, assures me of the triumph almost in my grasp."

"It may be true," replied the lady, wiping away the tears that fell fast over her pallid face; "it may be true, but I am certain there's to be bloodshedding within this hour, Fiesco. The good old Andrea Doria is to die, and Giannettino, with all his sins full blown and unrepented of; he's to be sent to his great, dread account: they must both be murdered; murdered by treachery, in the silent night. I know that this must happen, and I know not



where the dreadful carnage is to end. 'Tis easy to talk of one short hour. It is just as easy to throw a spark into a magazine of gunpowder, and say that but a barrel or two shall explode there."

"Sweet Leonora," replied Fiesco, "you are talking, as women sometimes will, of what they know nought."

"Must not there be bloodshedding to-night?" she said, "that's all I ask."

"I am already detained too long," he said, with some impatience.

"If you go," she cried, "promise me you will not murder them."

"If I go not at once," he answered, "Genoa will be bound with double fetters, and I shall be murdered at your very feet."

"My Fiesco, my own Fiesco!" cried Leonora, tenderly clasping his arm, but shrinking away, when the hard cold armour met her hand: "anything is better than the cold-blooded murder of those men."

"Leonora, I entreat, I command you to be silent,—I entreat you to let me go. You, you yourself, have oftentimes reproached me with my inglorious life of late. You have often urged me to avenge the honour of this, our Genoa."

"To preserve, but never to avenge it, unkind Fiesco: openly and manfully to preserve the freedom and the honour of the state."

"Silence!" he cried, "we have had enough of this!"

Leonora fell at his feet, and again entreated him to

hear her; but now Fiesco was almost furious: roughly he tore himself away, and with a deep, stern voice, commanded her to speak no more; yet, as he was striding from the chamber, he turned his head, to take one last look at her he loved so well. She was kneeling where he had left her, her hands clasped, her meek, expressive eyes fixed with a look of anguish on the ground. He stopped, and, gazing tenderly upon her, "Forgive my brutal roughness, gentle love," he said.

"One moment, only one moment," she exclaimed, with a trembling voice: "take leave of me, Fiesco. We shall not meet again. Take me to your bosom, and kiss me for the last, last time." She rose up, for Fiesco came towards her. Tenderly he took her in his arms, her head sunk on his shoulder, and once he pressed her lips to his bare throat; but when he raised her, there was no breath upon her pallid lips; her eyes were closed, her graceful arms hung lifeless. Leonora did not recover from that long and death-like swoon, till the whole palace was shut up, and quiet as the grave.

The plans of Fiesco had all been made with admirable skill and foresight; every precaution had been taken, every contingency prepared for. In every quarter the most complete success attended his conspiracy. Giannettino was slain at the onset; but the much-loved and venerable Andrea Doria, though ill and feeble, was carried in safety, by his own faithful domestics, to Masona, a country seat, about fifteen miles from Genoa. Every quarter of the city was now suddenly in motion, and men of all ranks rose up to

terror and dismay. But while to one party every thing wore the aspect of one scene of inextricable confusion, in which the only wise and safe way was to submit to their opponents; to Fiesco, and the whole of his conspirators, to whom he had given orders, at once the most minute and the most decided, all was one clear, well-organized, well-working plot.

It is a remarkable fact, that in this celebrated conspiracy, every one had been thought of but the One all-wise Disposer of all human events. Every thing had been foreseen but the interference of His wise providence. Fiesco, with all his consummate skill and policy, had probably forgotten that no cause can prosper which is not attended with the blessing of God. Perhaps he felt that there was too much of selfishness, and too much of down-right crime, in his well-laid and executed plot, for God to tolerate, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

It sometimes pleases that often-forgotten, often-insulted Being, to disconcert, in a very quiet and simple way, all the skilful arrangements of earthly policy.

The dauntless chief of this extraordinary conspiracy was already triumphant. His every plan was crowned with wonderful success. His lofty figure was seen, his voice was heard like the sound of a trumpet in every quarter. He shouted Liberty! and the cry spread like a blazing wildfire on all sides. Not liberty alone, but "Fiesco and Liberty," became the cry. Fiesco was seen running to the Port, and, as he ran, he shouted "Liberty!" The galley slaves, awakened by the cry, repeated it; and Fiesco

seems to have feared lest they should burst their chains and escape. There was a little plank leading from the shore to the galleys. It is supposed that Fiesco's foot had slipped in passing along this plank ; nothing more was known with certainty. The inquiry, however, began at length to be made, Where is Fiesco? The conspirators waited his further orders. The Senate, who had assembled at the Palace, waited to hear his terms, and even to submit to them. His presence was required and waited for every where, but he appeared not. As the truth broke upon them, the people began to lose their ardour in furthering the conspiracy. That one false step changed the aspect of the whole affair. It was not till the fourth day after the breaking out of the conspiracy, that the body of Fiesco was found. His last mortal agonies had met no human eye, his last cries had reached no human ear. Clogged and forced down by the weight of his heavy armour, he had sunk into the deep sea, to rise no more.

It was not long after the death of the young and gallant Count of Lavagna, that an aged man entered the church of —, in haste. His countenance was troubled, and he was clad in mourning garments. As he passed along the beautiful but gloomy aisles, he looked from side to side with anxious eyes, as if in search of some one he had lost. He went towards the chapel of the Lavagna family. There he stopped. A slight and graceful figure, in the deepest mourning was kneeling on the pavement of a new-made grave ; her pale hands were clasped, her eyes timidly raised, and her lips moved in humble prayer. The aged man knelt

down, but at some distance, as if fearing to disturb her; and when at length she rose, then he came forward. She turned to greet him with a look of calm, heart-broken sadness. "My father," she said, "pray with me, and pray for me, that I may be forgiven, and taught to live to Him who died for His poor guilty creatures. Visions of earthly glory have blinded me. I knew not what I sought; but I have learnt at last to know the nature and the end of all my vain and sinful dreams. Pray for me, that I may live only for the glory of my God, only to do His will, and to follow Him, whose path on earth was that of sorrow and of suffering, that He might bring us back to truth, and peace, and everlasting life."

THE END.

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## LORD'S SUPPER.

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